

EXPLOSIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

1984

NUMBER TWO

AUG 1978

A WARREN MAGAZINE

\$1.50

**MEN DIED
TO POSSESS
HER!**

**PLANETS
BATTLED TO
CLAIM HER!
SHE WAS
UNIQUE
IN ALL THE
UNIVERSE!**

**YET, SHE
CARRIED
A DEADLY
SCOURGE!**



SOAR THROUGH THE COSMOS!

**FLY
WITH US
TO PLACES
WHERE
NO MAN
HAS GONE
BEFORE!**

**ESCAPE THE
DRABNESS
OF THE
COMMON
WORLD!**

**FIND
REFUGE
IN THE
SANITY
OF 1984!**

SUBSCRIBE TO TOMORROW'S MAGAZINE TODAY!

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Subscription Department
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Yes! I want to escape! I want to flee the madness of the everyday world. Give me sanctuary. Give me sanity. Give me a year's worth of 1984. Enclosed is my \$_____ for ☐ 6 issues at \$9.00 or ☐ 12 issues at \$18.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

In Canada and outside the U.S.A., please add \$3.00 to all rates.

1984

MAGAZINE*

ISSUE NUMBER TWO

AUGUST 1978

Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production
JAMES IMES
KIM McQUAITE
BILL MOHALLEY

Letterer
SUSAN McKEEMAN

Circulation
MIKE SCHNEIDER

Cover
RICHARD CORBEN

Authors
RICHARD CORBEN
NICOLA CUTI
BILL DuBAY
WALLY WOOD

Illustrators
ALFREDO ALCALA
RICHARD CORBEN
JIM JANES
ABEL LAXAMANA
ESTEBAN MAROTO
NEBOT
RUDY NEBRES
ALEX NINO
JOSE ORTIZ
WALLY WOOD

1984 MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY. EDITORIAL, SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE: (212) 683-8050

SUBSCRIPTIONS: SIX ISSUES FOR \$9.00 IN THE U.S. CANADA AND ELSEWHERE: \$12.00. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE APPLIED FOR AT NEW YORK, N.Y. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1978 BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW EIGHT WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE.

LAST OF RED HOT LOVERS

By now, everyone knows the story of how civilization came to an end. There were no bombs. No great wars. What happened, of course, could only be called a divinely inspired "accident." For years, the Soviets trucked their nuclear wastes to a naturally bottomless pit at the peak of Mount Ichinskaya. When that pit began to boil, however, they realized that their nuclear "munitions pit" was in reality a long-dormant, newly-activating volcano!

4

SCOURGE

Mankind was always a boisterous, rowdy race. Men considered themselves unique in all the universe. Little did they realize how accurate they were. And yet, it was not man who was unique. It was woman!

12

THE KIT

What's the matter, bunky ... living got you down? Are the worms of life slowly eating away at your sanity? Act now, and your problems will be a thing of the past ... with the Sure-Fire, Self-Decimation Kit!

20

FUNNY FARM

First they stuck these humongus needles into my brain. Then they filled my head with their perverted fantasies. It wasn't a bad form of entertainment, really. But I couldn't see it replacing the tube!

28

JANITOR

He was an unassuming little man. Some might even call him ugly. Yet, there was something about him ... a sinister magnetism that women couldn't refuse. It was as if he had been sent to them for a purpose!

34

MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was hungry. But that wasn't unusual. Dimento was always hungry. Yet, after mankind destroyed his world, there was very little to eat. Oh, a stray rat would wander by every now and then. On a good day he might find a maggot-filled dog. Once, he had been lucky enough to stumble upon the week-old carcass of a horse. It was rare, though, that he could find an unarmed man. They were the best. He could make one of them last for days!

43

MESSIAH

Ever wonder what it's like to make it with a Mercurian Slime Boar? Do it to a Nymphodite, or get it on at an orgy of Altarian wart blobs? I know. Because I am a scientist. I specialize in the science of sex!

51

MANEATERS

Homunculus Retch was his name. But they called him a maneater. Okay, so he ate forty-two of the passengers aboard his intergalactic star-cruiser. But what else was a fella to do when the provisions ran out?

62

THE MICROBE PATROL

Their ship was small. Miniscule. Invisible to the naked eye. They called their craft "The Bug!" Its mission: to enter the bloodstream of the human body and do combat with invading virus. It was a journey as uncertain as a flight into deep space. But the crew loved their work. Morale was high. And if you listened very closely you could even hear their spirited song! "Oh, the Microbe Patrol. The Microbe Patrol. We keep toxins under control!"

69

BY NOW, EVERYONE KNOWS THE STORY OF HOW CIVILIZATION CAME TO AN END. THERE WERE NO BOMBS. NO GREAT WARS. THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY NOTEWORTHY RIOTING IN THE STREETS. THE BRILLIANT FLAME THAT WAS MANKIND JUST SORT OF SPUTTERED OUT AND DIED!

HA! HA! HA!
SLAY THE SYPH-LICKING
APES! MASSACRE THE
DOG REAMING PIGS!

WEED OUT THEIR
WORM-EATING WOMEN!
IT'S TIME WE HAD US
SOME FUN!

ONE DAY THERE WERE **TWENTY BILLION** DEMANDING SOULS SCREAMING OUT TO BE FED, CLOTHED AND SHELTERED. THE NEXT THERE WEREN'T BUT A **HANDFUL** OF MEEKLY WHIMPERING BODIES, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE THEY SHARED WITH HUMAN BEINGS WAS MORE ACCIDENT THAN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

WHAT HAPPENED, OF COURSE, CAN ONLY BE BLAMED ON THE **SCIENTISTS**...! WHAT THEY DID, YOU MIGHT RECALL, WAS NOTHING SHORT OF **INSPIRED**!

The LAST of the RED HOT LOVERS

HA! HA! HA! SLIMING NEANDERTHALS! THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO FIVE HUNDRED DEAD! TELL ME, LIEUTENANT... HOW MANY WOMEN DID WE NET FROM THIS SCUM?

A HANDFUL, COMMANDER! THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE!

FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS OF EVERY COUNTRY EXPOUNDED ON THE MERITS OF CLEAN, SAFE **NUCLEAR POWER**, TO MEET THE WORLD'S GROWING ENERGY DEMANDS.

WHAT THE SANCTIMONIOUS SAVANTS DIDN'T LIKE TO TELL US WAS THAT THE "WHOLESONE" ATOMIC POWER PLANTS WHICH MADE OUR WORLD TURN, ACTUALLY PRODUCED LIMITLESS TONS OF RADIOACTIVE WASTES!

THE WASTE IN ITSELF WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TOO BAD, AS LONG AS IT COULD HAVE BEEN SAFELY STORED FOR TWO OR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS... WHICH IS ROUGHLY HOW LONG IT TAKES THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS TO BURN THEMSELVES OUT!



YET, EACH COUNTRY HANDLED THEIR NUCLEAR WASTES IN VARYING **UNORTHODOX** WAYS...!

THE **JAPANESE** HID THEIRS IN A DEEP UNDERSEA TRENCH ...JUST OFF THE COAST OF **CHINA**!

THE **CHINESE** STORED THEIRS IN WOODEN CRATES IN THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN **MONGOLIA**...!

AND THE **AMERICANS** SHIPPED THEIRS TO **PUERTO RICO**...FIGURING THAT ANY UNFORSEEN NUCLEAR "ACCIDENT" WOULD ONCE AND FOR ALL SOLVE THE DILEMMA OF ANNEXING THEIR "FIFTY-FIRST STATE!"

THE NUMBER **DWINDLES** WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE RAID! SOON THERE'LL BE **NONE**! THEN WHERE WILL WE QUENCH OUR LUSTS?

WHO CARES, COMMANDER?! WE LIVE ONLY FOR TODAY!



TONIGHT WE BATHE IN BEAVER...

WHEN IT CAME TO DISPOSING OF NUCLEAR GARBAGE, HOWEVER, THE **RUSSIANS** WERE THE MASTERS HANDS DOWN. THEY TRUCKED THEIR RADIOACTIVE WASTE TO THE PEAK OF **MOUNT ICHINSKAYA**. THERE THEY DUMPED IT INTO THE NATURALLY BOTTOMLESS PIT FOUND AT THE APEX OF THE MOUNTAIN.

...TOMORROW WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE DROUGHT!

THAT WORKED PRETTY WELL...FOR FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS...UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN BEGAN TO **BOIL**! IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE "CLEVER" RUSSIANS REALIZED THAT THEIR ATOMIC "MUNITIONS PIT" WAS IN REALITY A LONG-DORMANT, NEWLY-ACTIVATING **VOLCANO**!

THERE WASN'T MUCH THEY OR ANYONE ELSE COULD DO TO STOP THE IMPENDING ERUPTION...! SO THE WILY REDS SIMPLY SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS AND MILKED THE NEWS FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH...!



THE KREMLIN ISSUED STATEMENTS, TV BRIEFS, AND BULLETINS...! THEY BOISTEROUSLY TOLD THE WORLD OF THE COMING ATOMIC HOLOCAUST, AND HOW IT WOULD BE BROUGHT ABOUT, COURTESY OF AN INSPIRED SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

MACHIAVELLIAN RUSSO PROPAGANDISTS CLAIMED THE NUCLEAR ERUPTION WOULD "THIN OUT" SOME OF THE FATTY EXCESS POPULATION, MAKING THE WORLD LIVEABLE ONCE AGAIN FOR THOSE OF US WHO REMAINED. THE RUSSIANS PROUDLY PROCLAIMED THEMSELVES "THE SAVIORS OF ALL HUMANKIND!"



LOOK! OUR FORCES RETURN! THEY BRING US FRESH MEAT TO IDLE AWAY THE NIGHT!

TELL THE KING! HE'LL WANT TO KNOW, THE BEST IS HIS... THE REST WE SPLIT AMONG US ALL!

THE ANNOUNCEMENT PROVED TO BE SUCH A PUBLIC RELATIONS *COUP*, THAT LEADERS OF LESSER NATIONS *BERATE* THEMSELVES FOR NOT HAVING THOUGHT OF IT FIRST.

THOSE WHO WERE THERE WHEN ICHINSKAYA ERUPTED HAD THEY LIVED NO DOUBT WOULD HAVE SAID THAT IT WAS TRULY A *MARVEL* TO BEHOLD. ALL THE BEAUTIFULLY COLORED ISOTOPES... STRONTIUM, CESIUM AND PLUTONIUM, SPURTED LIKE THE ULTIMATE *ORGASM*, IN A KALEIDOSCOPIC DISPLAY SHOOTING EIGHT MILES INTO THE SKY.

WHEN THE DETRITUS CAME DOWN, OF COURSE, IT CAME DOWN *ALL* OVER THE WORLD... IRRADIATING THE LAND AND THE BODIES OF EVERY LIVING BEING WITH MILLICURIES OF *RADIOACTIVE DEBRIS*!

MY LIEGE! I BEAR BITTER NEWS! WE HAVE BUT FIVE TARTS FOR YOUR PLEASURE... FROM A TOTAL OF OVER FIVE HUNDRED DEAD...!

FIVE FROM FIVE HUNDRED?

THEN THE SHORTAGE IS AS BAD AS WE FEARED!



PLANTS AND ANIMALS WERE THE FIRST TO GO! MANKIND FOLLOWED SEVERAL SECONDS LATER...! IT WAS TRULY A *CURIOUS* SIGHT... PEOPLE BLOATING, BECOMING POCK-MARKED AND PULPY, THEIR BONES DECOMPOSING INTO JELLY. IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT BEFORE THEY BEGAN *EXPLODING* IN LITTLE RED SPURTS!



AFTER TONIGHT, THERE MAY ONLY BE MY DAUGHTER LEFT.

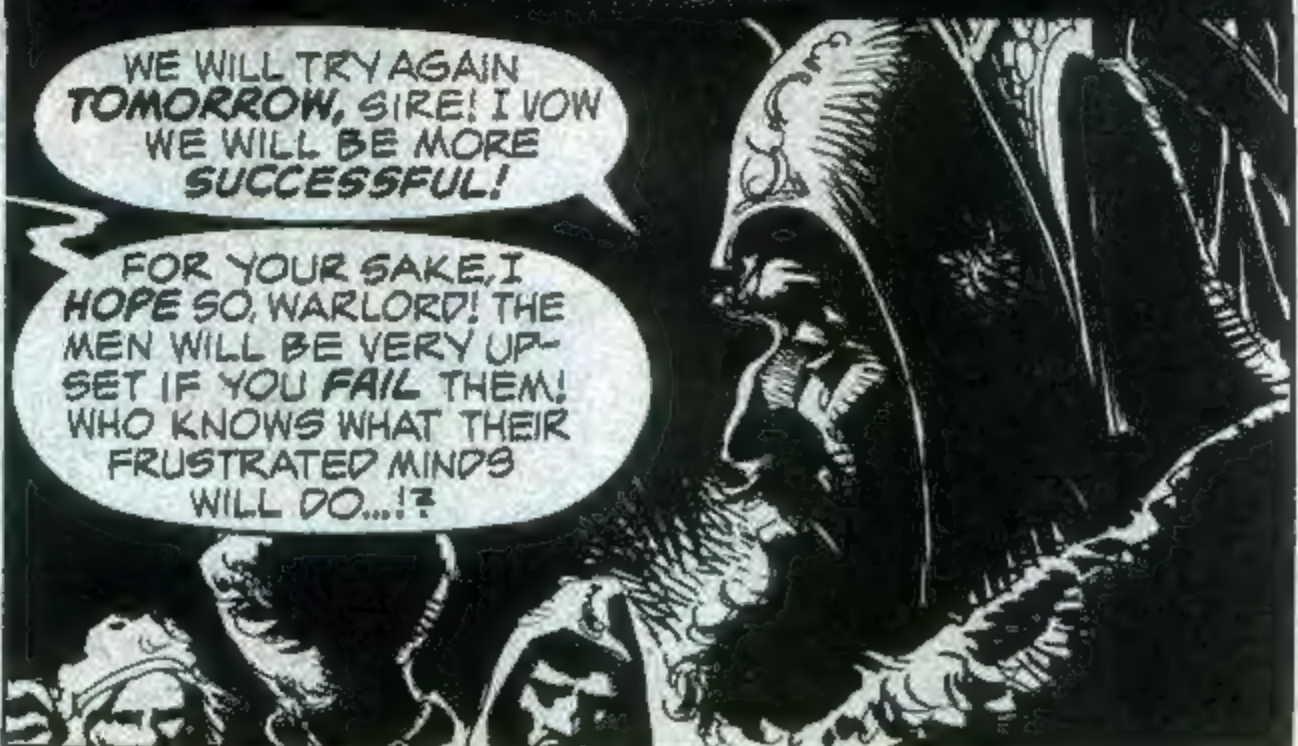
AND ANY MAN WHO HAS HER SHALL HAVE HIS JEWELS ADORN MY NECK!

PERHAPS IT ISN'T AS CRITICAL AS IT *APPEARS*. MY LORD! PERHAPS THERE ARE YET MORE FEMALES HIDING IN THE HILLS.

THOSE WHO SURVIVED CHRISTENED IT "THE DAY OF MANKIND'S FINAL SPURT!" BUT THEN, THOSE WHO SURVIVED HAD TO SHOW *SOME* SENSE OF HUMOR, SINCE PORTIONS OF THEIR OWN RADIOACTIVITY-DRENCHED BODIES WERE SLOWLY WITHERING AWAY!

WE WILL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW, SIRE! I VOW WE WILL BE MORE SUCCESSFUL!

FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE SO, WARLORD! THE MEN WILL BE VERY UPSET IF YOU FAIL THEM! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEIR FRUSTRATED MINDS WILL DO...!?



THE MOST COMMON AFFLICTION AMONG THE SURVIVORS WAS THAT WHICH CAME TO BE CALLED "HOT BOX ROT!"

MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK...OR SOON WE HAVE NO MORE NOOKIE!

FIVE HUNDRED DEAD... AND LAST OF WOMEN ALMOST GONE!

WE NOT HAVE GOOD LUCK WHEN IT COME TO WAR!

THE RADIATION, INSTEAD OF AFFLICTING THE ENTIRE HUMAN FORM, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON RESTRICTED ITSELF TO THE **TESTES** OF THE ADULT HOMO SAPIEN MALE!

EVEN THEN, ITS EFFECTS COULD SCARCELY BE SEEN OR FELT. THE CONDITION MANIFESTED ITSELF ONLY IN TIMES OF UNBRIDLED PASSION.



AFTER WOMEN GONE, ONLY FEMALE LEFT BE KING'S UNBLEMISHED DAUGHTER!

BE GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HER CAPTIVE! THEN WE MAKE KING FAIR TRADE!

HE TAKE NO MORE WOMEN... AND WE BE NICE TO GIRL!



SEEM LIKE GOOD EXCHANGE TO ME!

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEHOW THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS ABSORBED THE RADIATION AND STORED IT LIKE A MINIATURE REACTOR...UNTIL THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT IT WAS RELEASED AND SENT HURTLING DOWN THAT LONG, DARK TUBE!

NATURALLY, THE RECIPIENT OF THESE ATOMIC PAYLOADS GENERALLY RECIEVED THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LICENTIOUS YOUNG LIVES! WOMEN LIT UP LIKE ST. ELMO'S FIRE, BEFORE FIZZLING OUT TO THE GREAT BEYOND!

THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY YOUNG THINGS WERE SENT THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES IN BLISSFUL BUT TERMINAL ECSTASY! COMELY YOUNG CREATURES QUICKLY LEARNED TO AVOID THE NOXIOUS MALE! AND THERE WERE MANY WHO SWORE OATHS TO CELIBACY!



THEN THERE WERE THOSE WHO WERE AFFECTED BY THE RADIATION IN **OTHER** WAYS! INSTEAD OF BECOMING MINIATURE BOMBS, THERE WERE SURVIVORS WHOSE GLANDS **SWELLED**, RENDERING REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS **VEHEMENTLY OVERSIZED!**



YET, THESE FORTUNATE (OR UNFORTUNATE, DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW) FEW, SOON DISCOVERED THAT ONE PORTION OF THE ANATOMY COULD NOT **GROW** WITHOUT ANOTHER **GIVING** SOME IN SIZE!



BRAINS BEGAN TO SHRINK EVEN AS **GENITALIA** SWELLED, THE RESULT WAS A DULL-WITTED MUTANT WITH BUT ONE UNQUENCHABLE **DESIRE...**!



YEARS PASSED, AND EVENTUALLY MEMBERS OF BOTH GROUPS Banded TOGETHER IN **TRIBES**. THE DULL-WITTED NEANDERTHAL "**HUNGS**," FOUND REFUGE IN CAVES AND FORESTS, WHILE THE MORE INTELLIGENT BUT SEXUALLY DEADLY "**GLOWS**" SEQUESTERED THEMSELVES IN FORTRESS-LIKE CITIES...!

THE FEW **WOMEN** WHO REMAINED, NATURALLY GRAVITATED TO THE DULL-WITTED "**HUNGS**!"



NOT ONLY WAS IT SAFER, BUT IT OFTEN PROVED MORE SEXUALLY FULFILLING!

THE WAR, OF COURSE WAS INEVITABLE! THE "GLOWS" HAD NO WOMEN AND WERE SLOWLY DYING OUT. THEY COULDN'T REPRODUCE BECAUSE NO WOMAN COULD SURVIVE TO CARRY THEIR SEED

BUT CHILDREN OR NOT... THE DOOMED DEATH-BRINGERS HAD THEIR NEEDS! LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES THEY WOULD HAVE RENDERED THE FAIRER SEX EXTINCT...!



WE NEED TALK TO KING! TELL HIM DAUGHTER LIKE TO SAY HELLO!

YOU ELEPHANT-BALLED BARBARIAN! YOU SO MUCH AS TOUCH HER AGAIN... AND I'LL SEE YOUR SAUSAGE SERVED ON A BED OF LETTUCE!



YOU NOT TAKE TRIBE WOMEN... WE NOT HARM GIRL! IS SIMPLE TRADE, KING. WE MAKE DEAL?



TELL HIM SHE VERY TIRED! HAVE BUSY TIME LAST NIGHT! DO NOOKY WITH MANY HUNGS. NOT LIKE PREVERT GLOWS... DO NOOK ONE TIME THEN... BOOM!



YOU CAN'T MAKE A DEAL LIKE THAT, SIRE! WHAT'LL OUR MEN DO FOR WOMEN?

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO... I DON'T WANT MY DAUGHTER HARMED!

BUT... BUT, LIEGE! SHE ISN'T EVEN YOUR DAUGHTER! YOU FOUND HER WHEN SHE WAS A BABY, IN THE RUINS...!



NONETHELESS, SHE IS ONE OF US NOW! AND IT'S UP TO YOU, WARLORD, TO SAVE HER!



THEN SAVE HER
I WILL, IF IT'S
THAT OR GIVIN'
UP A MAN'S
PLEASURE!

C'MON, Y'BEAVER-SNATCHIN'
PUTZ! DO ME THE HONOR OF
LETTING ME DISEMBOWEL
YOU MYSELF!

WHY NEED
FIGHT?

IS SIMPLE
REQUEST!



ALL WE ASK IS
YOU GIVE UP
SKIZZLING
WOMEN!

THAT'S
LIKE ASKIN'
THE POPE T'GET
DOWN AN' GIVE
ME HEAD!

I'D SOONER LOB
OFF M'WORM THAN
FORSAKE THE MANLY
ART'A COITUS!



IT SEEMS WE
THEN HAVE
PROBLEM!



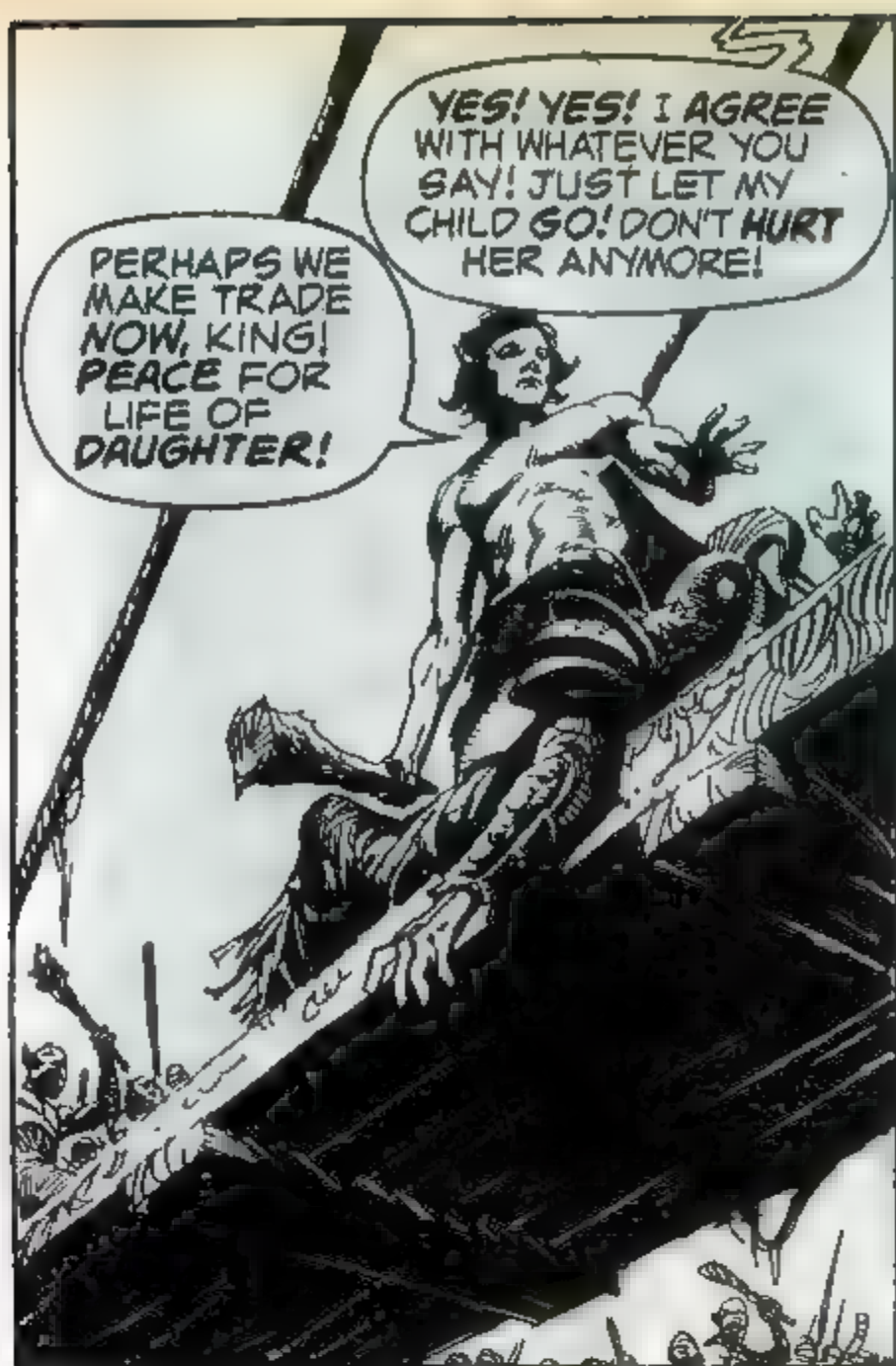
YOU BET WE DO,
BOY! BUT I'M ABOUT
TO RUN THAT PROBLEM
THROUGH! AGHHH!

IS TOO BAD WE
CAN'T COME TO
UNDERSTANDING!



BUT IS CLEAR THAT
MAN WHO RULED BY
GLANDS IS MAN WHO
NOT LISTEN TO
REASON!

AGHHH!



PERHAPS WE
MAKE TRADE
NOW, KING!
PEACE FOR
LIFE OF
DAUGHTER!

YES! YES! I AGREE
WITH WHATEVER YOU
SAY! JUST LET MY
CHILD GO! DON'T HURT
HER ANYMORE!



CAN'T LET DAUGHTER
GO! SEEMS SHE LIKE
WELL-HUNG THORD!
PROMISE BE GOOD TO
HER, THOUGH! WILL
MAKE YOU GRANDPA
SOON!

LOOK ON BRIGHT SIDE
NOW! ABSTINENCE IS
VIRTUE!



AND IF FORGE COMES
AGAIN... YOU ALWAYS
HAVE EACH OTHER!

N-NO! NOOO!
NEVER! NOT
THAT!

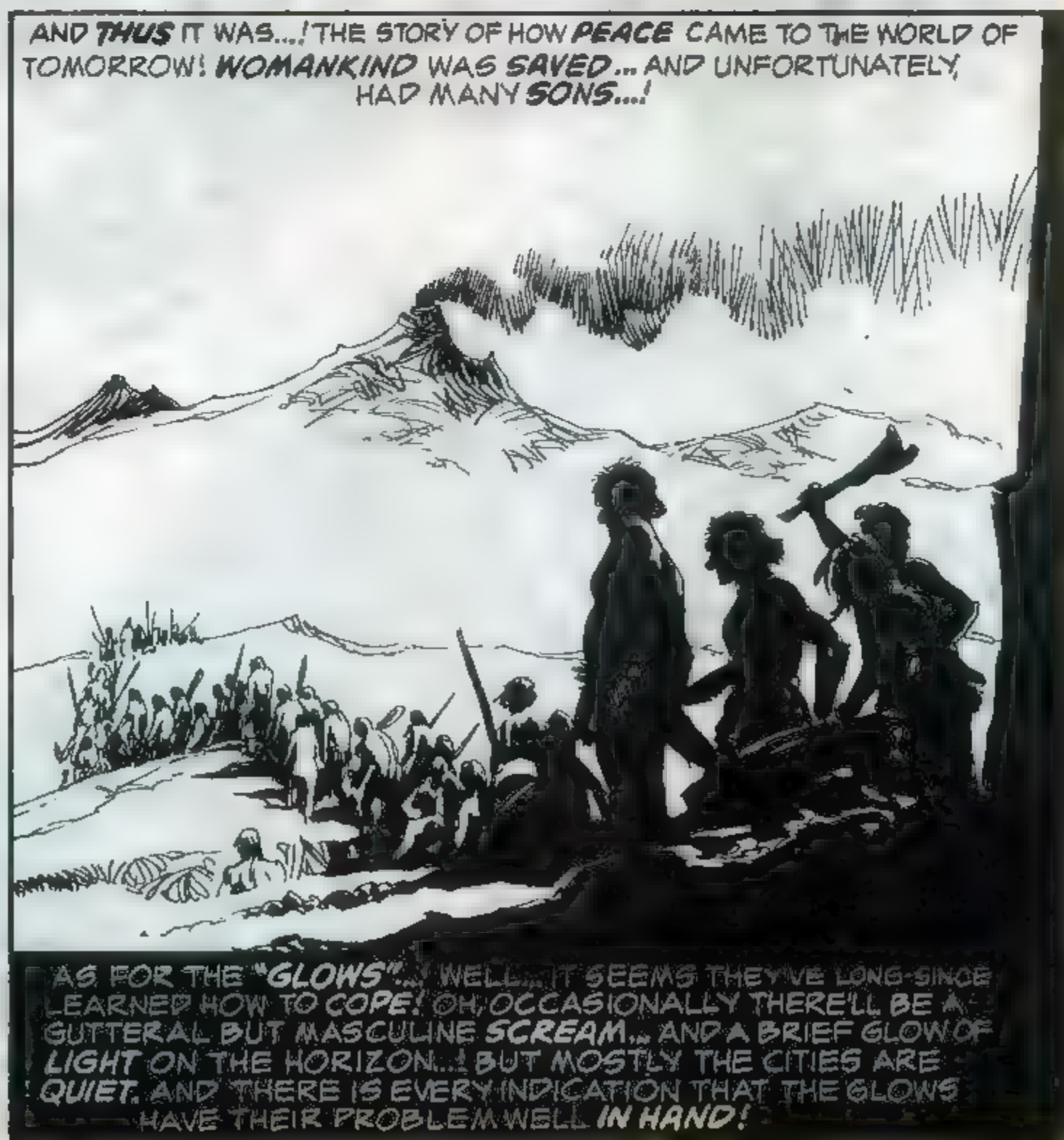


I...I'D
SOONER



ONE THING ABOUT
THAT WARLORD...!

HE DEFINATELY MAN
WHO LIKE HIS WOMEN!



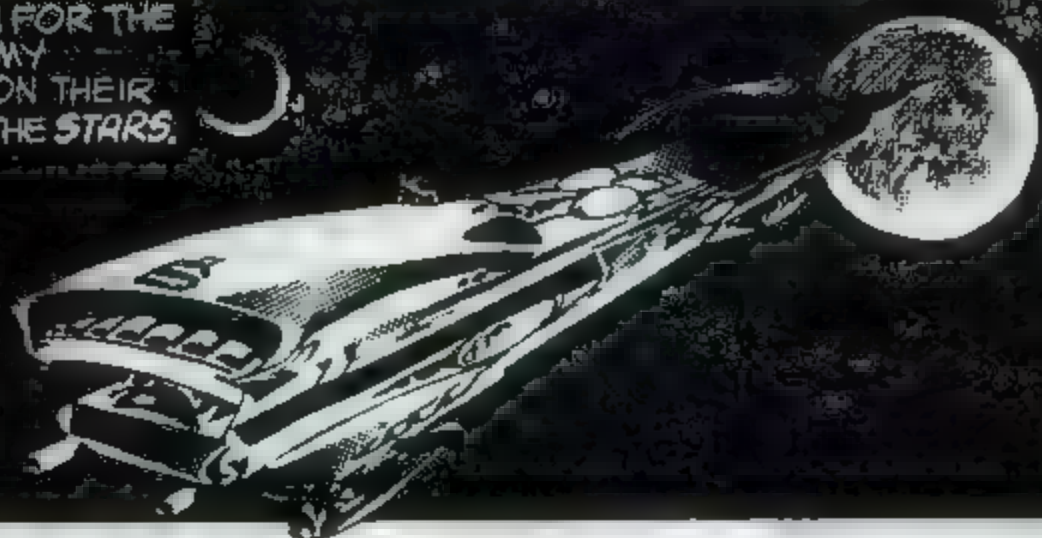
AND **THUS** IT WAS...! THE STORY OF HOW **PEACE** CAME TO THE WORLD OF
TOMORROW! **WOMANKIND** WAS **SAVED**... AND UNFORTUNATELY,
HAD MANY **SONS**...!

AS FOR THE "GLOWS"... WELL... IT SEEMS THEY'VE LONG-SINCE
LEARNED HOW TO COPE! OH, OCCASIONALLY THERE'LL BE A
GUTTERAL BUT MASCULINE SCREAM... AND A BRIEF GLOW OF
LIGHT ON THE HORIZON...! BUT MOSTLY THE CITIES ARE
QUIET. AND THERE IS EVERY INDICATION THAT THE GLOWS
HAVE THEIR PROBLEM WELL IN HAND!

I AM A **STARSHIP**. I HAVE EXISTED THROUGH MUCH. ALL THAT I AM, ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN, LIES DEEP WITHIN THE MEMORY BANKS OF MY COMPUTERIZED GUIDANCE SYSTEM.

I WAS THE **FIRST** TO REACH FOR THE GALAXIES, TO TRANSPORT MY PRECIOUS HUMAN CARGO ON THEIR GLORIOUS EXPEDITION TO THE **STARS**.

NOW... I AM THE **LAST** MAN-MADE VESSEL TO HURL THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. I AM ALL THAT **REMAINS** OF A ONCE-PROUD AND PROMISING MANKIND.



MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE THOSE EARLY VOYAGES. I HAVE WITNESSED A THOUSAND **MIRACLES**. I HAVE ENCOUNTERED CIVILIZATIONS THE LIKE OF WHICH MY CREATORS COULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED. AND I HAVE SEEN THE WONDEROUS SPARK THAT WAS MANKIND, SPUTTER AND DIE A TERRIBLE, TORMENTING DEATH!

SCOURGE OF THE SPACEWAY



MANKIND WAS ALWAYS A BOISTEROUS, ROWDY RACE. MEN LONG CONSIDERED THEMSELVES THE MOST **UNIQUE** CREATURES IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE HOW **ACCURATE**, HOW TRULY **PROPHETIC** THEIR MAMMOTH EGOS WERE.

AND YET...IT WAS NOT MAN WHO WAS UNIQUE IN HIS NATURE. IT WAS **WOMAN!**

IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION, THERE WAS MUCH DEBATE, MUCH CONCERN FOR THE SAFETY OF **WOMEN** IN SPACE.

MANY BELIEVED THE GALAXIES FAR TOO **DANGEROUS** FOR THE FAIRER SEX.



THERE WERE THOSE WHO FELT THE UNKNOWN FRONTIERS OF THE UNIVERSE WERE BEST TAMED BY HALE AND HEARTY **MASCULINE** SOULS ALONE.



YET, IN THE END, **WOMEN** AS ALWAYS **WON OUT**. THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES **ALONGSIDE** THEIR HEARTIER COUNTERPARTS.

IT WAS FROM WITHIN THE SAFETY OF MY HALLOWED SHELL THAT THE FIRST **WOMAN** WAS PROPELLED TOWARDS THE LUSH MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS.

IT IS I WHO AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE **CONTAMINATION** OF A UNIVERSE!

OH, THERE YET EXIST THOSE WHO DO NOT BLAME **ME** FOR THAT WHICH TRANSPIRED UPON **WOMAN'S** ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS!



BUT THOSE ASSURANT HISTORIANS TEND TO BE **PHILOSOPHICAL**, ALMOST **RELIGIOUS** IN THEIR OUTLOOK. THEY PLACE THE BLAME FOR WHAT OCCURRED ON THE IDEALOGICAL **SUPREME BEING**, WHO THEY CLAIM CREATED **WOMAN** IN A MAD MOMENT OF **MIRTH!**

YOU SEE, BEFORE **MAN'S** INSANE QUEST TO THE STARS, THE UNIVERSE WAS MUCH LIKE THAT FABLED GARDEN **PARADISE**. WHICH, THEOLOGISANS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE, SHELTERED THE VERY **FIRST MAN**.



BUT THEN, THE GREAT PROVIDER GIFTED THAT INITIAL TRUSTING SOUL WITH THE VERY FIRST **WOMAN**. AND THE CONTENTMENT OF **MAN'S** DOMAIN WAS **SHATTERED** FOR ALL TIME!

TRUE, **MAN** TRADED HIS CAREFREE HAPPINESS FOR CERTAIN **PHYSICAL** REMUNERATIONS. BUT IN THE END, I WONDER IF **MEN** DIDN'T COME TO CONSIDER THAT ONE-SIDED BARTER AS A KIN TO PURCHASING MANHATTAN ISLAND FOR A HANDFUL OF **BEADS!**



IN VENTURING INTO THE GARDENS OF **SPACE**, MANKIND EXPECTED TO ENCOUNTER ALIEN WORLDS HOUSING CIVILIZATIONS UNLIKE ANY CONCEIVED IN ITS WILDEST IMAGININGS. WHAT HUMANITY **DIDN'T** COUNT ON, HOWEVER, WAS THAT THOSE CIVILIZATIONS... **EVERY** LAST ONE OF THEM... WERE COMPRISED OF PARTHENOGENIC **SINGLE-SEXED** RACES.

YOU SEE... THERE WERE SIMPLY NO **FEMALES** ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE... EXCEPT ON **EARTH!**

AND WHEN THAT VERY FIRST **WOMAN** EXPOSED HERSELF TO THE STARS... **ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!**

THE FIRST EXTRATERRESTIAL
LIFE MANKIND ENCOUNTERED
WAS ON THE SECOND PLANET
OF THE STAR SUN ALPHA
CENTAURI.

THE PLANET WAS
LUSH WITH COLOR,
UNIQUE, EXCITING AND
SPLENDID. IT WAS
EDEN REBORN! A
STAR-CHASER'S
DREAM!

THE FIRST INKLING OF LIFE CAME WHEN THE SCOUT CREW,
WHICH CONSISTED OF A BOTANIST, A GEOLOGIST, A SCIENCE
OFFICER, THE CAPTAIN AND THE TOKEN FEMALE, STUMBLED
UPON A MAMMOTH STATUE OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE A
NOBLE ALIEN CARVED FROM THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN.

THE SECOND INKLING CAME SHORTLY THERE-
AFTER... WHEN AN ALIEN OF NOT-SO-NOBLE
VISAGE POUNCED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE
IN THE BASE OF THAT MOUNTAIN, ATTACKING
THE UNSUSPECTING PARTY.

WHEN THE CREATURE WHISKED UP THE LONE
GIRL IN THE GROUP, IT WAS IMMEDIATELY ASSUMED
BY ALL PRESENT THAT ITS INTENTIONS WERE
MALEVOLENT!

ANCIENT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREHISTORIC
SCIENCE FICTION PULPS SPRANG INTO THE MEN'S
MINDS. THEY ENVISIONED NASTY, SLIMING,
CARNIVEROUS BEASTS DROOLING PUTRID
GREEN SLIME ONTO THE NAKED FLESH OF
SOME FAIR BEAUTY AS IT CONTEMPLATED UN-
SPEAKABLY LUSTFUL DEEDS.

THE BILE OF
CHIVALRY ROSE
QUICKLY TO THE
EXCITED
SPACEMEN'S
THROATS. RAY
GUNS CRACKLED
AND THE
HEROIC MEN
LEAPED BODILY
INTO THE FRAY,
BUT THE BEAST
WAS TOO
POWERFUL. IT
REPELLED THE
MEN WITHOUT
SO MUCH AS A
THOUGHT, AND
DEVOTED ITS
EVERY
ATTENTION TO
EXAMINING
THE STRANGE
BUT SUCCULENT
FEMALE
CREATURE IN
MINUTEST DETAIL.

AFTER WHICH IT THEN COMMENCED WITH THE
ABOVE-MENTIONED UNSPEAKABLE ACTS!

IT WAS DEDUCED LATER, OF COURSE, THAT THE ALIEN BEAST WAS A RAVING HETERO. TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A PARTHENOGENIC MONSTER. EVENTUALLY, THE BEAST WAS **RESTRAINED** AND THE GIRL RESCUED - ALBEIT SOMEWHAT **RELUCTANTLY**. I'LL WAGER, HOWEVER, THAT THE POOR CREATURE, HAVING SAMPLED THOSE FIRST WOEFUL TASTES OF FEMININE DELIGHT, WAS NEVER AGAIN THE SAME.

LITTLE DID MANKIND REALIZE IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION THAT THEY WOULD ENCOUNTER SPECIES AFTER SPECIES OF **UNI-SEX** LIFE. MEN IN THEIR NAIVETE HAD NO INKLING THEN THAT A **FEMALE** VARIATION OF ANY SPECIES WAS A **PHENOMENON** UNIQUE TO **EARTH** ALONE.

THEY DID BEGIN TO SUSPECT SOMETHING Amiss, HOWEVER, WHEN WITH EACH NEW EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTER, THE ALIEN ENTITIES TOOK PARTICULAR INTEREST IN OUR **FEMININE** "SPACEMEN."

THE BLIND MEMBRANE MEN OF MANGO IV. FOR EXAMPLE, SECRETED MUCOUS-LIKE FLUIDS WHEN MERELY IN THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN FEMALES.

WHAT THEY DID UPON **TOUCHING** A WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME, CANNOT BE RELEGATED TO THE SENSITIVE TAPES OF A FAMILY STARSHIP.

THEN THERE WERE THE WATERMEN OF AGUA II. AT FIRST, THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE SCOUTSHIP LANDING THERE, BELIEVED THE WATER WORLD TOTALLY **DEVOID** OF INTELLIGENT LIFE.

NO ONE GAVE THE PLANET A SECOND THOUGHT UNTIL ONE ASTUTE OBSERVER NOTED THE FEMALE CREW MEMBERS SPENDING MORE TIME THAN SEEMED NATURAL WITHIN THE ALIEN **WATERS**.

THE CREW MEN WERE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE SHEER BLISSFUL EXPRESSIONS OF SPENT ECSTASY BEAMING FROM THE FACES OF THEIR FEMALE COUNTERPARTS, UNTIL ONE UTTERLY EXHAUSTED GIRL CONFESSED **ALL!**



SHE REVEALED IN RAWEST DETAIL THE INCONCEIVABLE **MATING** RITUALS OF THE INVISIBLE WATER MEN, WHO COULD OOZE THEIR WAY SNUGLY INTO THE TINIEST OF CREVICES!

THEN THERE WERE THE ANT MEN OF LARVA III. THERE WAS NOT A ONE OF THEM MORE THAN **SIX INCHES** LONG, BUT THE FIRST TIME THEY LAID EYES ON A **WOMAN**, THE BEGGARS SPIRITED HER AWAY AND CROWNED HER "QUEEN FOR A DAY!"

EXACTLY WHAT TRANSPIRED WITHIN THE HIVE OF THE VORACIOUS ANT MEN, THE SPENT SPACE CHILD NEVER REVEALED BEFORE SHE WENT **AWOL** FROM HER SPACE CRUISER SHE KEPT GIGGLING OVER AND OVER... "LOVE THOSE LITTLE STINGERS!"

IT WASN'T UNTIL WORD CIRCULATED ABOUT THE PROBOSCIS MEN OF NOZZLE V, HOWEVER, THAT MANKIND BEGAN TO REALIZE THE **AWFUL TRUTH!**

THE PROBOSCIS PEOPLE WERE A RACE OF **BLIND** CREATURES WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF SMELL. THEY SEEMED TO **SNIFF** THE MUSKY PRESENCE OF A WOMAN THE MOMENT THE FIRST ONE ENTERED THEIR SOLAR SYSTEM. ALTHOUGH SIGHTLESS, THE CREATURES POSSESSED AN UNCANNY **INSTINCT** FOR THE PURPOSEFUL **USES** OF THE FEMALE ANATOMY.

THEY, TOO, KIDNAPPED AN ALMOST TOO-WILLING SPACE GIRL, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL HAD THE POOR CHILD WORN TO A WEAK **FRAGMENT** OF HER FORMER SELF.

A BOLD SCIENTIST DARED TO HYPOTHESIZE AT THAT POINT THAT THE LARGE NUMBER OF PARTHENOGENIC CIVILIZATIONS ENCOUNTERED THUS FAR IN MAN'S BLIND CLIMB TO THE STARS, INDICATED A **TOTALLY** UNI-SEXED UNIVERSE!



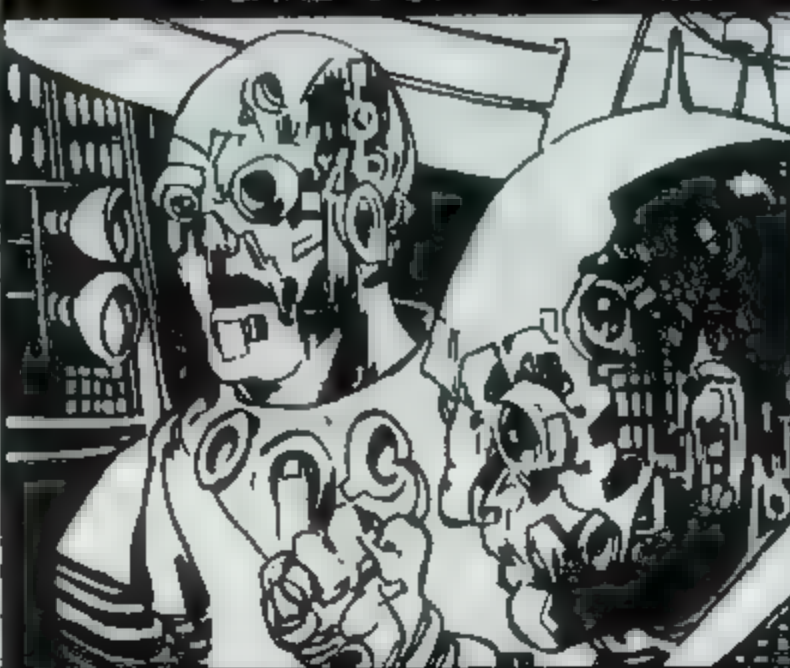
THE AWESOME FACT THAT **NOWHERE** WAS A **FEMALE** IN ANY SPECIES TO BE FOUND, EXCEPT ON EARTH, HE SPECULATED INDICATED A PROFOUND SENSE OF HUMOR ON THE PART OF THE UNIVERSE'S **CREATOR!** AND OUR TERRAN BROTHERS, UNFORTUNATELY WERE THE **BRUNT** OF THE JOKE!

AFTER THAT FIRST BOLD THEOREM, SCIENTISTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO VENTURE OTHER SPECULATIONS... EQUALLY AS DARING.

THE HIGH PERCENTILE OF **SIGHTLESS RACES**, ONE RECKLESSLY THEORIZED BORE SOME EVIDENCE THAT THERE WAS **TRUTH** IN THAT ANCIENT EARTH ADAGE LONG-USED BY MOTHERS TO DISCOURAGE THEIR MALE OFFSPRING FROM SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE SELF-ABUSE!

AND YET, AS CAN BE EXPECTED, ONCE WORD LEAKED OUT THAT THE WOMEN OF EARTH WERE THE **ONLY FEMALE CREATURES** IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, THERE WERE FAR **GRAVER PROBLEMS** THAN THOSE POSED BY SPECULATIVE SCIENTISTS.

THE **SIGHTLESS JUNK MEN OF COSMOS** FOR EXAMPLE, **DEMANDED** THAT AN EQUAL QUOTA OF WOMAN BE DIVIDED AMONG ALL THE INHABITED PLANETS OF THE COSMOS.

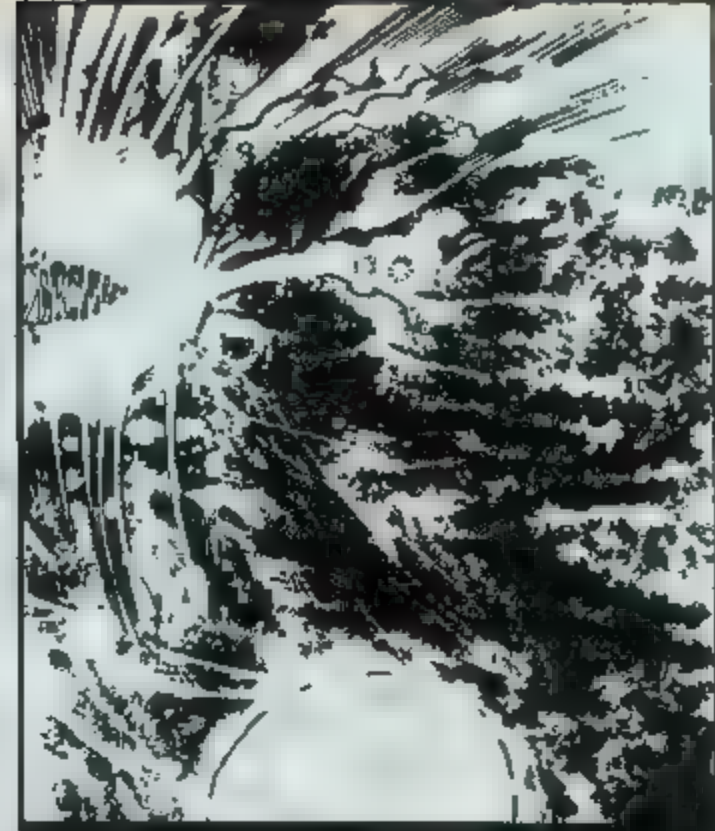


THE DEMANDS, OF COURSE, WERE TOTALLY **UNREASONABLE** FOR EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SHIP ONE OF EARTH'S TEN BILLION ODD FEMALES TO EACH OF THE APPROXIMATELY TEN **TRILLION** INHABITED STARS, THE RATIO OF WOMEN TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS WOULD PRECLUDE ANY **FUNCTIONAL ADVANTAGE**, WHATSOEVER!

AND YET **OTHER RACES** ECHOED THE IMPOSSIBLE CRAYONED BY THE **OUTRAGED JUNK MEN**!



AND BECAUSE THE **DEMANDS** FOR EARTH'S GREATEST RESOURCE FAR EXCEEDED THE AVAILABLE **SUPPLY**, THE ONCE-PEACEFUL UNIVERSE WAS, WITHIN A MONTH, HURLED INTO A **FULL-SCALE CATAclysmic... WAR!**



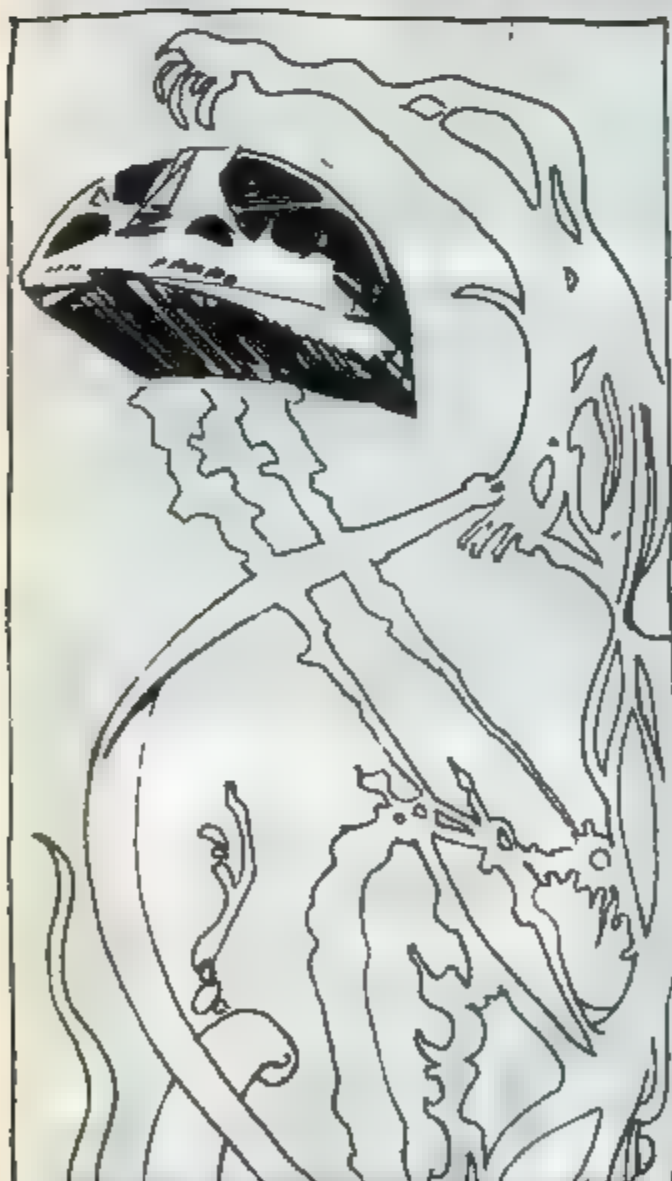
EVERYWHERE, ALIEN BATTLED HUMAN FOR POSSESSION OF THE CONSUMMATE PRIZE... **WOMAN**. NOWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE WAS THE FAIRER SEX TO BE SPARED THE **GHASTLY INDIGNITIES** THAT AWAITED HER AT THE LUSTING, SWEATING HANDS AND/OR TENTACLES OF THOSE WHO DESIRED HER **SUCCULENT FLESH!**

THERE WERE THOSE WOMEN OF COURSE, WHO **SAVORED** EVERY DELIGHTFUL MOMENT, THE **OBSE**, THE **SKINNY**, THE **PIMPLY**, THE **DEFORMED**, BUT THERE WERE THOSE TOO, WHO WERE EITHER **TOO OLD** OR **TOO WEARY** TO APPRECIATE THE **DUBIOUS HONOR** BEING HEAPED UPON THEM IN THE **BOUDOIRS** OF THE GALAXY.

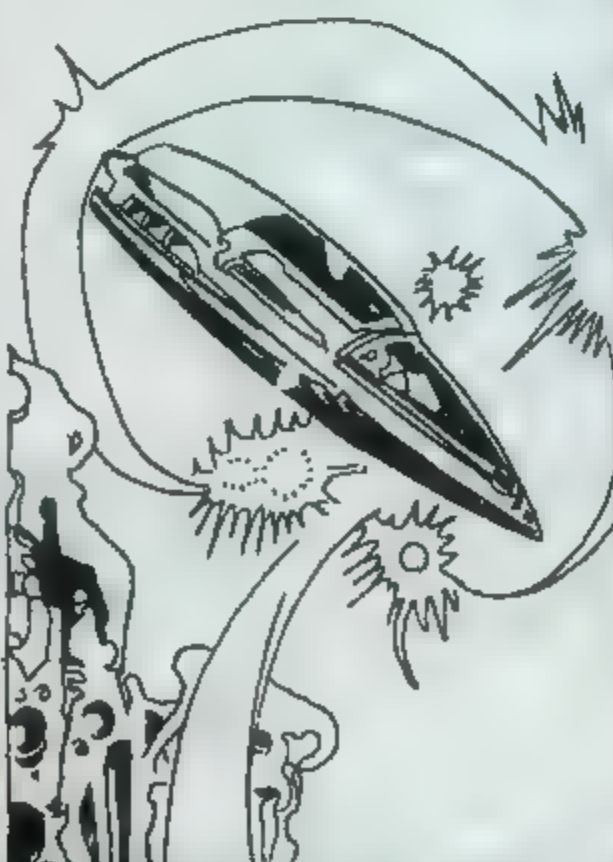
ALMOST EVERY WOMAN UNDER **EIGHTY** WAS FAIR GAME, THOSE **OVER EIGHTY** CURSED THEIR **FATES DAILY**.



BUT EVEN THOSE WOMEN **SPIRITED-OFF** BY THESE **MERCINARY PROFITEERS**, WERE NOT SAFE FROM THE **INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITES** OF **NEWLY-HETEROSEXUAL ALIENS!**



AS IN ALL WARS, THERE WAS THE **MAMMOTH UNDERGROUND BLACK MARKET** NETWORK WHICH VIRTUALLY SPRANG INTO EXISTENCE OVERNIGHT. IT DEALT IN ONLY **ONE SOUGHT-AFTER COMMODITY**, AND WAS CONTROLLED BY **PROFIT-HUNGRY MEN**, WHO FOR THE MOST PART WERE ALL **CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT!**



THERE WERE ALWAYS THOSE **PHENOMINAL EXTRATERRESTRIALS** WHO, ALTHOUGH **BLIND**, COULD VIRTUALLY **SMELL A WOMAN'S PRESENCE** A DOZEN LIGHT YEARS AWAY!



MANY A **BLACK MARKET VEESEL**, AS WELL AS **AUTHORIZED FEDERATION SPACECRAFT**, WERE **ATOMIZED** AT THE HANDS OF THESE **OVERLY-EXCITABLE BEINGS**.



MANY **FEMALES** WERE **LOST** IN THOSE EARLIEST ALIEN ENCOUNTERS. BUT SUCH WERE THE **CASUALTIES OF WAR**... AND THE **FATES OF THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT WAR!**

ONCE THE WAR WAS IN FULL-SCALE ESCALATION, THERE WAS, NATURALLY, NO ALTERNATIVE FOR EARTH'S GALACTIC OFFICIALS BUT TO RECALL ALL SHIPS WITH FEMALE PERSONNEL IMMEDIATELY.

I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OUT, AND CONSEQUENTLY ONE OF THE FARTHEST FROM HOME WHEN THE FIGHTING BEGAN.



WORD OF THE GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMANKIND WAS LATE IN REACHING MY OFFICERS AND CREW. YET, THE CONSEQUENCES WERE NO LESS DEVASTATING THAN TO COUNTLESS OTHER BATTLE-SCARRED WORLDS.

ALL WAS RELATIVELY PEACEFUL UNTIL ONE STARRY-EYED MATHEMATICIAN COMPUTED THE ACTUAL RATIO OF WOMAN TO INTELLIGENT INHABITANTS OF THE GALAXY. THE FIGURE WAS SOMETHING AKIN TO SIX TRILLION, FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN BILLION... TO ONE!

WHEN ASKED TO COMPUTE THE ODDS OF EARTH WINNING AN INTER-GALACTIC WAR AGAINST THE COMBINED MIGHT OF ALL OTHER INTERPLANETARY FORCES, THAT SAME MATHEMATICIAN ONLY SHRUGGED IN ABJECT DEFEAT.



THE UTTER FUTILITY OF SUCH A WAR BECAME EVIDENT TO MY CREW IMMEDIATELY, AND THEY COMMENCED THEIR OWN BATTLE FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF THE LONE FEMALE INHABITING MY DECKS.

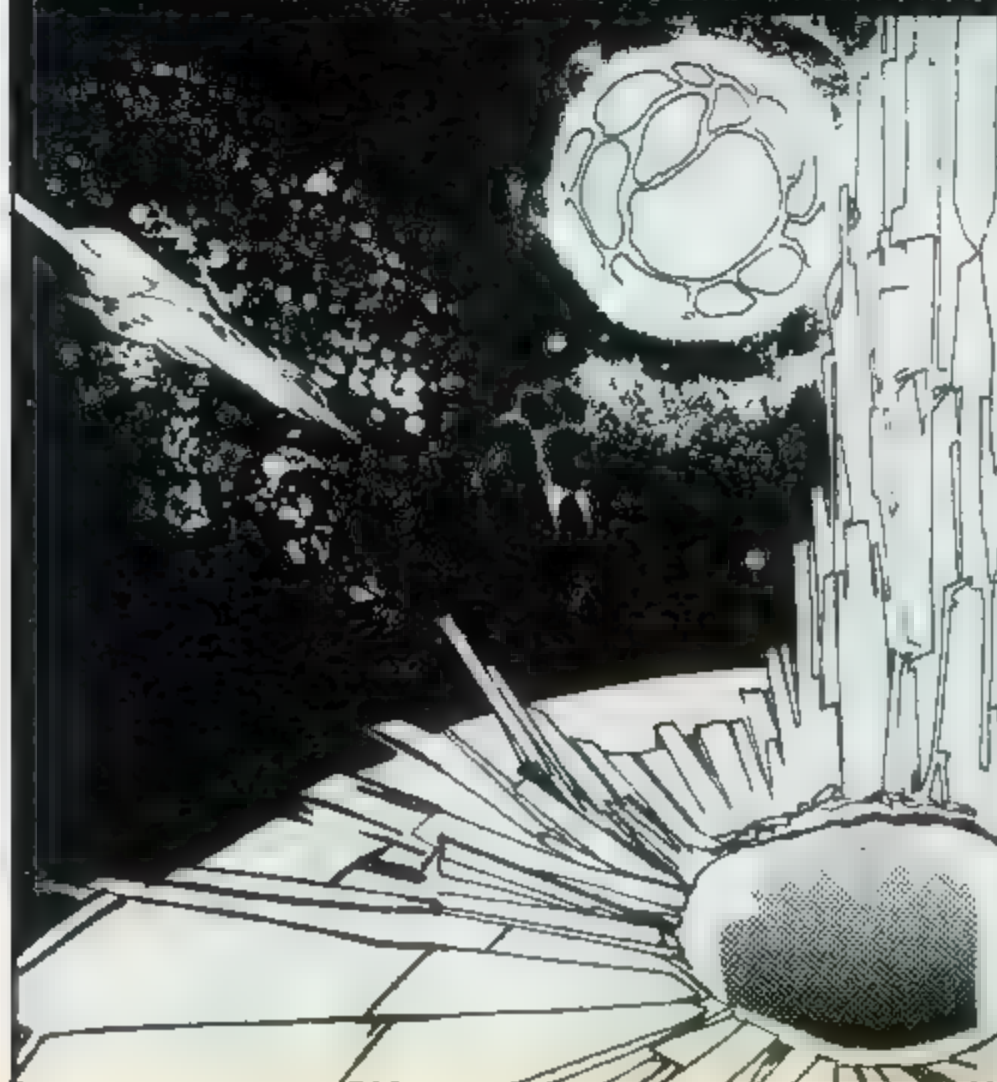
IT WAS A TERRIBLE SIGHT TO BEHOLD: MEN EMBEDDING MACHINERY IN THE SKULLS OF FELLOW MEN, LIMBS OF DEAD MEN UTILIZED TO BLUDGEON THEIR FELLOWS TO DEATH. BLASTERS INCINERATING ONCE-BOLD AND DARING MEN UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THEIR CHAKRED OUTLINE ON MY INNER HULL.



ONCE-RATIONAL HUMAN BEINGS WERE LIKE ANIMALS DESTROYING EACH OTHER SO THEY ALONE COULD CLAIM THE SEDUCTIVE, PERFUMED PRIZE!

AND WHEN THERE WAS BUT ONE MAN LEFT STANDING, THAT LONE, EXHAUSTED BEATEN INDIVIDUAL, HIMSELF EMBRACING DEATH, REACHED LECHEROUSLY FOR HIS BEAUTY AND MANAGED ONLY A VERY FAINT TWINKLE IN HIS EYE BEFORE COLLAPSING DEAD AWAY!

IT WAS AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, WITH NO ONE TO MAN MY MISGUIDED CONTROLS, THAT I BEGAN CAREENING TOWARDS CERTAIN DEVASTATION... STRAIGHT FOR A GARGANTUAN PLANET DEAD IN MY PATH!



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE QUICK-THINKING OF THE GIANT ~~NO~~ MEN INHABITING THAT PLANET, I WOULD DOUBTLESSLY BE AN INTEGRAL BUT INDECORATE PART OF THEIR TERRAIN.

THE BENEVOLENT ALIENS UTILIZING THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCES, GUIDED ME TO A LANDING DOCK AND MUCH WELCOMED SAFETY!



UNLIKE OTHER PARTHENOGENIC CREATURES, THE ~~INO~~ MEN WERE NOT, DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF MY TANTALIZING FEMALE CARGO, MOTIVATED IN THEIR ACTIONS BY OVERLY-ACTIVE MALE GLANDS.

INDEED, WHILE THE PHIL-ANTHROPIC CREATURES APPRECIATED BEAUTY AS MUCH AS THE NEXT FELLOW, THEY WERE FAR TOO HUGE TO SUCCUMB TO THE SEDUCTIVE SPELL OF WOMANKIND.

EVEN THE MUCH SMALLER INFANT ~~INO~~ MEN WERE FAR TOO MAMMOTH TO BE ACCOMMODATED BY A MERE GIRL!



PERHAPS IT WAS GOD'S WAY OF SMILING UPON THE INO MEN. FOR IT WAS THEY ALONE, UNABLE TO **TOUCH** THE ACCURSED **SCOURGE OF THE STARS**, AS WOMEN CAME TO BE KNOWN, WHO WERE SPARED THE EVENTUAL **SUFFERING** BROUGHT ABOUT BY THEIR BITTERSWEET PRESENCE!



THE INTER-GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMEN HAD BEEN RAGING A FULL SIX MONTHS WHEN THE INTER-GALACTIC **PLAGUE** BROKE OUT.



AT FIRST, IT WAS THOUGHT THAT THE ABUNDANCE OF DECAYING **CORPSES** THROUGHOUT THE COSMOS TRIGGERED THE OUT-BREAK OF **PLAGUE**.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, HOWEVER, FOR QUICK-WITTED SCIENTISTS TO DISCOVER THAT THE **PLAGUE** WAS RAMPANT **NOT** IN THE BLOOD-DRENCHED, WAR-TORN BATTLE-ZONES...

...INSTEAD THE DREAD DISEASE PROLIFERATED IN THOSE AREAS WITH THE HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF... **WOMEN!**

FURTHER, THE **PLAGUE** STARTED **NOT** IN THE USUAL MANNER WITH **BLOATED BELLIES** AND HEALTHY **VOMITING**... BUT BEGAN IN THOSE CERTAIN LOCATIONS OF THE MASCULINE ANATOMY LONG-RESERVED FOR THE MOST **PRIVATE** AND **PRIVILEGED** BODY FUNCTIONS.



NO MATTER WHICH RACE THE **PLAGUE** STRUCK DOWN, THE SYMPTOMS WERE INVARIABLY THE SAME. FIRST CAME THE HORRIBLE, MUSKY, DEHUMANIZING **STENCH**, EMANATING FROM THE MIDDLE TO LOWER REGIONS OF THE ANATOMY. THEN... **DECAY** SET IN... AND THE HELPLESSNESS OF HAVING TO WATCH AS SELECT PORTIONS OF THE ANATOMICAL FORM SLOWLY **ROTTED AWAY!**

THEN... THEN WOULD COME THE MOST **TERRIFYING** MOMENT OF ALL. WHEN THAT PORTION OF THE MALE FORM WOULD **DROP OFF**, LEAVING ITS VICTIM A WRETCHED, EMASCULATED **FRAGMENT** OF HIS FORMER SELF!

THOSE BACTERIA, LIKE TINY MILITIAMEN, ACTING AS EARTH'S **FINAL DEFENSE**, ATTACKED AND DESTROYED ANY AND ALL ALIEN OBJECTS VIOLATING THE SACRED HONOR OF EARTHLING WOMEN!

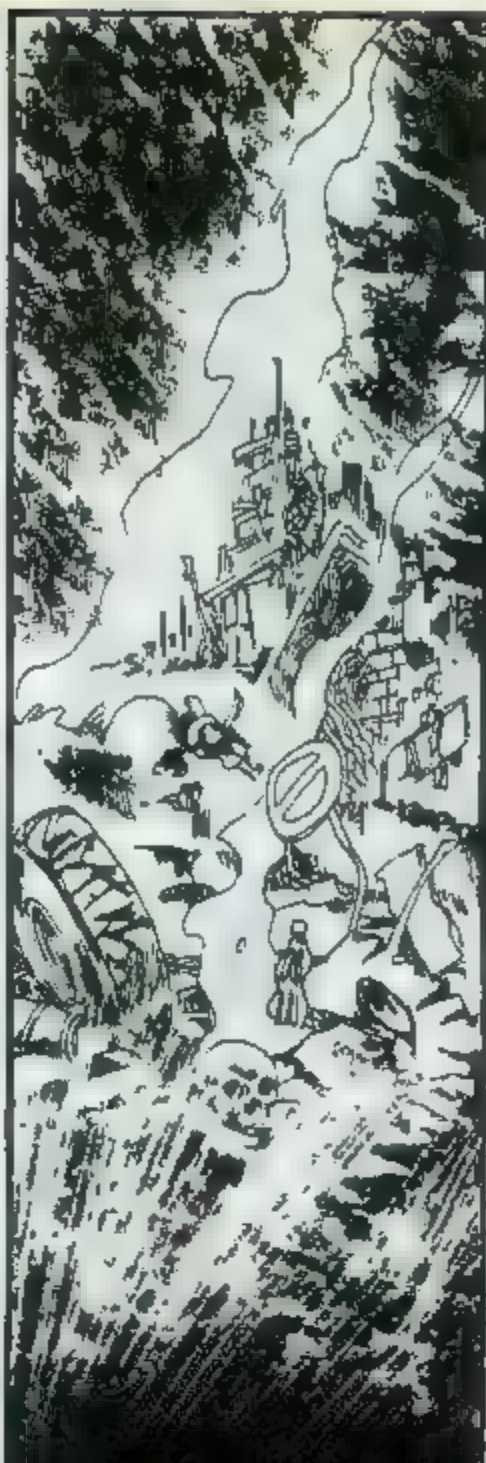
IT DIDN'T TAKE SCIENCE LONG TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL **CAUSE** OF THE DREAD **PLAGUE**. MICROSCOPIC **BACTERIA**, RESEMBLING MINIATURIZED VERSIONS OF THE METAL MUNCHERS OF MUNGU, WERE FOUND **SECRETED AWAY** DEEP WITHIN THE MOST DELICATE CREVICES OF THE FEMALE STRUCTURE.

IN THE SPAN OF ONE SHORT MONTH, INTER-GALACTIC OFFICIALS WHO HAD BEEN HAILING WOMEN AS THE GREATEST CURE FOR **BLINDNESS** THIS SIDE OF JESUS CHRIST, NOW DENOUNCED THE FAIRER SEX AS THE **ROTTEN APPLE**... THE VENOMOUS **SERPENT**... THE TAINTED **EVE** SENT TO DESTROY THEIR **EDEN!**

IN ESSENCE... COURTING THE UNPURE FEMALE, THEY CLAIMED, WAS LIKE BEING LED TO THE ALTAR OF **DEATH!**

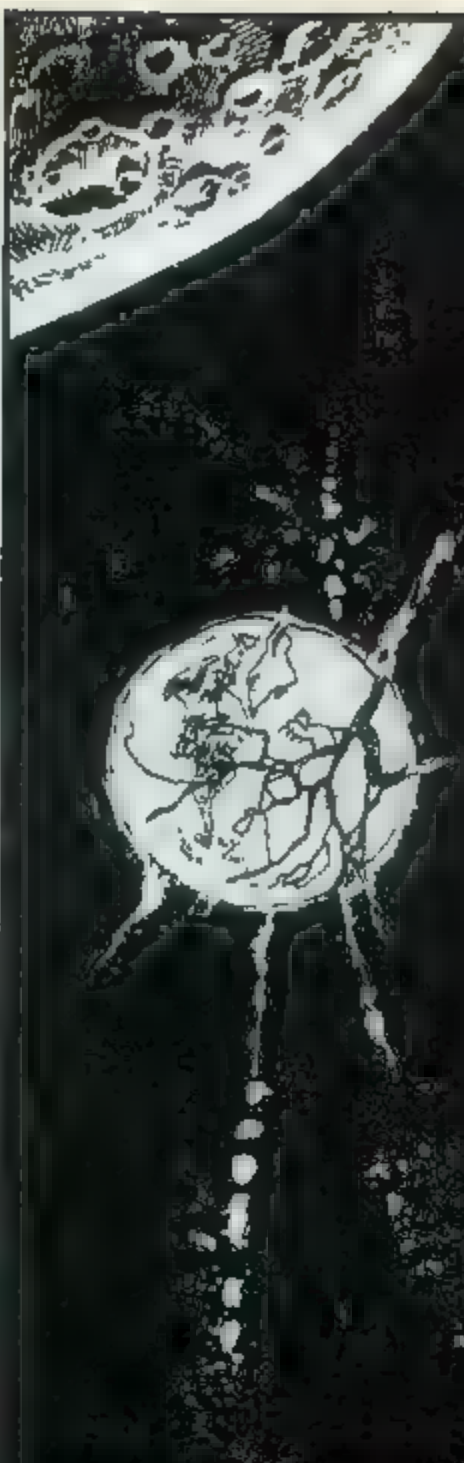


OF COURSE, BY THE TIME THE QUICK-ACTING SCIENTISTS SENT NEWS OF THEIR DISCOVERY THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, THE HORRIBLE "MUNCHING CRAB" PLAGUE AS IT WAS CHRISTENED HAD ALREADY DESTROYED MORE WORLDS THAN THE AVERAGE BLACK HOLE DECIMATES IN A MILLENNIUM.



NEEDLESS TO SAY, A **TRUCE** WAS CALLED WHICH ENDED ALL ARMED CONFLICT AND BROUGHT A SWIFT **END** TO THAT FIRST BLOODY INTER GALACTIC WAR.

NO CREATURE OF **ANY** PLANET WAS ANXIOUS TO CAVORT WITH THE DEADLY FEMALES OF EARTH, SO, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE REASON FOR HOSTILITIES CEASED.



OF COURSE, THE OLD EARTH HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT WAR. WHAT'S **LEFT** OF ITS NEAR-LIFELESS, BODY-STREWN BATTLEGROUND IS ALMOST TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF SUPPORTING **INTELLIGENT LIFE**.

OH, THERE'S A COUPLE OF MILLION PEOPLE OR SO ON IT. **HALF** OF WHICH ARE **FEMALE**. BUT ALMOST DAILY YOU'LL HEAR A HORRENDOUS STOMACH-CHURNING **SCREAM**. THEN THERE IS AN AWESOME SILENCE BEFORE THE HEART-BREAKING SOUND OF A DECAYING PIECE OF **MANHOOD** CAN BE HEARD THUDDING TO THE GROUND!



YOU SEE, THE HORRIBLE COSMIC PLAGUE AFFECTED NOT ONLY **ALIEN** LIFE. THOSE MALICIOUS MUNCHING BUGS SAW **MALE** MANKIND AS FAIR GAME, AS WELL.

EARTH'S CONSIDERED A **DEATH-WORLD** NOW. STAR-CHARTING RACES **AVOID** THAT SECTOR OF SPACE AT ALL COSTS.



FOR THE ROMANTICISTS OF THE GALAXY, THE BITTERSWEET MEMORIES OF SUCCULENT FEMININE FLESH **LINGER ON**. BUT ALL RACES MUST LIVE WITH THE TERRIBLE REALITY THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY PARTAKE IN THE ECSTATIC HETEROSEXUAL PLEASURES THAT FOR A BRIEF TIME, MADE A **HEAVEN** OF THE HEAVENS!

THE MOST PLEASANT FACT, I IMAGINE, IS THAT THE UNIVERSE IS AGAIN AT **PEACE**... A BEAUTIFUL, PURE **GARDEN** WITH NO WOMEN TO TAINT ITS UNPARALLELED LOVELINESS.

OH SURE... YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT AN OCCASIONAL SCREAMING **SUICIDE MISSION** TO EARTH WHERE SOME CRAZED ALIEN WITH A DEATH WISH WANTS ONLY TO GO OUT WITH A **SMILE** ON HIS FACE!

AND THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO COMPLAIN THAT SINCE THE WOMEN HAVE GONE, INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE COSMOS IS AGAIN GOING **BLIND**!

BUT SOMEHOW... IT SEEMS MORE **NATURAL** THIS WAY. **ONE SEX... FOR ONE UNIVERSE**.

I ONLY WISH THOSE DAMNED EARTH MEN WOULD'VE CHRISTENED ME WITH A MORE **MASCULINE-SOUNDING NAME**!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BUNKY?
LIFE GOT YOU
DOWN?

IS THE LITTLE
WOMAN **SAGGING**
IN ALL THE RIGHT
PLACES AND
BULGING IN ALL
THE **WRONG** ONES?

DOES THAT HUM-
DRUM, NOWHERE JOB
HAVE YOU **CRYING**
YOURSELF TO SLEEP
NIGHTS?

IF LIFE IS SLOWLY
EATING AT YOUR **SANITY**,
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW...
WE HAVE THE ANSWER!

ARE THE
BILL COLLECTORS
MAIMING EACH
OTHER IN THEIR
MAD RUSH TO
BE FIRST AT
YOUR DOOR?

ACT NOW... AND
YOUR PROBLEMS WILL
SOON BE **OVER**, WITH
THE...

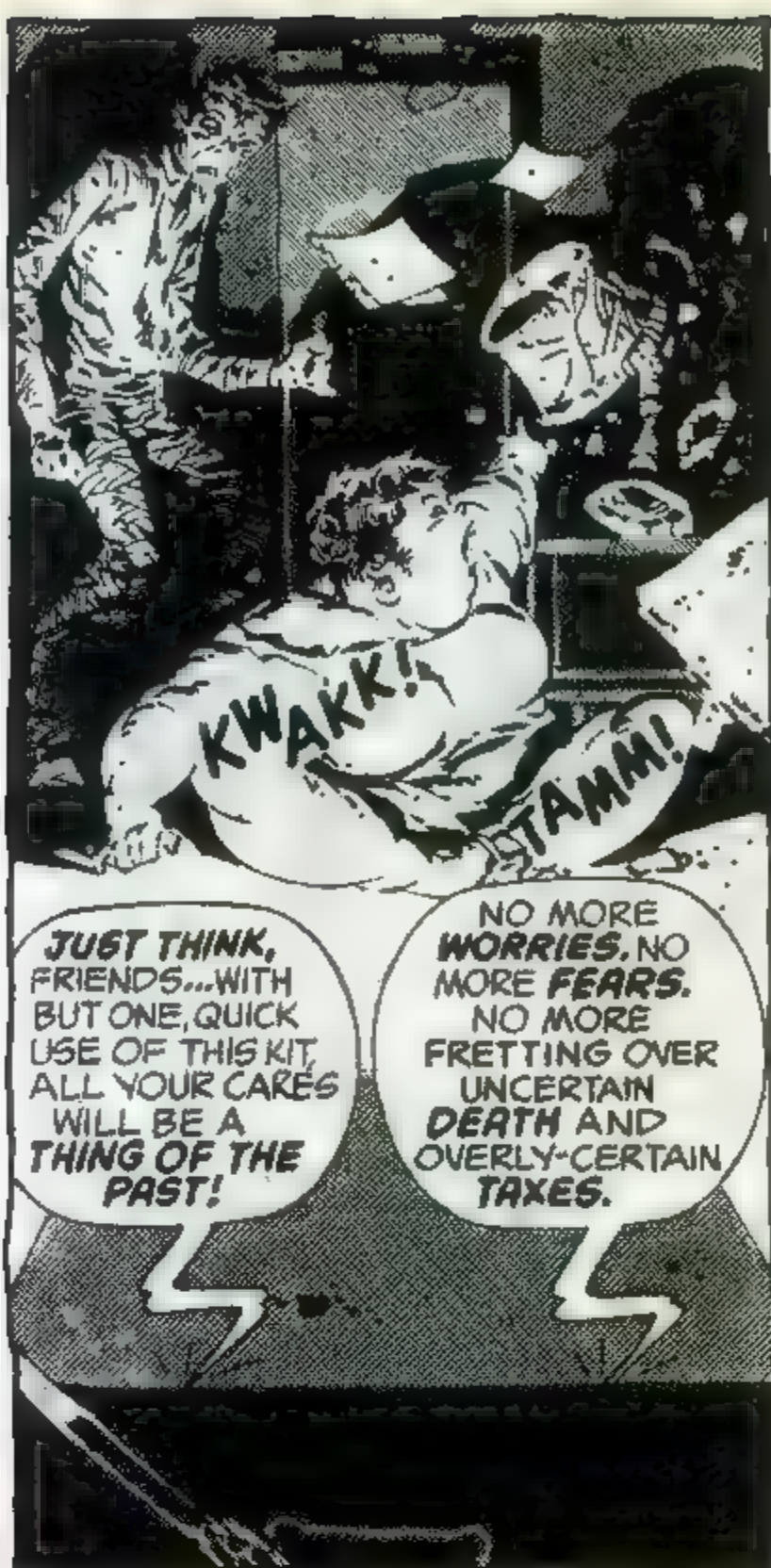
...SURE-FIRE- QUICK-CARNAGE SELF-DECIMATION KIT

THIS LIMITED TIME
OFFER HAS BEEN MADE
POSSIBLE BY THE RECENT
SUPREME COURT RULING
STATING THAT ONCE AGAIN
YOUR LIFE IS **YOUR OWN**...!
YOU CAN FREELY **DO UNTO**
YOURSELF AS YOU **PLEASE!**

FOR THE FIRST TIME
ANYWHERE, IT IS POSSIBLE
TO **END** YOUR OWN MISERABLE
EXISTENCE WITHOUT VIOLATING
UNCONSTITUTIONAL, MAN-
MADE **LAWS!**

NOW... THANKS TO
GOVERNMENT HINDSIGHT,
YOU CAN BE THE **FIRST**,
ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE
A WORRY-FREE **SUICIDE!**

AND YOU CAN DO
IT **ALL** WITH ONE OF
OUR SPECIAL DO-IT
YOURSELF **KITS!**



JUST THINK, FRIENDS...WITH BUT ONE, QUICK USE OF THIS KIT, ALL YOUR CARES WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST!

NO MORE WORRIES, NO MORE FEARS. NO MORE FRETTERING OVER UNCERTAIN DEATH AND OVERLY-CERTAIN TAXES.



SIMPLY SWALLOW THE SPECIAL PAIN-DEADENING PILL THAT WITHIN SECONDS RENDERS YOU TOTALLY SENSELESS...!

AND FOR THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL HIGH, SHOOT-UP WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE ADRENALIN FORTIFIER!



AND... WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE DRUGS TO TAKE EFFECT, FILL OUT THE CONVENIENT WILL AND DEATH NOTE!

SOON... YOU'LL BE READY TO MEET YOUR MAKER!



THEN JUST POP THIS TINY TIME PILL INTO YOUR MOUTH...

...DON'T SWALLOW IT NOW, OR IT CAN GET MESSY...

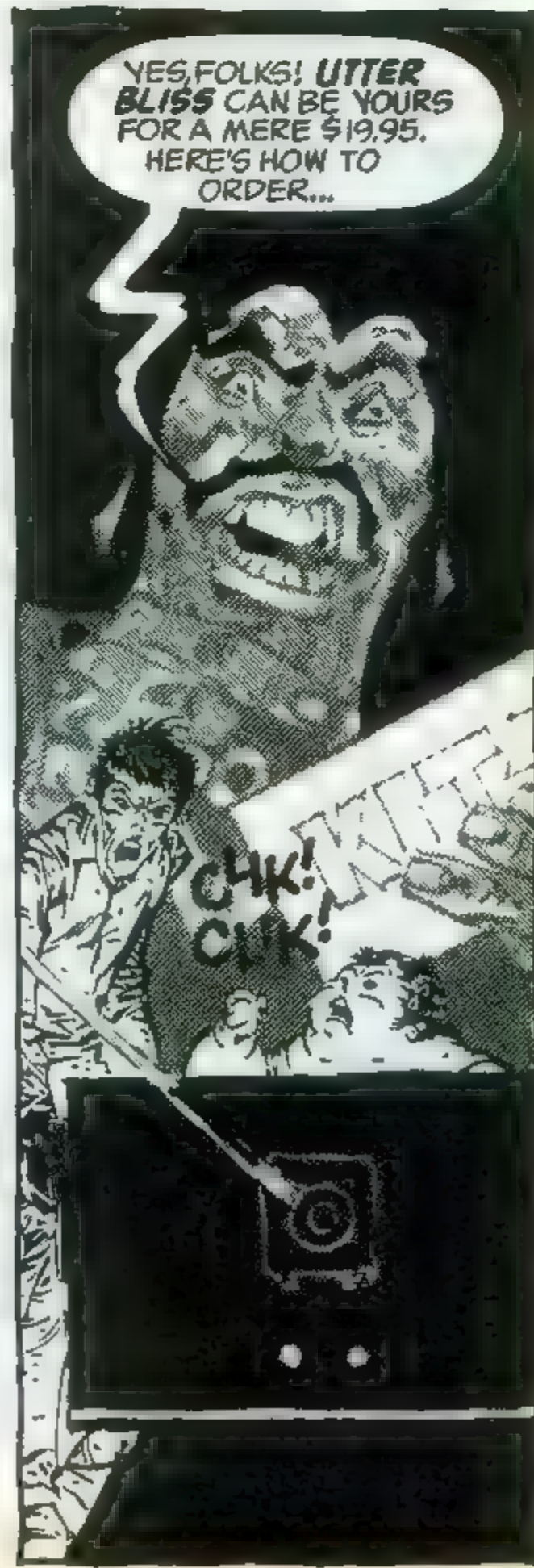


TOMB!

...AND OUELLA! WITHIN FIFTEEN SECONDS THE TINY TIME PILL... WHICH IN ACTUALITY IS A TINY TIME BOMB... WILL EXPLODE!



AND LIKE THIS PEACEFULLY SLUMBERING CREATURE HERE... YOU'LL BE STANDING BEFORE THE PEARLY GATES, REAPING YOUR EVERLASTING REWARDS!



YES, FOLKS! UTTER BLISS CAN BE YOURS FOR A MERE \$19.95. HERE'S HOW TO ORDER...

CHK! CHK!

YES! NOW YOU CAN TAKE **DESTINY** OUT OF FATE'S FICKLE HANDS. **YOU ALONE** CAN DECIDE **HOW** AND **WHEN** YOU'LL GO!



WHY LEAVE YOUR DEMISE TO THE WHIM OF AN ILLITERATE LATINO **MUGGER**?



WHY BE MOWED DOWN IN YOUR PRIME BY THAT INEBRIATED IGNOBLE WHO FAILS TO STOP WHEN **YOU** HAVE THE RIGHT-OF-WAY?

WHY **LINGER** AT THE MERCY OF HOSPITALS, DOCTORS AND PILLS WHICH CAN KEEP YOU SUFFERING **INDEFINITELY**?

DIE IN **DIGNITY**! DIE WITH **FLAIR**! CHOOSE YOUR WAY OUT!

SELECT ONE OF OUR **SURE-FIRE, QUICK-CARNAGE, SELF DECIMATION KITS**, RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$19.95 FOR THE EASY DO-IT-YOURSELF **BEGINNERS KIT...**

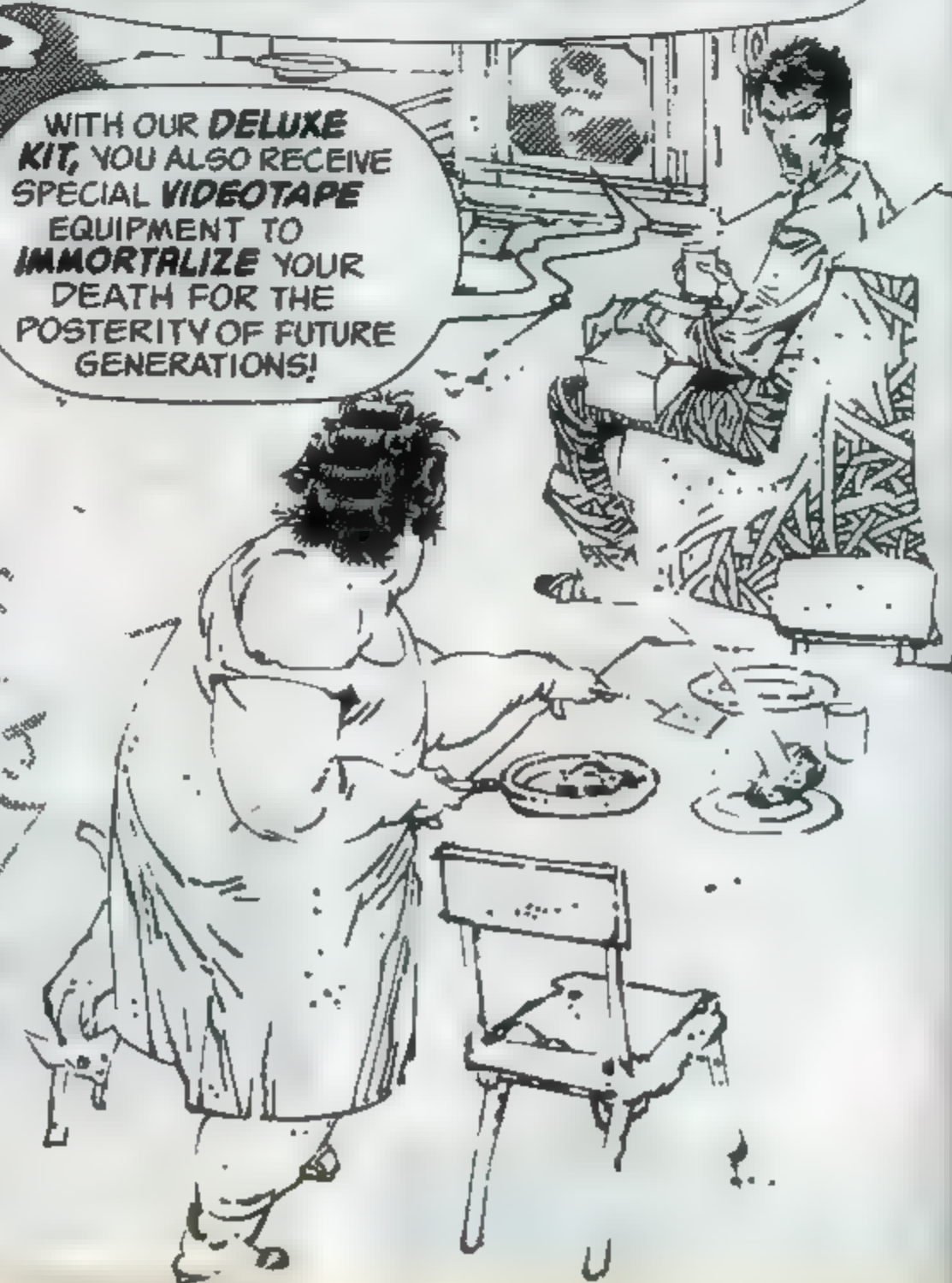


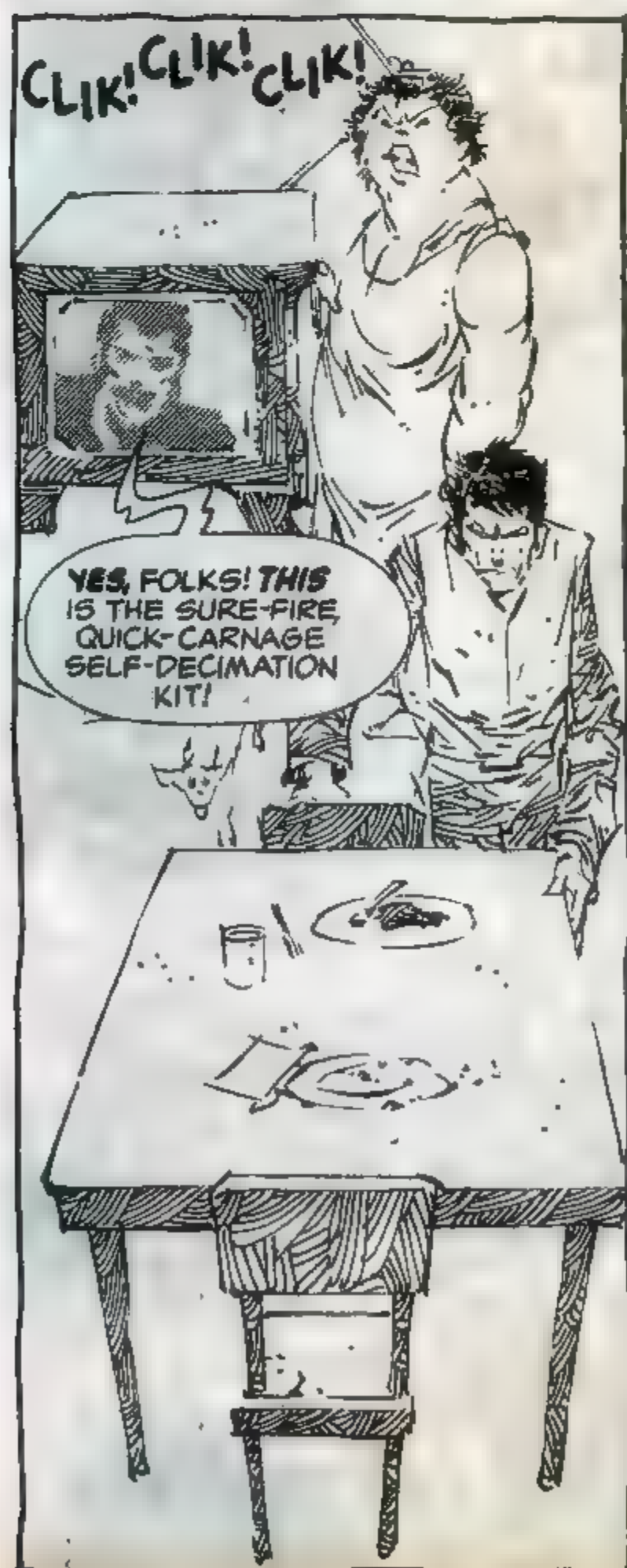
...TO OUR \$39.95.00 MORE ELABORATE "YOU ONLY GO ONCE" **DELUXE BOXED SET!**

NO MATTER **WHICH** KIT YOU CHOOSE, YOU'LL RECEIVE THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT TO DO A THOROUGH, **COMPETENT** JOB!

EACH KIT COMES COMPLETE WITH:
• FULL INSTRUCTION **MANUAL**
• ONE SUPER COLOSSAL **PAIN-KILLER PILL** (TO MAKE YOUR PASSING A PLEASANT, SENSELESS AFFAIR) • **SYRINGE** AND **NEEDLE** FOR THAT ONE SHOT OF **ADRENALIN** YOU'LL NEED FOR AN EFFECTIVE PASSING. • HANDY DO-IT-YOURSELF READY-NOTARIZED **WILL** • AND A PREPARED, FILL-IN-THE-BLANKS **SUICIDE NOTE** FOR THOSE IN AN EXTRA-SPECIAL HURRY TO MEET THEIR MAKER!

WITH OUR **DELUXE KIT**, YOU ALSO RECEIVE SPECIAL **VIDEOTAPE** EQUIPMENT TO **IMMORTALIZE** YOUR DEATH FOR THE POSTERITY OF FUTURE GENERATIONS!





NOW YOU
CAN BE THE
FIRST ON YOUR
BLOCK TO HAVE
AN OLD-
FASHIONED
SATURDAY
AFTERNOON
GUILLOTINING!

JUST LIKE MR. FRODO
BROCK HERE, OF MUNCIE,
INDIANA, WHO
PURCHASED OUR HIGHLY-
ACCLAIMED MARIE
ANTOINETTE KIT FOR
ONLY \$1995.00, YOU
CAN OWN YOUR VERY
OWN GUILLOTINE FOR
YOUR VERY OWN DAY
ON THE CHOPPING
BLOCK!

AMUSE YOUR
FRIENDS! THRILL
YOUR ENEMIES! MEET
YOUR MAKER WITH
FLAIR!

THOKKKT!

AND FOR THE
ADDITIONAL SUM OF
\$29.95, YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR
SEVERED
APPENDAGE GIFT-
WRAPPED AND
MAILED ANYWHERE
IN THE UNITED
STATES!

JUST THINK! EXCITE
YOUR MOTHER WITH
THAT FINAL, TOUCHING
IRREPLACABLE
GIFT!

CLIK!
CLIK!
CLIK!

HERE'S HOW
TO ORD-URK!

YES, FOLKS, WITH OUR SPECIAL PAIN-KILLER AND ADRENALIN TAB, YOU TOO, CAN PERFORM MIRACLES WITH YOUR DEMISE!

JUST LIKE SEYMOUR FUDGE OF ROANAKE, RAPIDS, IOWA, WHO PURCHASED OUR SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL KIT!



LIKE SO MANY AMERICANS, SEYMOUR WAS WEARY OF HIS HUMDRUM, MEANINGLESS LIFE. HE WAS WEARY OF HIS NEVER-ENDING BATTLE WITH HIS LIVE-IN MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND THE WIFE WHO WITH EACH PASSING DAY GREW MORE LIKE HER NAGGING PROGENITOR.



LIKE SO MANY AMERICANS, SEYMOUR CAME TO US FOR HELP. SEYMOUR PURCHASED ETERNAL BLISS FOR A MERE \$995.00!



BDOW DOW! PTOW BDAMM! PTWOW!

WITH HIS SURE-FIRE, QUICK-CARNAGE, SELF-DECOMATION KIT, SEYMOUR WAS ABLE TO EMPTY AN ENTIRE CLIP FROM A .45 AUTOMATIC INTO HIS HEAD...

...UTTERLY WRECKING HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW'S DINNER...



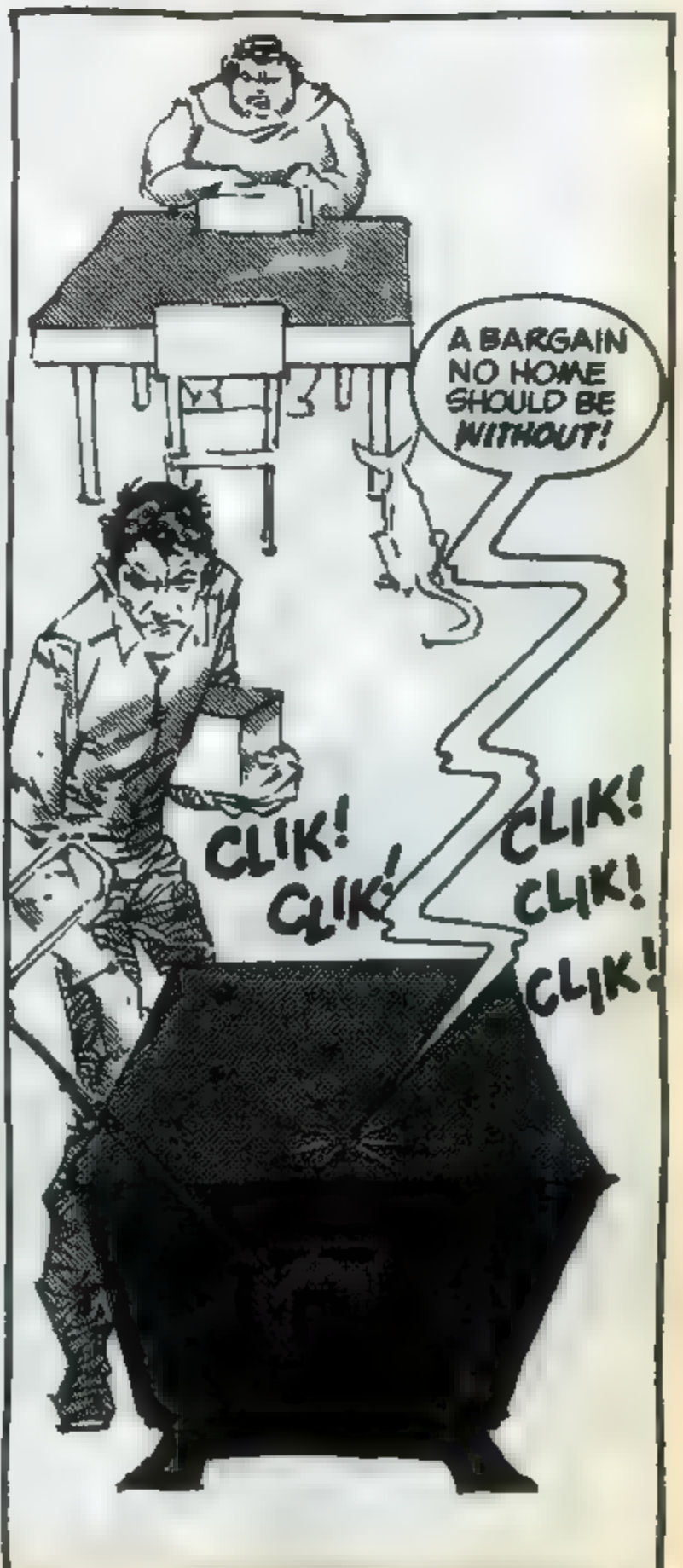
AND...RECORDING HIS REMARKABLE DEPARTURE FROM THIS WORLD ON VIDEO-TAPE, FOR HIS LOVING FAMILY...

...SEYMOUR INSURED THAT HIS PASSING WOULD BE THOROUGHLY REMEMBERED, AND ALL FOR ONLY \$995.00!



A BARGAIN NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT!

CLIK! CLIK! CLIK! CLIK! CLIK!





THERE ARE EVER
SO MANY WAYS FOR
THE **SURE-FIRE,
QUICK-CARNAGE
SELF-DECIMATION
KIT** TO HELP YOU!



JUST LOOK WHAT
IT'S DONE FOR **KATIE
QUINLAN**, COMATOSE
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.
HER CONCERNED
PARENTS HAD THE
FORESIGHT TO
PURCHASE OUR SPECIAL
RELATIVITY KIT!

AFTER INITIAL INSTALLATION,
KATIE HAD BUT TO **BLINK**
HER EYES TO **OBLITERATE**
THE MACHINES THAT KEPT
HER ALIVE FOR SO LONG...



...THE MACHINES THAT,
IN ESSENCE, HAD BECOME
A VIRTUAL **PART** OF HER!



AND TAKE, FOR
EXAMPLE, MR. AND
MRS. **EMILLIO
RAMIREZ** OF
BRONXVILLE,
NEW YORK.

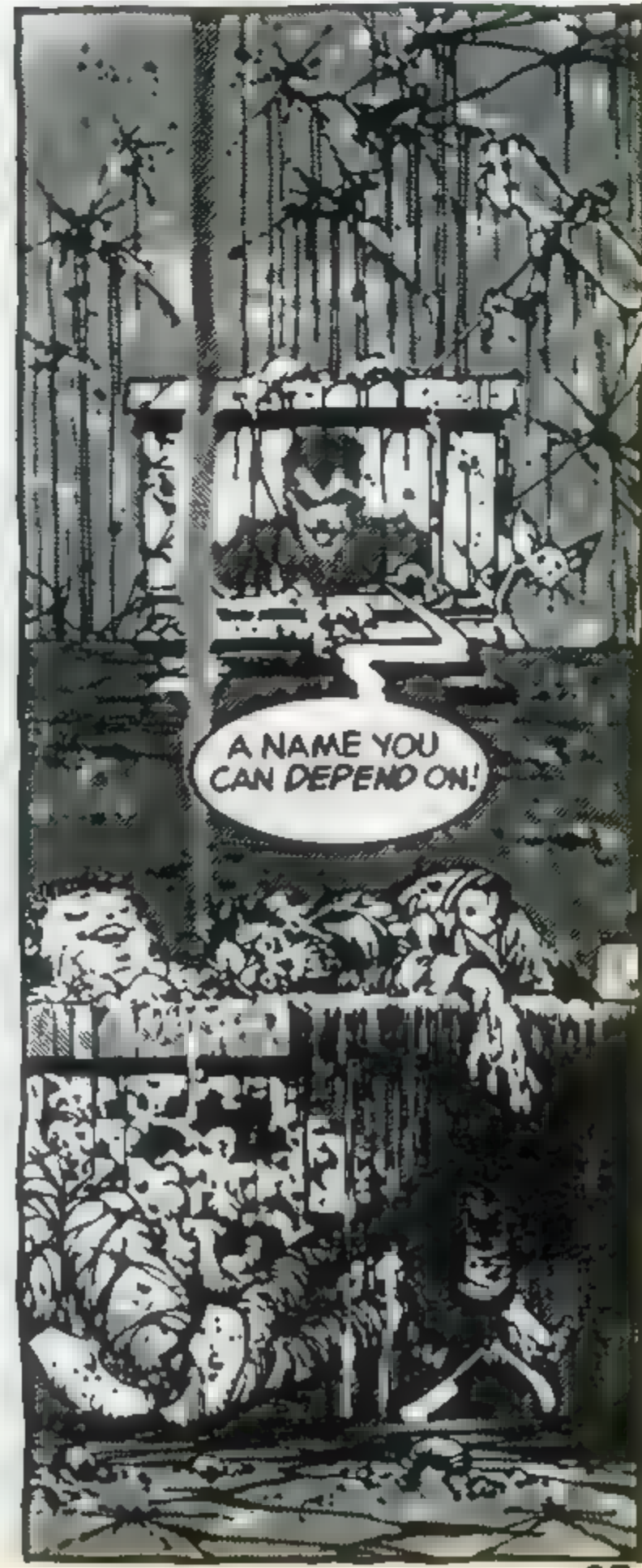
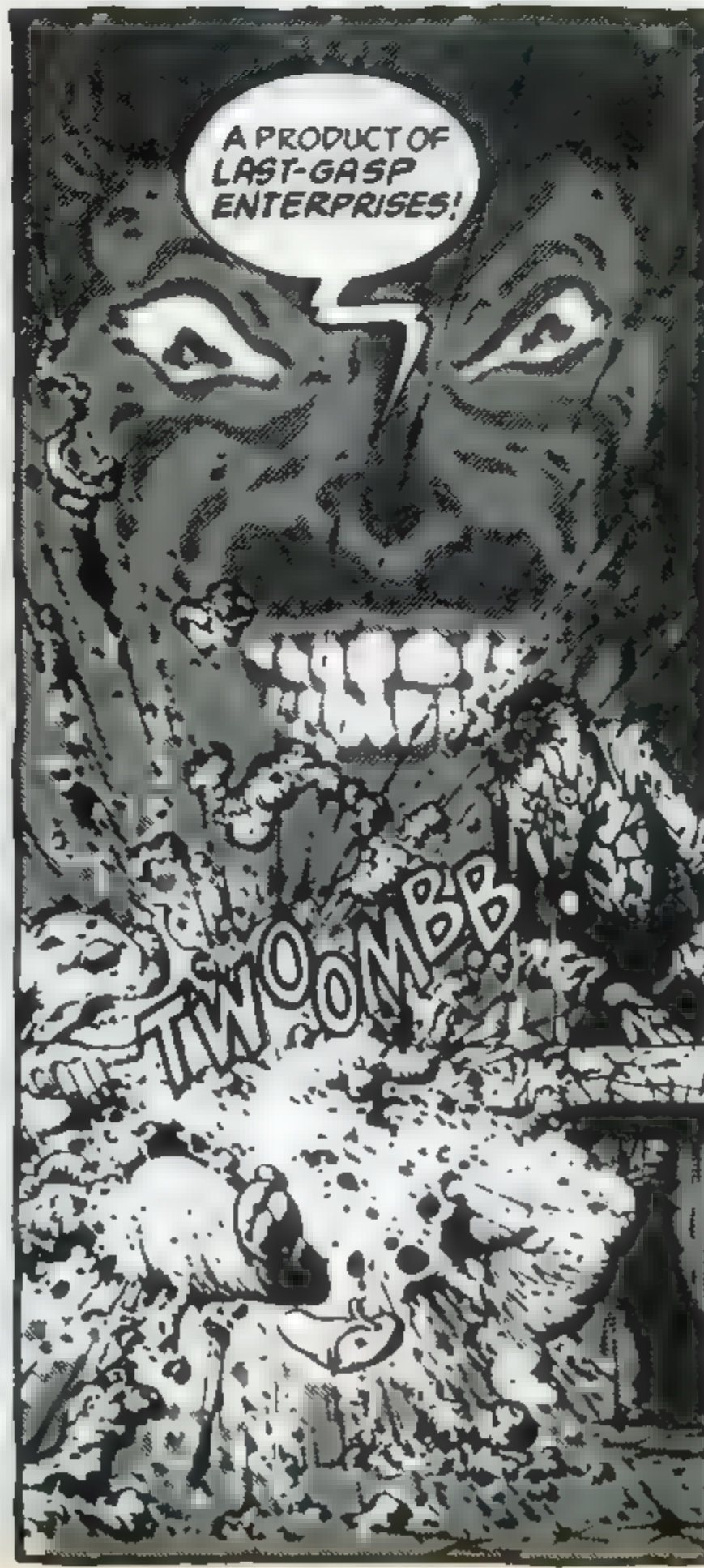
THEY PURCHASED
OUR **JULIUS AND
ETHEL ROSENBERG
SPECIAL**, THE KIT
THAT WORKS ON
THE SAME
PRINCIPLE AS THE
RUSSIAN Y-2
SKYWRITING
ROCKETS!



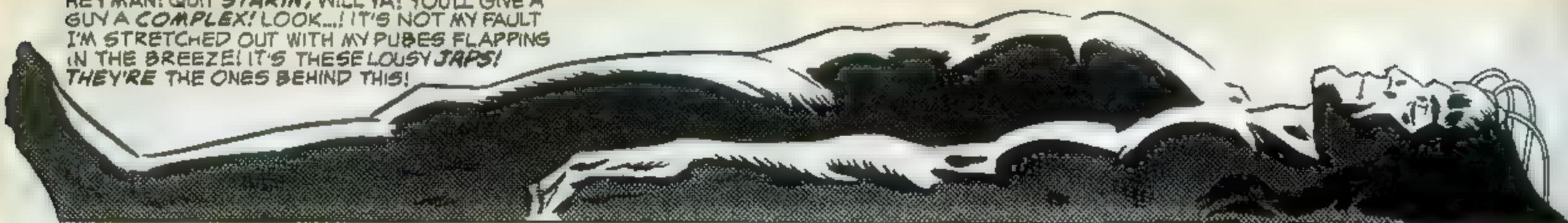
FOR ONLY \$39.95, IT
LEAVES BEHIND **ANY MESSAGE**
OF YOUR OWN COMPOSITION!



TRULY UNFORGETTABLE,
FOLKS...! YOUR LAST DYING
WORDS IN VIVID, SQUIRMING
COLOR!



HEY MAN! QUIT STARIN' WILL YA! YOU'LL GIVE A GUY A COMPLEX! LOOK...! IT'S NOT MY FAULT I'M STRETCHED OUT WITH MY PUBES FLAPPING IN THE BREEZE! IT'S THESE LOUSY JAPS! THEY'RE THE ONES BEHIND THIS!



OH SHIT! WAIT! HEY...I DIDN'T MEAN IT! CHRIST! HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OF THEIR MENTAL "TURN-ONS!" Y'SEE THAT PUD IN THE PRINCE VALIUM BOB? WELL...THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME! THOSE UGLY DIPSTICKS POSING AS OGRES... THEY'RE THE DEMONS OF MY MIND WITH WHOM I AM SUPPOSED TO COME TO GRIPS! DON'T WORRY THOUGH! I'M INSANE, Y'SEE... AND THIS IS SUPPOSEDLY THERAPEUTIC MELODRAMA BEING PLAYED OUT IN MY MIND!



I KNOW! THIS LITTLE ALTERCATION IS A BIT ONE-SIDED! AND I'M ABOUT TO GET THE LIVING SHIT KICKED OUT OF ME AGAIN, BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE SCRIPT. I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES. IF THE REAMING LITTLE SLANTS ARE RUNNING TRUE TO FORM, THEY'LL SOON BE SENDING IN THE POONTANGS TO RELIEVE THE FALLEN HERO...

AH, YES...! THERE THEY ARE NOW! RIGHT ON CUE! JUST AS MY LIGHTS ARE ABOUT TO BE PUT OUT!



AGGGHH! I HATE THIS PART...WHERE THEY HACK AND CUT ON ME! THEY ALWAYS GO BELOW THE BELT. IT'S AS IF THEY KNOW THAT I DREAD THAT MOST!

NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY TO CHANGE THEIR DAMNABLE SCENARIO THE OUTCOME IS INVARIABLY THE SAME! I FALL...ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH, ENDURING THE AGONIES OF HELL! THEN COMES THE PLEASURE...! ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME OVER THE EDGE!



I REALLY HATE IT WHEN THEY DRAG THEIR TONGUES ACROSS MY BODY! OH GOD...CAN YOU FEEL IT...? SIX EROTIC PROBES, WORKING IN FLAWLESS UNISON...! FIDDLING, PLAYING, MANIPULATING ME LIKE A FINELY-TUNED INSTRUMENT! BUT ONLY TO THE BRINK... AND THEN THEY STOP! OH GOD...! THAT'S WHERE THEY LEAVE ME! DANGLING! NEVER... NEVER DO THEY LET ME FLY!

SOMETIMES I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TORTURE ME...INSTEAD OF MAKING ME WELL!



ONE NIGHT DOWN ON THE FUNNY FARM!

ONE THING ABOUT THESE SQUINTS, THEY DON'T GIVE YOU TIME TO RECOVER FROM ONE OF THEIR ESOTERIC ESCAPADES BEFORE THEY THROW YOU SMACK DAB INTO ANOTHER!

AH, YES! I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE! THEY'VE USED THIS TOOLING LITTLE BLONDE SO OFTEN THAT I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE I KNOW HER! THEY LET ME GET SO CLOSE TO THAT SWEET MEATBOX THAT I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT! BUT ALWAYS THEY YANK IT AWAY!

MY LORD! YOUR BROTHER'S CASTLE IS BESIEGED! HE CALLS FOR YOUR AID!

WAR! WAR! ALL THE TIME WAR! CAN'T A FELLA GET A LITTLE PIECE?



ROTTEN SLIMING JAPS! NO MATTER WHAT I SAY... NO MATTER WHAT I DO... IT HAS NO EFFECT ON THEIR RUTTING SCENARIO! THEY MANIPULATE ME LIKE A LUMPING DOLL!



YOU MUST GO, MY LOVE! OR YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF IN THE MORNING!

I HATE MYSELF NOW! MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK IN A QUICKIE, HUH!

I KNOW WHAT THEIR GAME IS! I'VE SEEN IT IN A MILLION B-GRADE FILMS! THEY DIVERT ME, KIDNAP THE GIRL, THEN WAIT FOR ME TO DELIVER MYSELF INTO THEIR HANDS... READY TO GIVE UP MY LIFE TO SAVE HER!

RETURN TO ME SAFELY, MY LOVE! TOGETHER WE SHALL OUTSHINE THE STARS!

AHA! AT LAST YOU'RE ALONE!

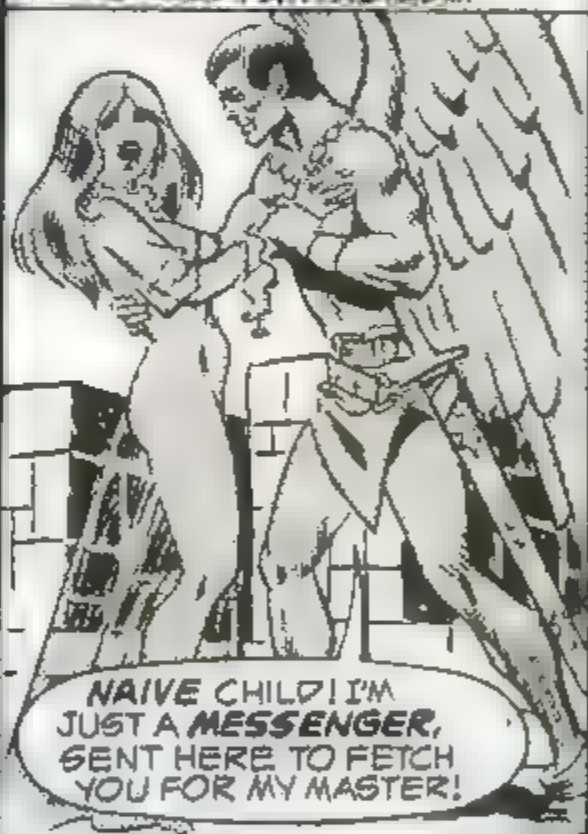


SHIT! I COULD HAVE WRITTEN IT WITH MUCH MORE FLAIR WITH ONE HAND NAILED TO MY TYPEWRITER! THIS LITTLE PROGRAMMER THEY'VE GOT WIRED TO MY HEAD SPILLS OUT MORE HACKNEYED PLOTS THAN I COULD CONCOCT IN A LIFETIME!

YOU...! THE CRAZED BIRDMAN! THIS IS ONE OF YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEMES!?



AND THEY EXPECT THESE TO HELP ME...? THESE PSYCHO-DRAMAS, AS THEY CALL THEM! MAN, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT I NEED HELP...! BUT THE LAST THING I NEED ARE MORE OVER-WORKED FANTASIES...!



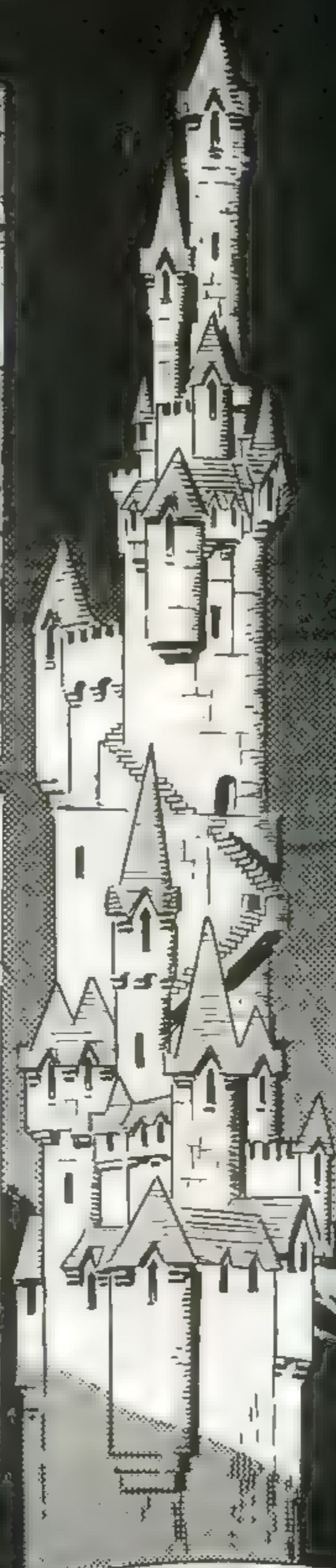
NAIVE CHILD! I'M JUST A MESSENGER, SENT HERE TO FETCH YOU FOR MY MASTER!

THEY SENT ME TO THIS BUGHOUSE BECAUSE I STARTED CLIMBING THE WALLS! OKAY! I ADMIT IT! MY MIND TOOK THE FIRST BANANA BOAT TO JUPITER!

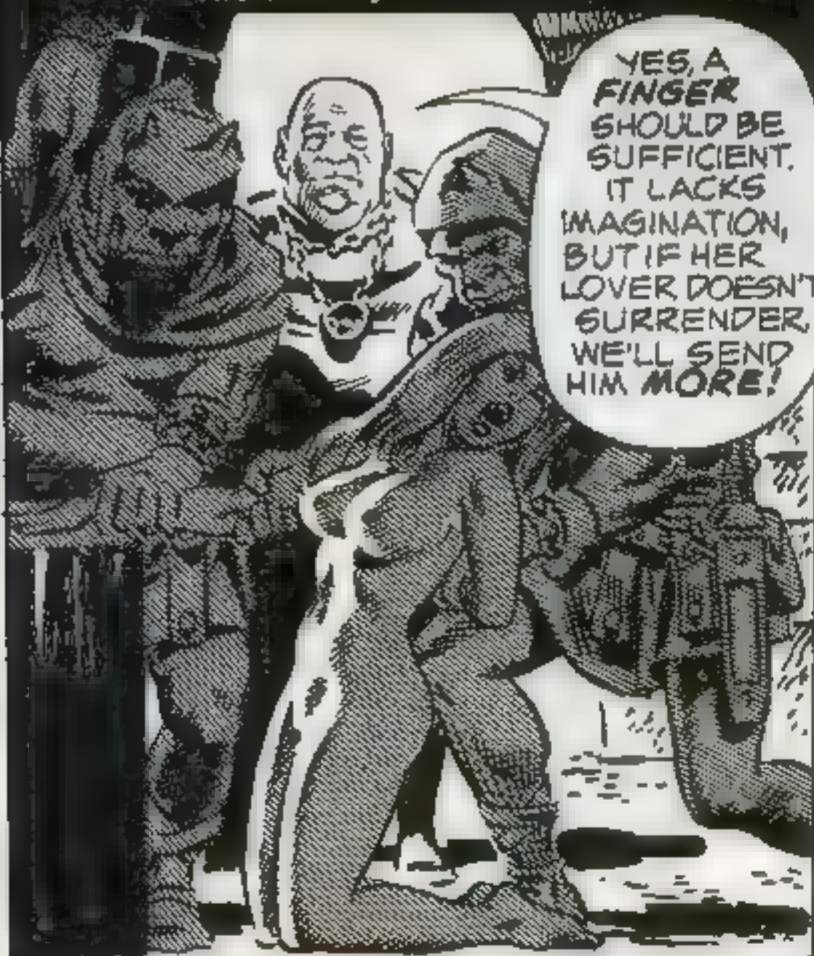
MY WORK GOT TO ME, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, BUT THEN WHO WOULDN'T GO SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS HAVING TO CHURN OUT SHITLOAD AFTER SHITLOAD OF SCRIPTS FOR NETWORK TV!?



MY LORD MENDICANT HAS NEED OF YOU!



YEAH...! THAT'S WHAT I DID IN THE REAL WORLD! KOJAK! BARETTA! LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY! MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN, THAT'S ME!



YES, A FINGER SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT. IT LACKS IMAGINATION, BUT IF HER LOVER DOESN'T SURRENDER, WE'LL SEND HIM MORE!

I MAKE NO EXCUSES FOR MY ACTIONS. I WROTE THE STUFF. MY MOTIVE WAS PURE AND SIMPLE... AND GREEN! I CHURNED OUT IDIOCY FOR THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR. PEDDLING MENTAL MASTURBATION TO THE MASSES WAS MY GAME!



SIR! A MESSENGER FROM LORD MENDICANT!

IT'S KIND OF POETIC JUSTICE THAT THAT WHICH I SHOVELED UPON OTHERS IS NOW BEING BLATANTLY HEAPED UPON ME! OF COURSE, IT ISN'T THE SAME. THE LITTLE SLOPES DON'T HAVE NEARLY MY OLD FLAIR.



GADS, MY LORD! HE SENDS YOU THE GIRL'S FINGER AND DEMANDS YOUR HEAD!

IN MY PRIME I WHIPPED OUT FIVE TO SIX TELEPLAYS PER WEEK. I COULD HAVE DONE MORE, BUT IT WAS LIKE CEREBRAL MENSTRUATION...! I NEEDED AT LEAST SIX DAYS TO REST!



HE WANTS A HEAD... I'LL GIVE HIM A HEAD!



FOR AWHILE THERE, THEY WERE CALLING ME "MR. PRIME-TIME!" MONDAY TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY... EVERY NIGHT BELONGED TO ME! DISNEY OF COURSE CLUNG TO SUNDAY... FIRMLY ENTRENCHED FOR THE NEXT EIGHTY-TWO YEARS!



...THE REST OF THE BODY I'LL THROW IN FOR FREE!

I CALL UPON YOU, MIGHTY ZOR, TO AID ME IN MY QUEST... TO VANQUISH MY ENEMIES!

WHAT MADE ME SO POPULAR WAS NOT THE FACT THAT I COULD CRANK OUT MINDLESS PAP. HELL...! THE NETWORKS HAD BEEN DOING THAT FOR YEARS!

NO...! WHAT I GAVE THEM WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT... SOMETHING UNIQUE IN ALL OF TELEVISION HISTORY. I FED THE MASSES EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED... THE CUSTOMARY IDIOCY SATURATED WITH SEX AND GORE!

AND WONDER OF IT ALL... I DID IT ALL WITH THE GRANDEST SUBTLETY... IN A WAY THAT HAD THE RUBES LITERALLY SCREAMING FOR MORE!

THE SECRET WAS MORE IN WHAT I DIDN'T SHOW IN MY SCRIPTS THAN THAT WHICH APPEARED ON THE SCREEN. I LEARNED EARLY ON THAT GROANS HEARD OFF-CAMERA, DEPENDING ON THEIR LENGTH, INTENSITY AND VOLUME, COULD INDICATE EVERYTHING FROM THE MOST PROFOUND EROTIC PLEASURE TO THE MOST BRUTAL AND BLOODY OF DEATHS!



BECOME THE TROLL, ZOR! THEN ESCORT ME TO MY LOVE!

YOU... YOU CAN'T DO THAT, I PROTEST!

STOW IT, CLIT LIPS, OR DIE!

CONSEQUENTLY, MY STORIES HAD A LOT OF INEXPENSIVE STUDIO FOOTAGE, MATTED AGAINST AN EXHAUSTING ARRAY OF CANNED MOANS AND GROANS!

THE NETWORKS REVERED ME FOR MY FRUGALITY WHILE THE AUDIENCE LOVED ME FOR MY MIND. I WAS A PRIME TIME HIT, REGULARLY PULLING A 53. SHARE!



OOPS! HEY! WHERE'D THE PICTURE GO...? LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CHANGING REELS! GUESS EVEN THE BUG HOUSE HAS ITS VIDEO DIFFICULTIES. YEAH I KNOW... PLEASE STAND BY!

HERE WE GO! SOMETIMES IT TAKES THEM ANHILE TO CHANGE THESE SCENES, AS IF THEY HAVE TO BUILD NEW PROPS OR SOMETHING! HA!

AH! THERE'S THAT BLONDE AGAIN! I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SAVE HER. DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'VE STRIPPED ME TO MY BIRTHDAY SUIT. INTERESTING, THOUGH, HOW THEY NEVER SHOW MY MORE MASCULINE ATTRIBUTES, LIKE THEY'RE CENSOR-ING THE TRANS-MISSION, PROTECT-ING ME FROM THE RAMPANT PORNO-GRAPHY LURKING IN THE RECESSES OF MY BRAIN.

ANYWAY...! WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH--! TELLING YOU ABOUT MY FAIRY TALE CAREER. I BECAME THE WONDER BOY OF THE BOOB TUBE. EVERY-THING I TOUCHED TURNED TO GOLD.

THE NETWORKS WERE CLAMORING FOR MORE... MORE OF MY STORIES. THEY WANTED ME TO WRITE EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!



BUT I CAME READY TO FIGHT!

ABC OFFERED ME WEALTH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS. NBC PROMISED ILLICIT BUT WONDERFUL ACTS PERFORMED UPON MY BODY BY NO LESS THAN FREDDIE SILVERMAN. BILL PALEY OFFERED ME CBS... AND PROMISED TO THROW IN MANHATTAN ISLAND TO BOOT!

SO! YOU'VE COME!

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING!

LOOK OUT! HE HAS A SWORD!

AHHH! THIS IS FUN! FLAYING THIS PHALIC SYMBOL OF MY OPPRESSED MANHOOD... BEATING OFF THE DEMONS, SO TO SPEAK, WHICH HAUNT MY TORTURED MIND!

I HAD WOMEN AND MONEY AND FAME AND POWER...! I ALSO HAD THE NEW MR. T. AND TINA, SON OF HOLMES AND YOYO AND LASSIE'S MISTAKE CONSISTANTLY PULLING A 75 SHARE!

THEN ONE DAY IT ALL TURNED SOUR! I SAT AT MY TYPEWRITER... AND NOTHING CAME! NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, THE PABLUM WOULDN'T FLOW...! THE SEX, THE VIOLENCE, THE PRIME TIME MEDIOCRITY, IT WAS ALL... GONE WITH THE WIND!

IT'S AS IF SOME GREAT MENTAL FUSE HAD BLOWN... BURNED OUT FROM OVERWORK! MY MIND WAS A VAST SEA OF FUZZ... LIKE A TV TUBE ON THE FRITZ!

NOW... NOW'S MY CHANCE! MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IT IN WHEN THEY'RE NOT LOOKING!

GAAAA! RUTTING WHIP EATERS! THEY NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!

THIS'LL SHOW YA, YA LOUSY TREE! RUIN MY SEX LIFE, WILL YA!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE DEADLINES PILED HIGH AROUND ME, THE NETWORKS CLAMORED FOR THEIR SCRIPTS. EVEN FREDDIE THREATENED TO LEAVE ME. THE PRESSURE WAS ABOMINABLE. NO MERE HUMAN COULD TAKE IT! MY MIND WENT KABLOOIE! AND THEY FOUND ME SCOTCH APED TO THE CEILING!

THEY SENT ME TO THE FINEST REST HOMES IN THE STATES. ALL THREE NETWORKS, NO DOUBT MORE OUT OF GUILT THAN REMORSE, PROMISED TO PICK UP THE TAB. BUT NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE TREATMENT, MY MIND WOULDN'T MEND. I WAS CLASSIC CATATONIC-SCHIZOPHRENIC... BABBLING INCESTANTLY ABOUT POINTS, RATINGS AND SHARES!



YOU... YOU'VE KILLED HIM! BUT HOW?

POISON! IN THE TIPS OF THE TREE!

THEN SOMEONE HEARD OF THIS NEW PSYCHE-TUBE BEING PIONEERED BY THE JAPANESE. FOR LACK OF ANYWHERE ELSE TO SEND ME, THEY WRAPPED ME UP AND SHIPPED ME TO THE ISLE OF THE SETTING SUN. EVER SINCE, I'VE BEEN A HUMAN GUINEA PIG... PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF MY NIPPONESE PROGRAMMERS.



ZOR NOT LIKE YOU KILL MASTER...! ZOR CUT OFF YOU FAT HEAD!

ZOR? WHAT THE HELL IS A ZOR?

I'M NOT REAL SURE HOW THEIR MENTAL BOOB TUBE WORKS... SOME THING ABOUT STIMULATING INNER OPTIC NERVES. WHAT THEY DO IS JAB THESE LONG HUMONGUS NEEDLES INTO YOUR BRAIN, THEN FONDLE THEIR VIDEO CHANNELS UNTIL THEY GET THE PICTURE THEY WANT. THEY MANIPULATE THIS LITTLE DREAMWORLD ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN INNANE SCRIPTS... WHICH, AS I UNDERSTAND IT, ARE RECYCLED FROM THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF TV.



OH... ER... I SEE!

NONE OF IT IS REAL, OF COURSE! IT ALL HAPPENS INSIDE MY BRAIN! BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE EXTREMELY THERAPEUTIC... GUARANTEED TO CHASE AWAY THE DEMONS OF CATATONIA.

THEY SAY IT'S ALL IN MY BEST INTERESTS... THAT IF I CAN SURVIVE THIS, I'LL DO WONDERS IN THE REAL WORLD... BUT I DON'T KNOW. SOMEHOW IT REEKS OF THE SINISTER. INSTEAD OF IMPROVING MY CONDITION, I HAVE THIS TERRIBLE FEELING I'M SINKING DEEPER INTO THE MIRE OF MY MIND!



NO HURT MASTER. HE GOOD MASTER. HE FEED US SCRAPS FROM HIM TABLE.

IF I WERE THE SUSPICIOUS SORT, I MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS PSYCHE-TUBE WAS CREATED BY THE JAPANESE AS THE MASTER WEAPON IN THEIR LONG-PLANNED TAKEOVER OF THE WORLD...!



IS FUN TO KILL!

SINCE A YOUTH, I'VE HARBORED THE DREAD THAT TELEVISION WAS BESTOWED UPON AN UNSUSPECTING AMERICAN PUBLIC FOR THE OMINOUS PURPOSE OF RENDERING US INTO MINDLESS HUSKS!

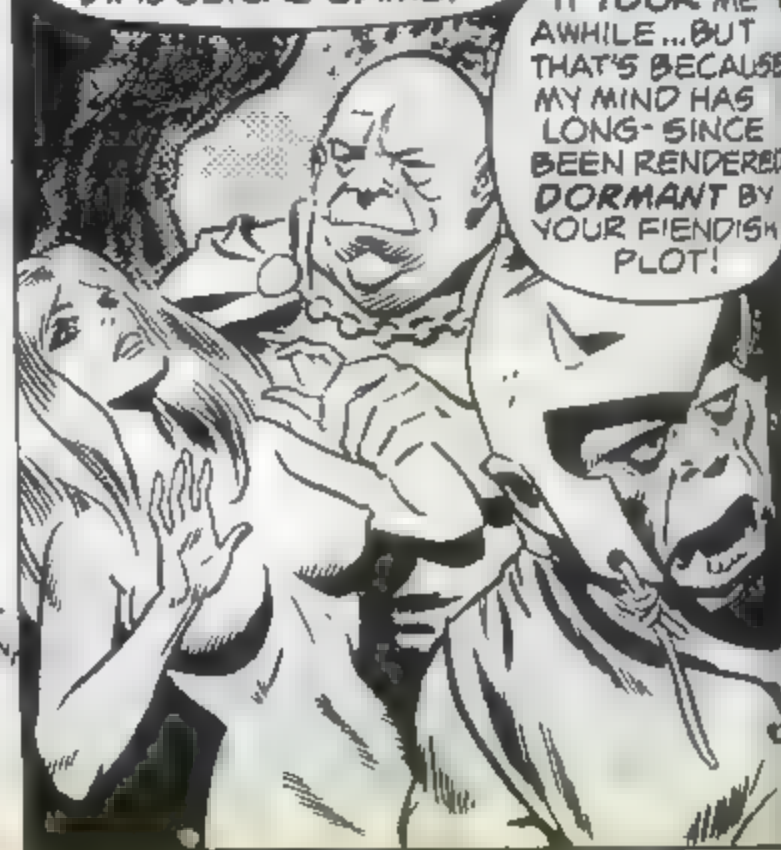
I'VE SEEN MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN BUMBLE THROUGH LIFE, IMPERSONATING LOBOTOMIZED VEGTABLES... THE RESULT OF IDLE YEARS SPENT STARING VACANTLY INTO THE CHIMERICAL WASTELAND OF THE VIDEO WORLD!

NOW IF THE JAPS WERE TO MASS-MARKET THIS PSYCHE-TUBE, WITH ITS BIGGER-THAN-LIFE, COMMERCIAL-FREE, WALL-TO-WALL CEREBAL SCREEN, IT WOULD BE GOBBLED HUNGRILY UP BY AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC, ALREADY PROGRAMMED TO CONSUME INORDINATE AMOUNTS OF FANTASY.

WHAT BETTER WAY TO SEND US ALL INTO MASS CATATONIC STUPOR... AND AT LONG LAST HAVE THEIR REVENGE FOR WORLD WAR II!

ALL RIGHT! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, GNAT NUTS! I'M ON TO YOUR DIABOLICAL GAME!

IT TOOK ME AWHILE... BUT THAT'S BECAUSE MY MIND HAS LONG-SINCE BEEN RENDERED DORMANT BY YOUR FIENDISH PLOT!



CLEVER OF THOSE NIPONESE SLIME! SO - THIS IS WHAT IT'S BEEN LEADING TO! THIS IS WHY WE'VE BEEN DELUGED FOR YEARS WITH BETTER-MADE JAP TV'S. THAT'S BEEN THE HOOK THAT'S MADE VIDEO JUNKIES OF US ALL.

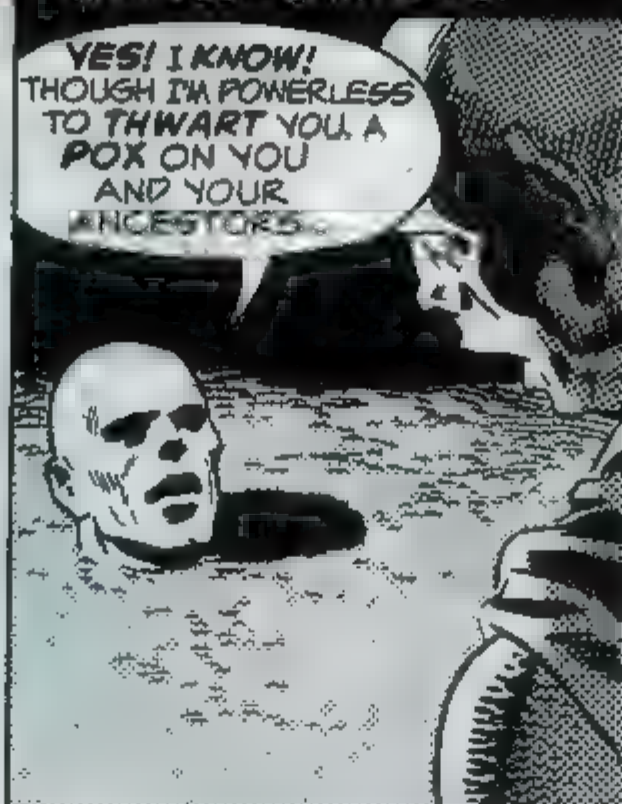
YOU'RE OUT TO CONQUOR THE WORLD, AREN'T YOU! YOU'RE STILL MAD AT US FOR HIROSHIMA!



BRAD! HE KNOWS!

THEY'VE BEEN PATIENT, I'LL GIVE THEM THAT, WAITING FOR US TO OD ON LUCY AND RICKY. THEY WANTED US ON OUR KNEES, BEGGING FOR MORE, BEFORE THEY HIT US WITH THE HARD STUFF THAT'S BEEN LURKING WITHIN OUR OWN HEADS!

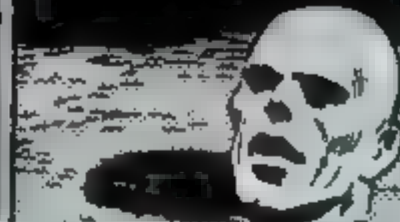
YES! I KNOW! THOUGH I'M POWERLESS TO THWART YOU, A POX ON YOU AND YOUR ANCESTORS.



WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, WE SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED. WE SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED THE APATETIC BENEVOLENCE THEY SHOWED US AFTER WE KICKED LIVING SHIT OUT OF THEM IN THE WAR!

BUT HOW COULD WE HAVE KNOWN, INCAPACATED AS SUCH WITH OUR DORMANT MINDS? IT WAS CLASSIC CATCH 22... BROUGHT TO US BY OUR JAPANESE "FRIENDS!"

... MAY YOU BE CONDEMNED TO WATCHING MY LITTLE MARGIE FOR ALL ETERNITY!



AND TO THINK THAT I WAS AIDING THEM IN THEIR EXECRABLE CONSPIRACY TURNING OUT SLUDGE TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! SLUDGE WHICH EVEN SUCKED ME INTO THE BLACKNESS OF INSANITY! JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER THEY'LL GET US EVERY TIME! THOSE THEY DON'T WRECK IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN, THEY'LL BRING DOWN BEHIND THE SCENES, AND EVENTUALLY THE ENTIRE WESTERN WORLD WILL FALL!



LOOKS LIKE THAT'S IT! NOW THAT I'VE TIPPED MY HAND AND LET ON THAT I KNOW... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO...! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE AWAY MY PSYCHE-TUBE AND PIPE IN OLD JOHNNY CARSON RERUNS! GAAA! I COULDN'T THINK OF A MORE HORRIBLE FATE! I'D MUCH PREFER THE PEACE OF THE GREAT BEYOND!



IN THAT CLASE, YOU WISH MY CLOMMAND...!

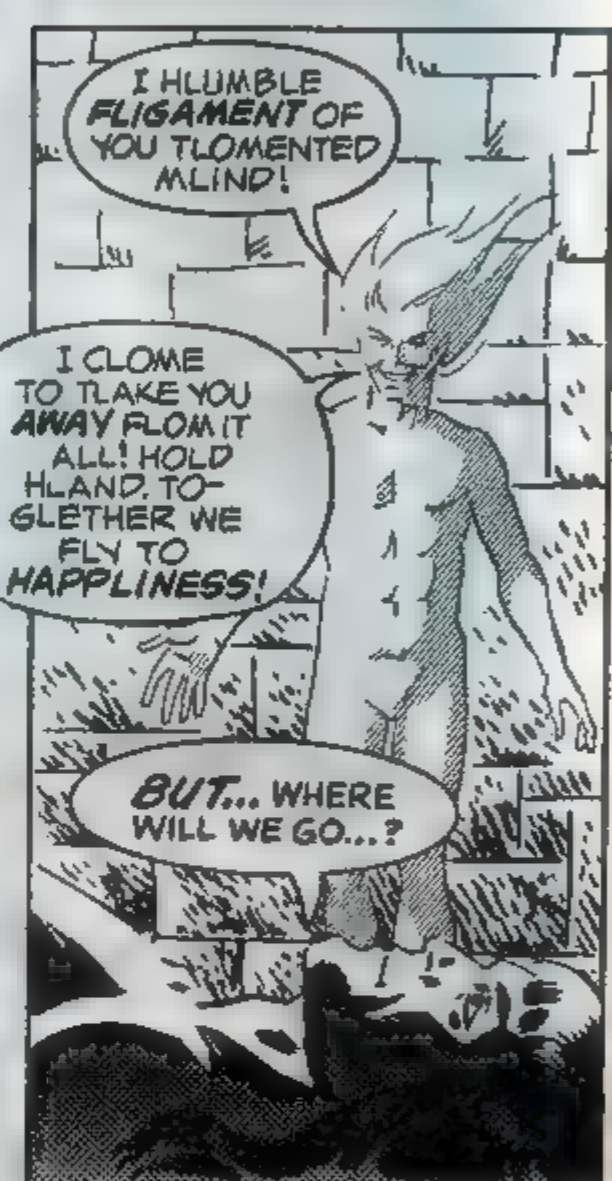
Y-YOU--? BUT... BUT WHO ARE YOU?



I HUMBLE FLIGAMENT OF YOU TLOMENTED MIND!

I CLOME TO TLAKE YOU AWAY FLOW IT ALL! HOLD HLAND, TO- GLETHUR WE FLY TO HAPPPLINESS!

BUT... WHERE WILL WE GO...?



INTO HIDDEN CLEVICES OF MIND, WHERE EVEN DARKEST DREAMS DO NOT EXIST!

THEY NOT TLOUCH YOU HERE! HERE YOU FND HAPPPLINESS AND PLEACE!



OH, GOSH! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

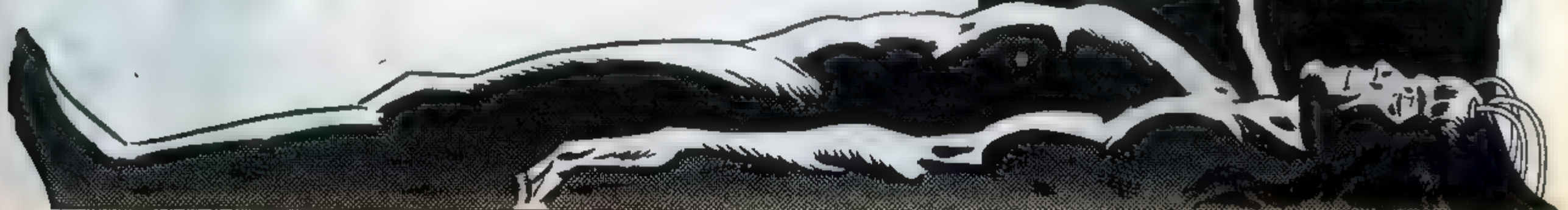
IS DLONE, HLONORABLE DOCTOR?

IS DLONE, HLONORABLE NURSE! QUICK! PLAINLESS! WAS HLAPPY DEATH. SHOULD GO SO WELL FOR REST OF AMERICANS!

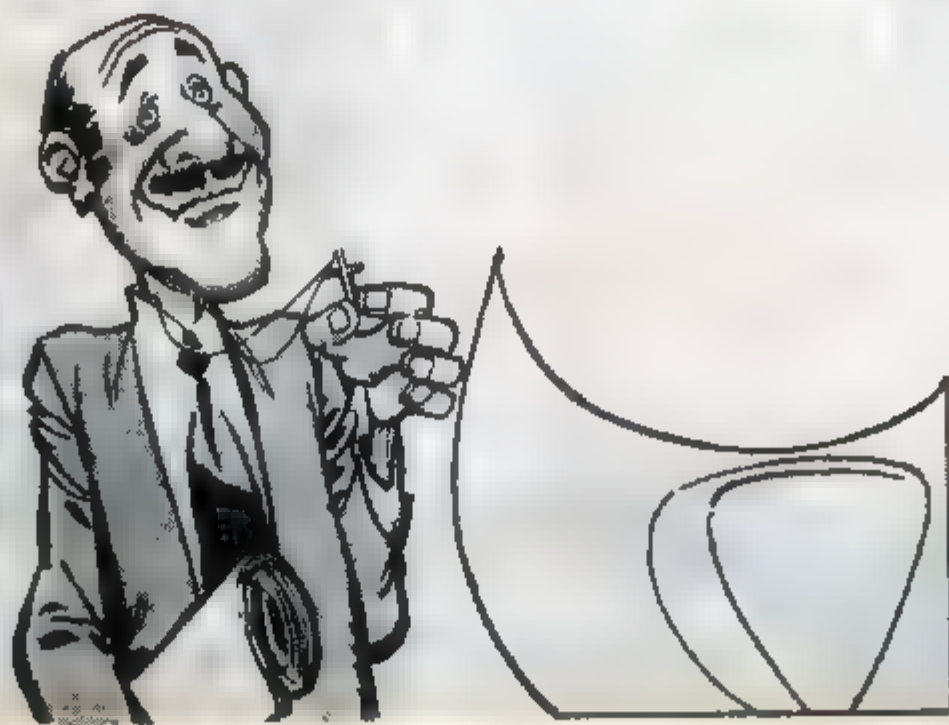


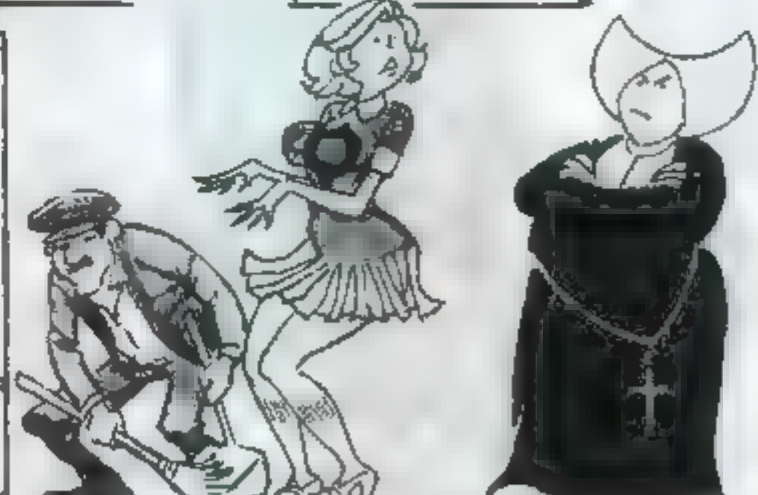
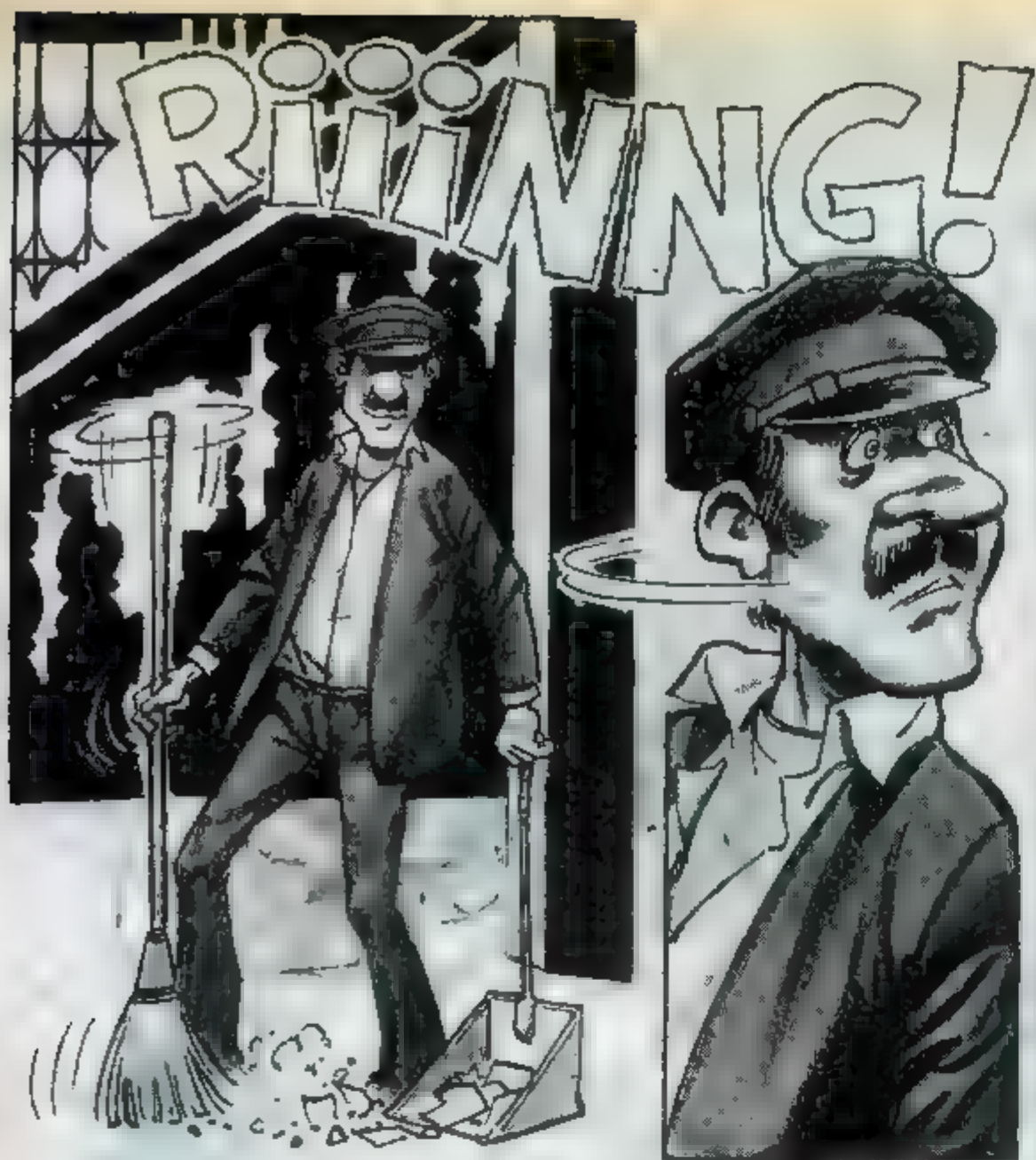
THEN WE BEGIN EXPLORT SOON?

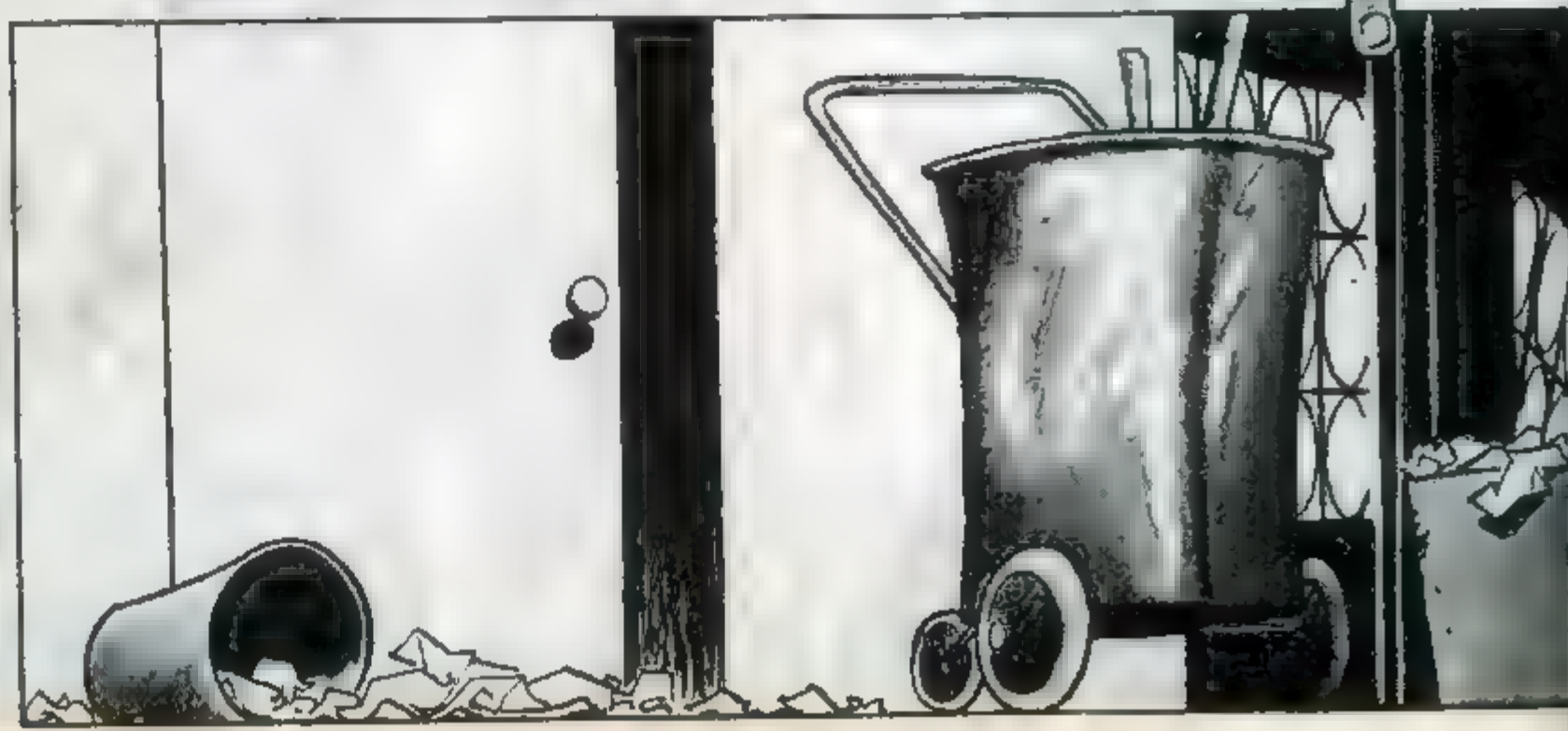
FIRST SHIPMENT GLOES OUT TOMOLLOW!

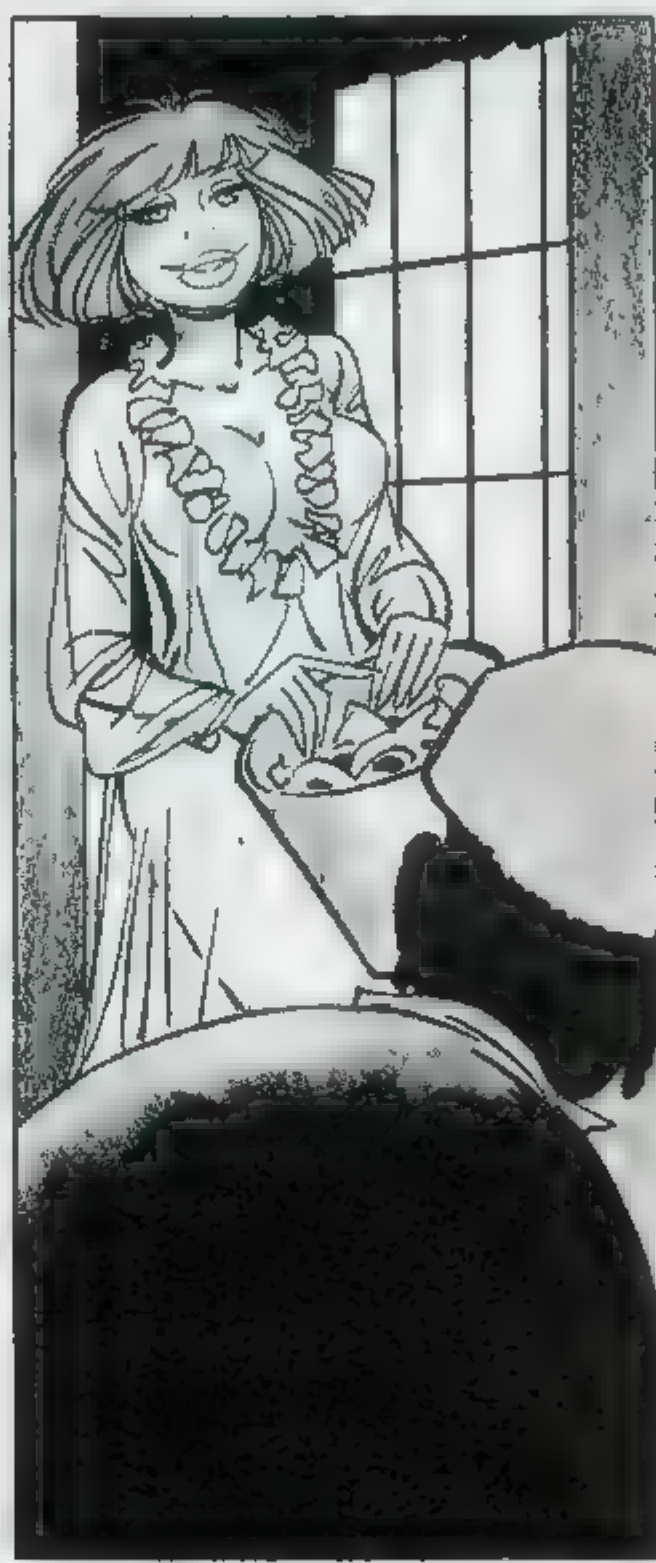


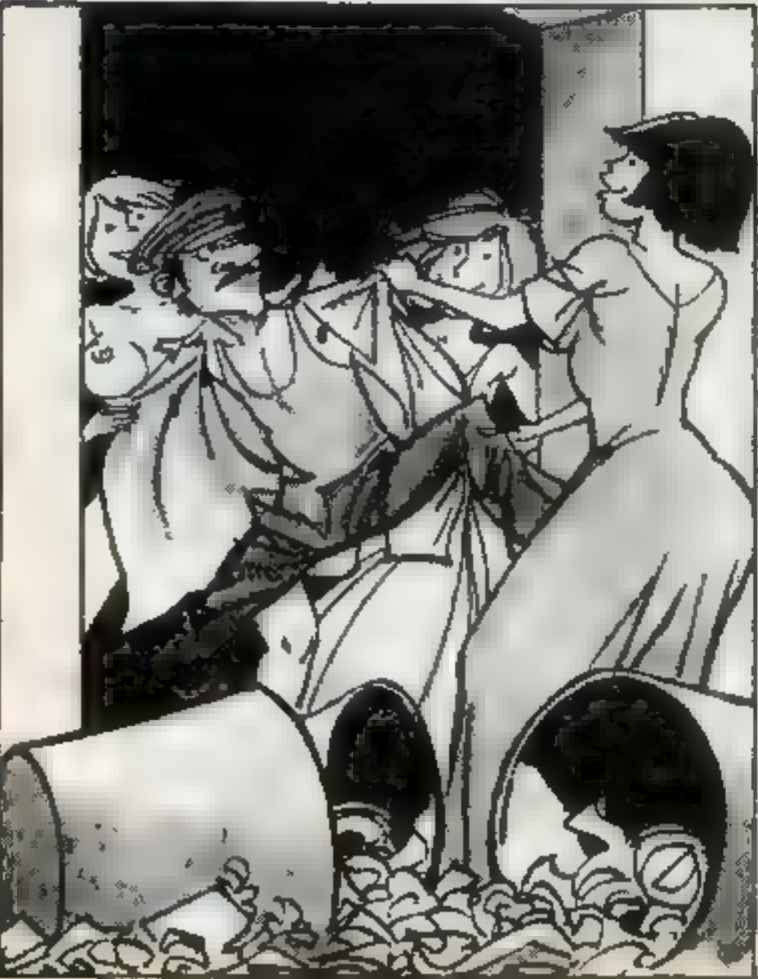
The JANITOR

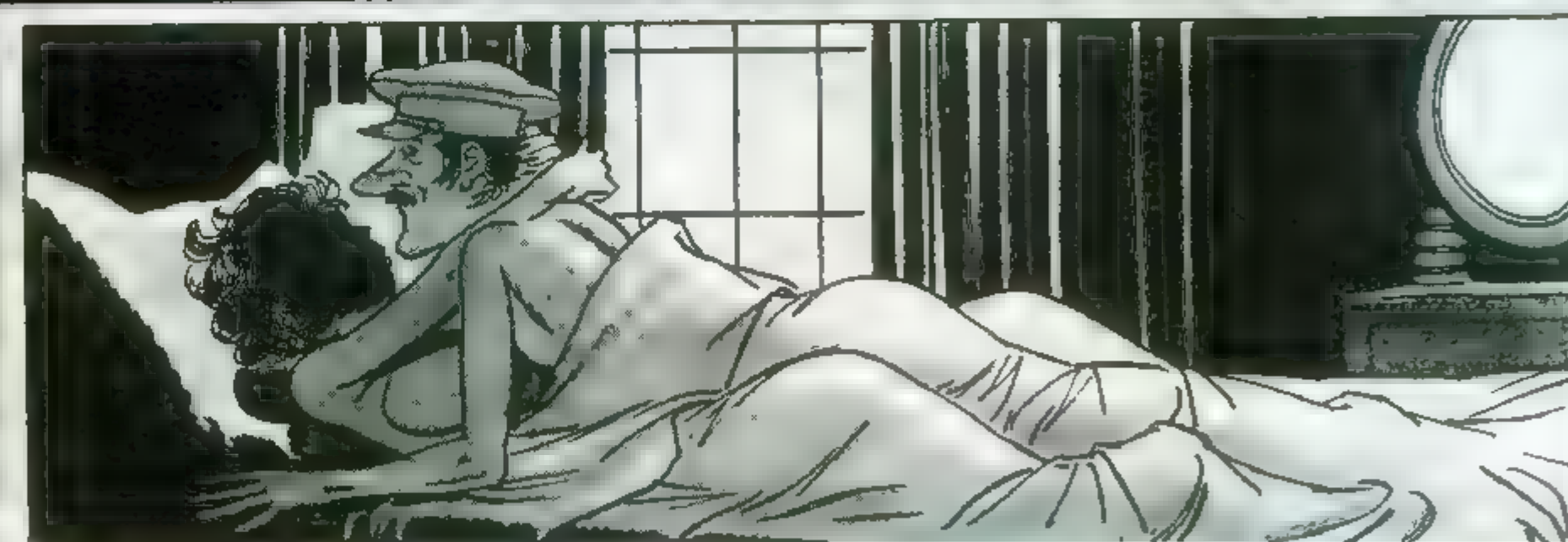


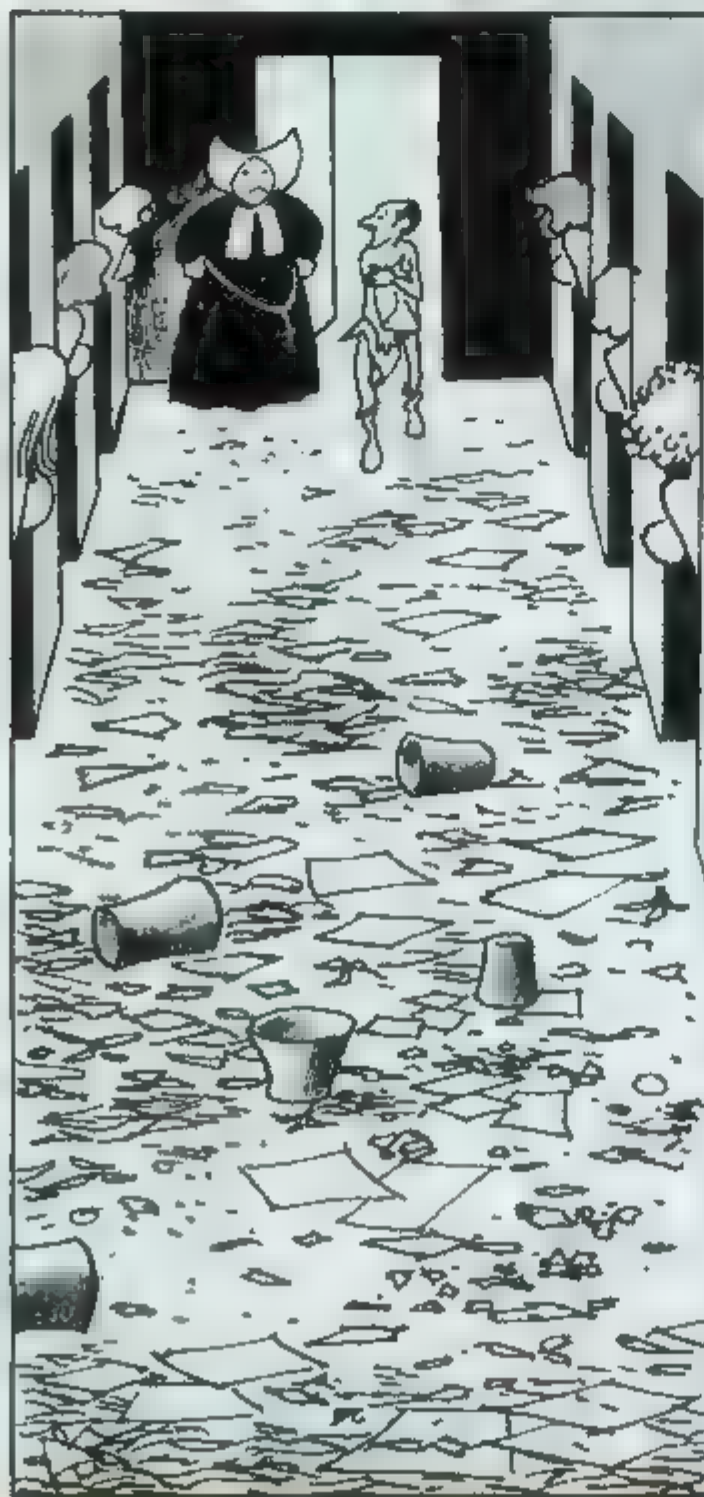
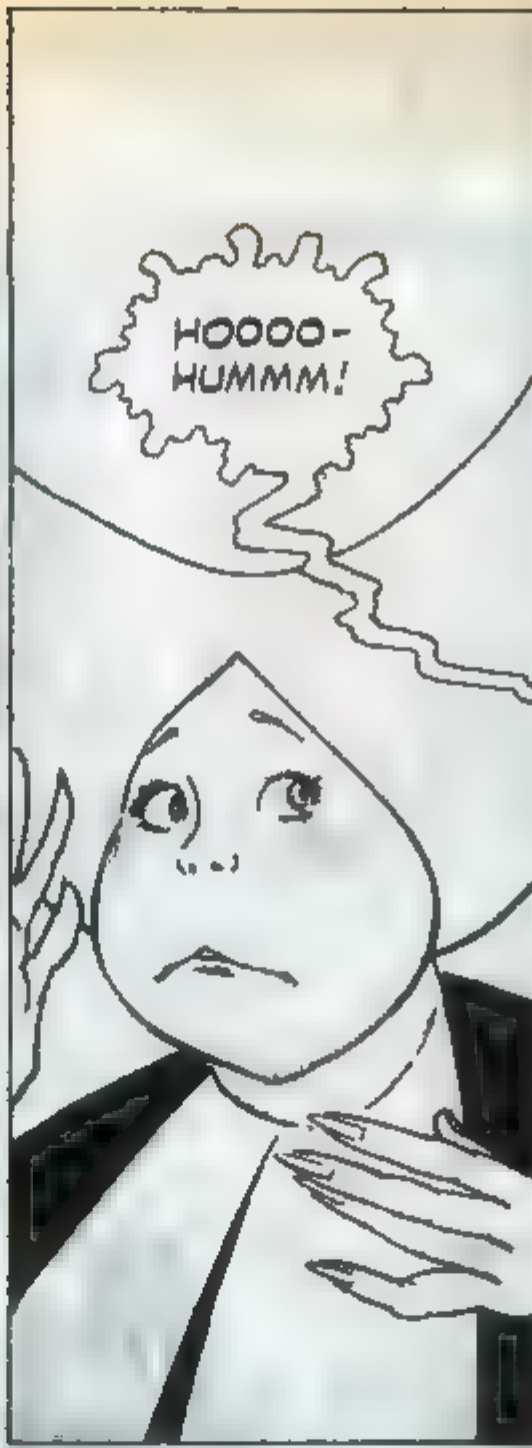


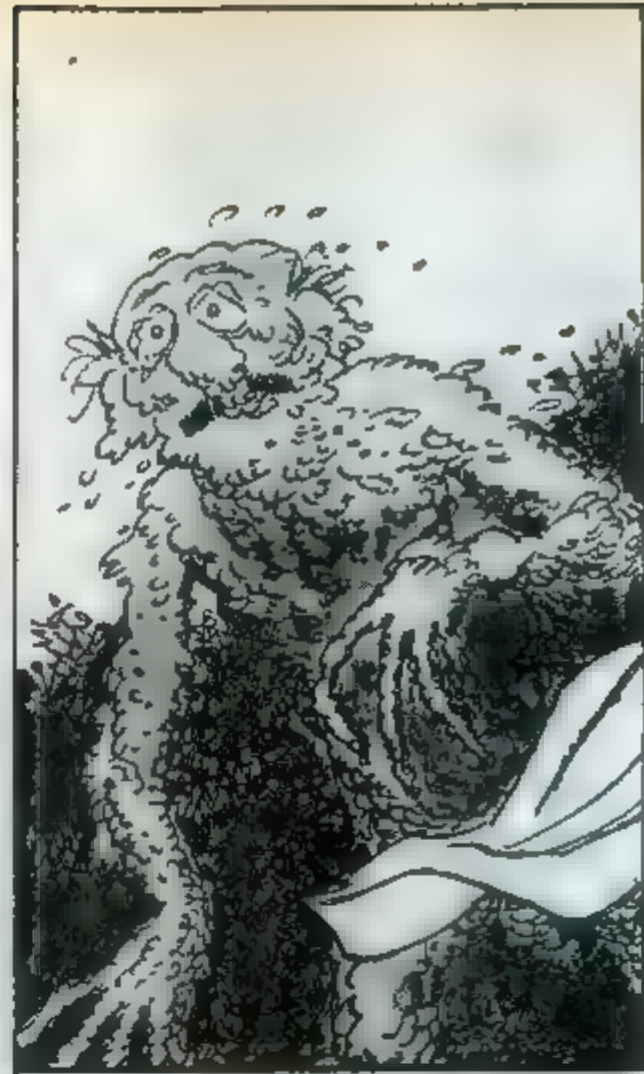












MUTANT WORLD

THE WORLD IS *DIFFERENT* NOW! IT IS *DOG-EAT-DOG*, SO TO SPEAK. AND THE ALTERED GOLDEN RULE STATES... *EAT* UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR STEW OUTTA YOU!

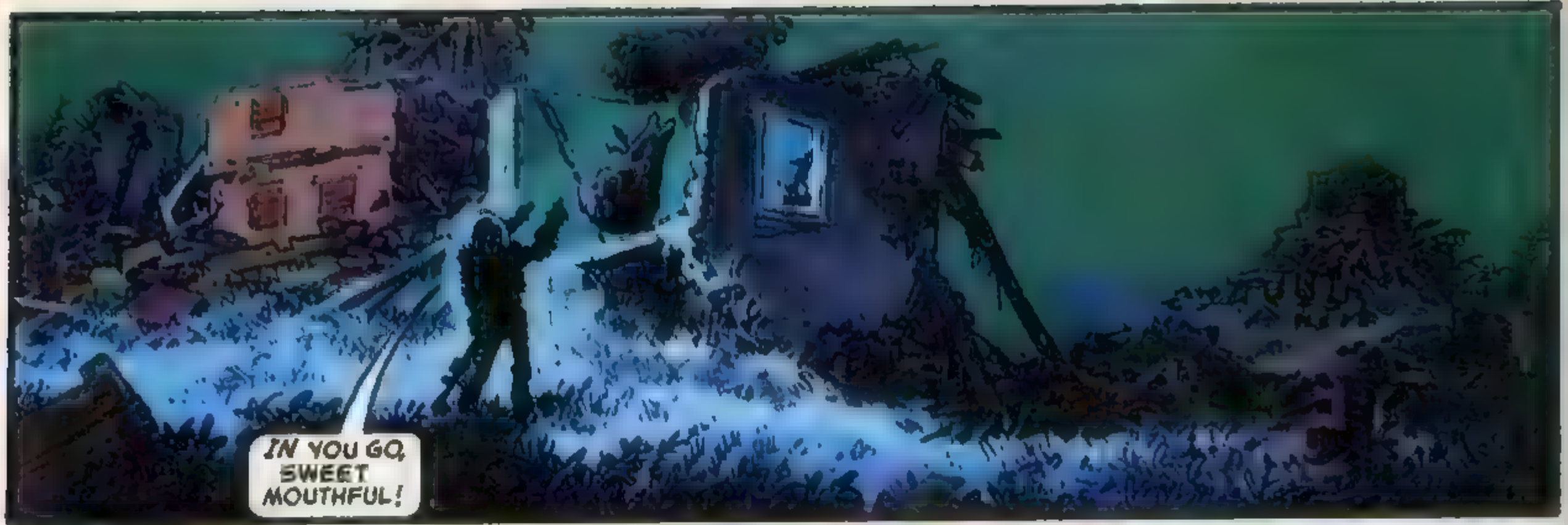
THE FEEBLE MINDED *DIMENTO* HAS MANAGED TO *AVOID* BEING FRICASSEED THUS FAR, BUT VISIONS OF HIS FRAIL FORM IMPALED ON A REVOLVING SPIT, AN APPLE STUCK BETWEEN HIS GAPING TEETH, RETURN AS HE HEARS THE CRUNCH OF HEAVY FEET TROMPING THROUGH THE STICKY MIST!

COME OUT, CHUBBY MORSEL! IT IS SAFE! ZUG IS NOT *HUNGRY* NOW.

AH! THERE YOU ARE, JUICY ONE.

DON'T SQUIRM, LITTLE MEAT. YOU'LL BE SAFE... UNTIL *MORNING*.

CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH



IN YOU GO,
SWEET
MOUTHFUL!



AH...!
SLEEP!



DIMENTO NOT TRUST
THIS THING. DIMENTO
GOTTA GET LOOSE!



DEAR LORD, THANK YOU FOR
THIS DAY AND THIS PEACE
YOU HAVE BROUGHT TO MY
SPIRIT. LET ALL THINGS BE
ON EARTH AS YOUR LOVE
HAS MADE THEM IN
HEAVEN.



OMMMMMMMM!



MMM! IT'S ZUG'S
LUCKY DAY! MORE
MEAT AWAITS MY
STEW!



UH-OH! ZUG'S
GONNA RIP THAT
NICE MAN-THING
INTO PIECES!



AGHHHHH!



ZUNK!



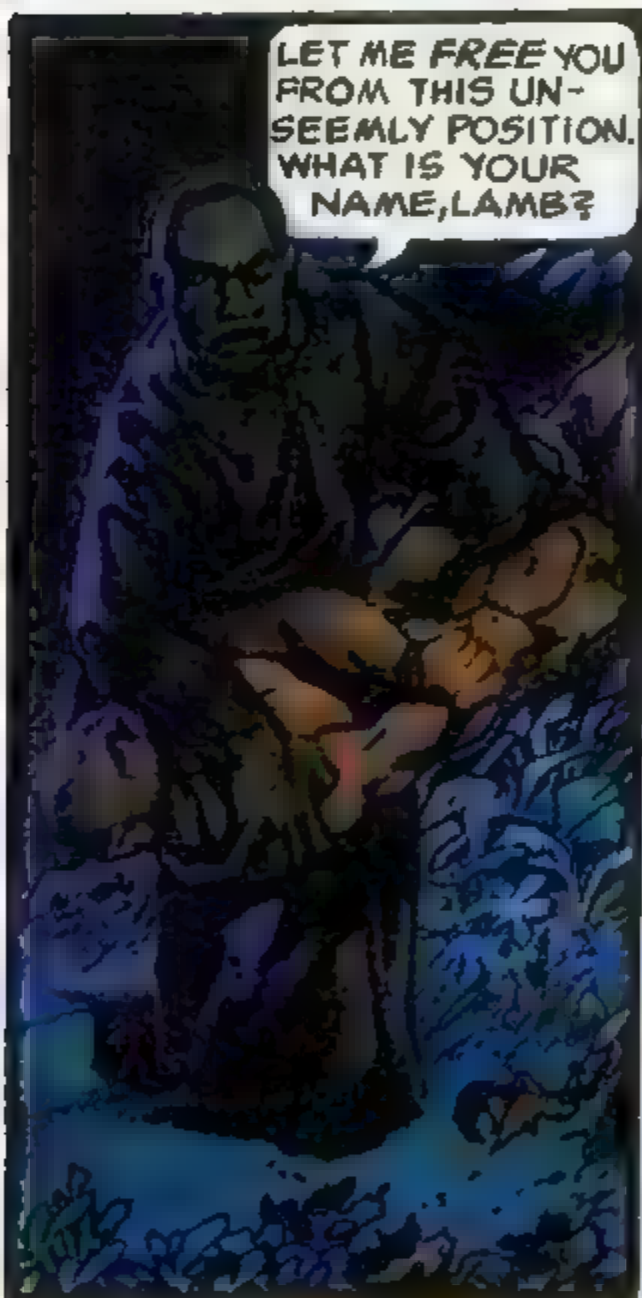
WHAM!



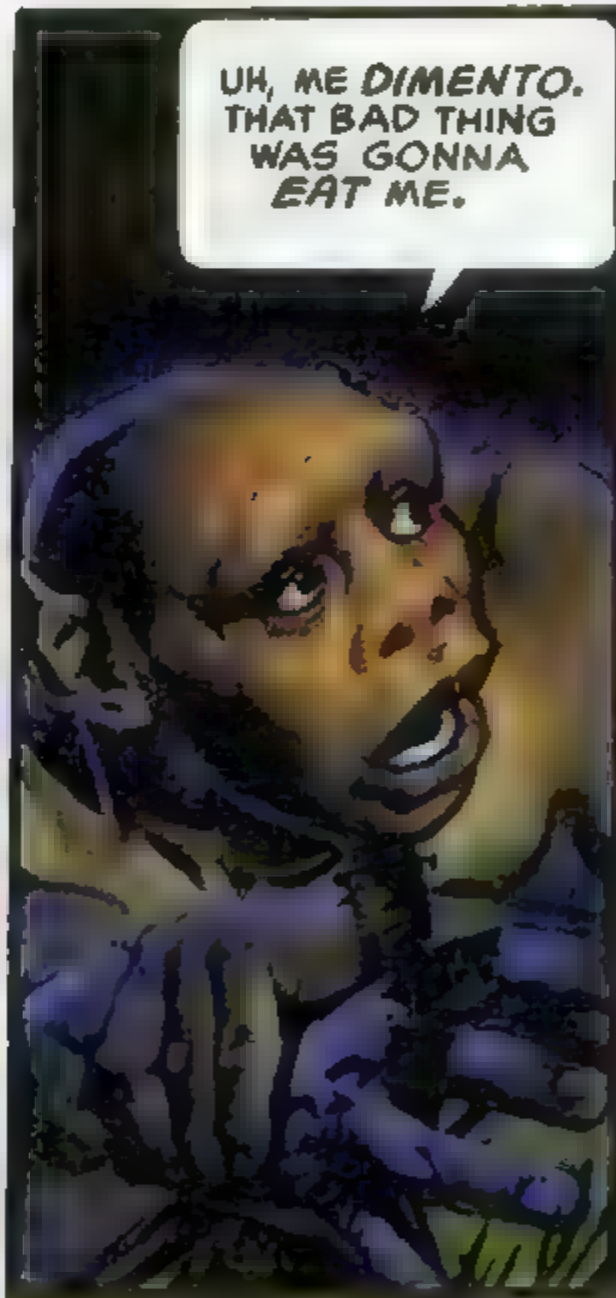
DEAR LORD, FORGIVE THIS
CREATURE IT'S WRONGFUL
THOUGHTS, FOR IT KNEW NOT
THE BLESSING OF YOUR
LOVE. MAY IT FIND PEACE
IN YOUR INFINITE
GRACE.



HAVE NO FEAR, SIMPLE ONE. GOD HAS DELIVERED YOU FROM DANGER. MY NAME IS **FATHER DOVE**, AND I AM GOD'S HUMBLE SERVANT. I WILL NOT HARM YOU.



LET ME FREE YOU FROM THIS UN-SEEMLY POSITION. WHAT IS YOUR NAME, LAMB?



UH, ME **DIMENTO**. THAT BAD THING WAS GONNA EAT ME.



IT IS A HARD WORLD, **DIMENTO**. YOU MUST TRUST IN GOD TO SAVE YOU. HAVE YOU ANY FOOD OR WEAPONS?



NO... NO WEAPONS. NO FOOD FOR MANY DAYS.

THEN YOU MUST JOIN ME ON MY PILGRIMAGE. THROUGH SERVICE TO GOD, YOU WILL BE REWARDED.



YOU MAY BEGIN BY CARRYING MY **SACK**. IT'S A SMALL CHORE, BUT ENOUGH FOR A BEGINNING...

BUT--!

NO EXCUSES!! SLOTH IS THE TOOL OF THE DEVIL!



MOVE IT! YOU MUST DO AS GOD REQUIRES!

UNGH!

THUMP!

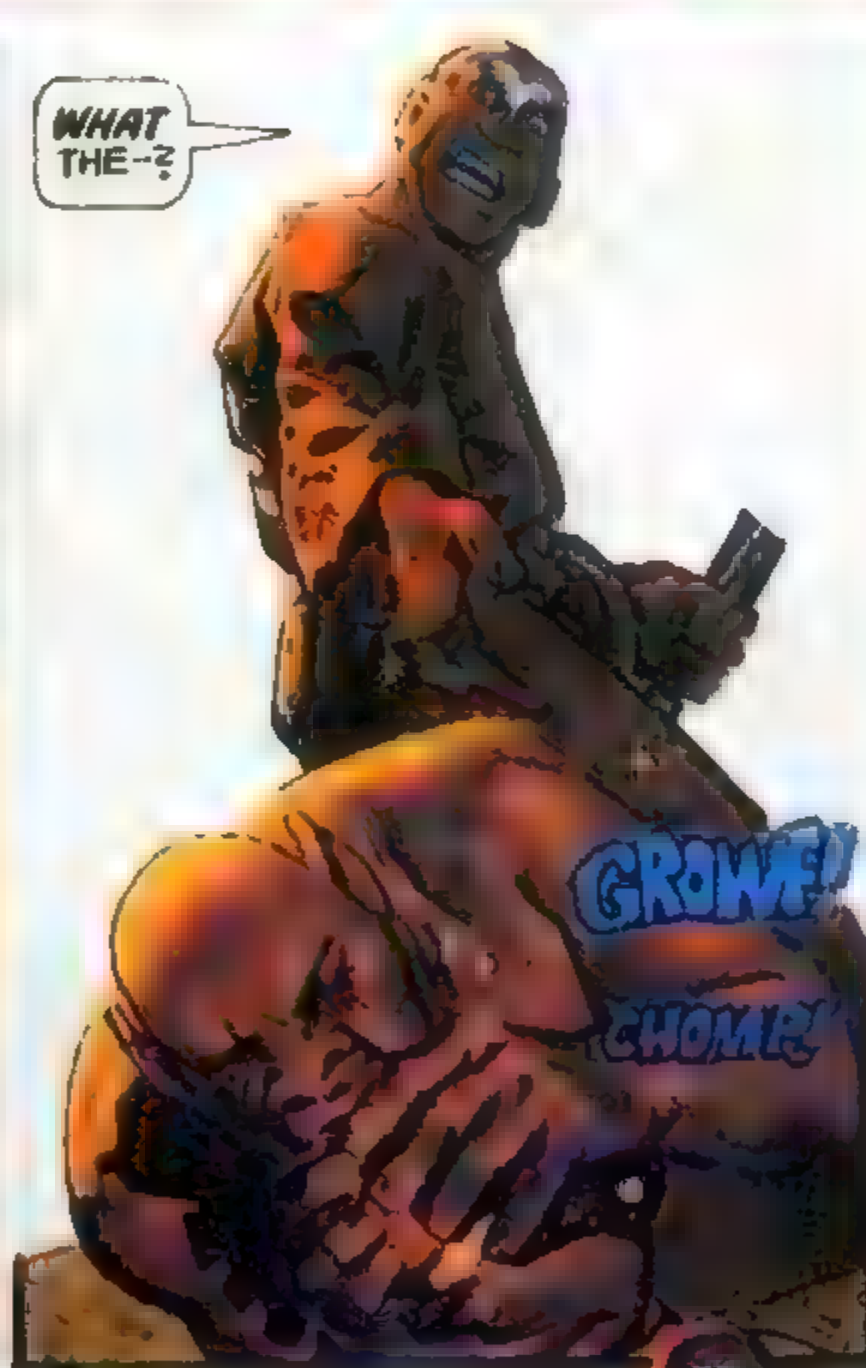
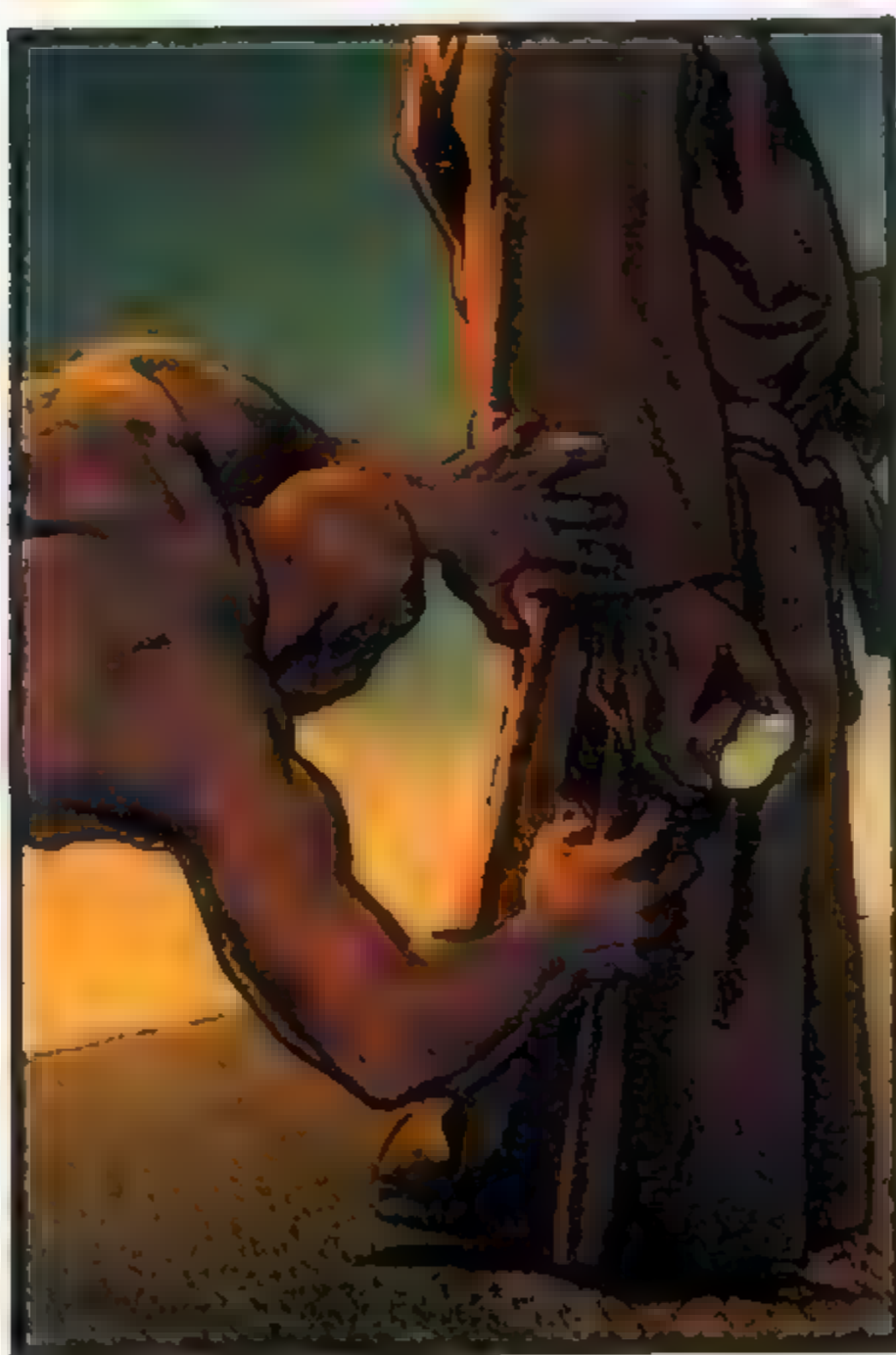
THIS SACK HEAVY.
I HURT. CAN'T I
EAT NOW?

NO! PAIN IS AN ILLUSION!
YOU ONLY *THINK* YOU
ARE TIRED BECAUSE
YOUR SPIRIT IS *WEAK*!



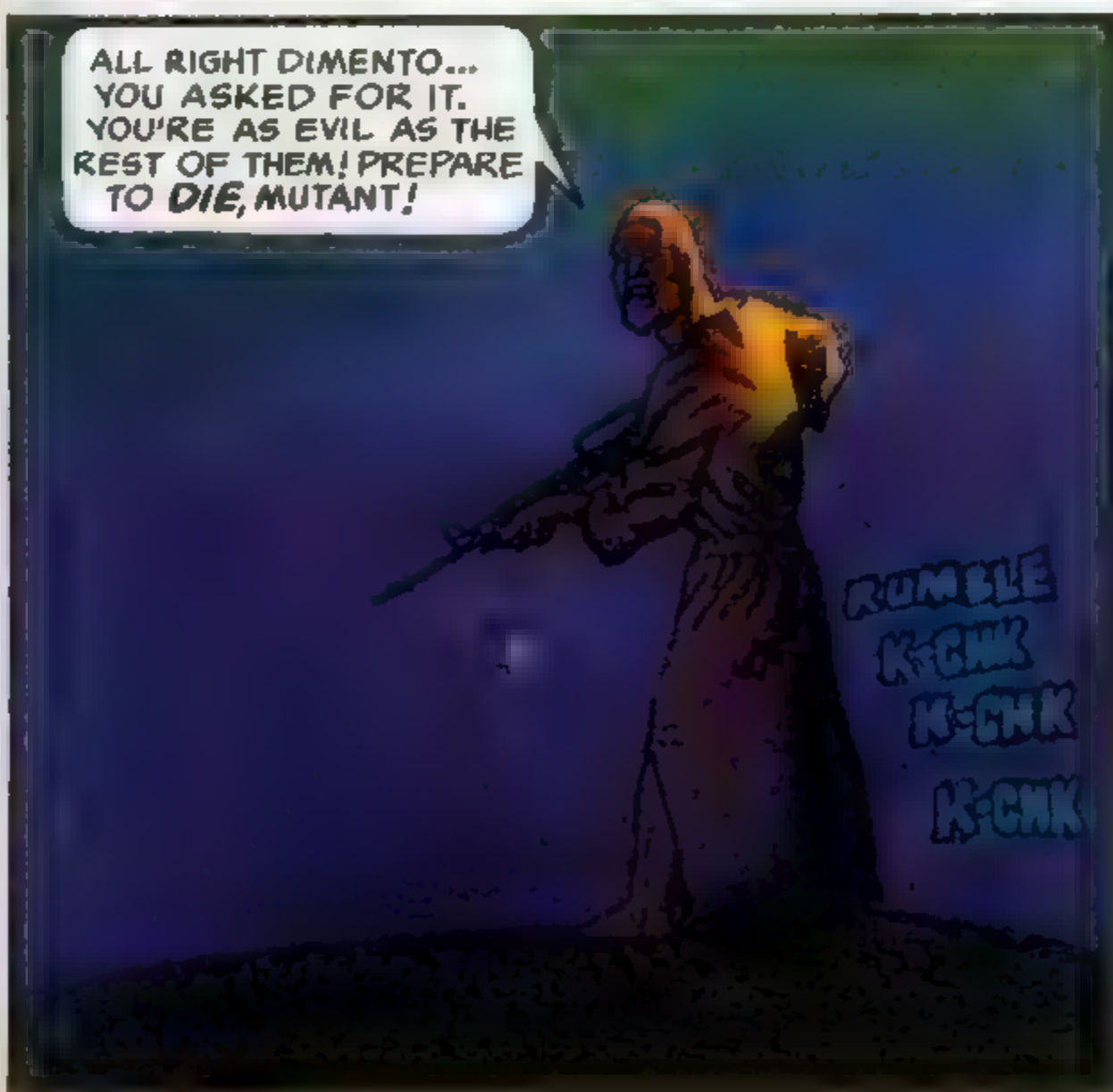
LET US **STOP** A
MOMENT, DIMENTO.
I MUST **REST**
AND **EAT** NOW.







NO, DIMENTO. YOU MUST LEARN A LESSON. YOU HAVE ANGERED GOD, AND YOU MUST BE PUNISHED. NOW STAND UP AND TAKE IT LIKE A MARTYR!



NO! STOP! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE! DEAR
LORD... I... I'M SORRY!
NOOOO!



RUMBLE
RUMBLE



...FATHER
DOVE?

DIMENTO LISTENS TO THE
HISSING SAND AND WATCHES
THE PRIEST'S GUN SINK
SLOWLY BENEATH THE SURFACE.
HE DOES NOT MOVE. SOON, NO
SIGN REMAINS OF FATHER
DOVE OR OF THE GREAT HOLE
THAT HAS TAKEN HIM...
TO HEAVEN!

MESSIAH

LET ME ASK YOU...! HAVE YOU
EVER MADE IT WITH AN ALTARIAN
SLIME BEAR?

OR GONE DOWN ON A MIMASIAN
NYMPHWORM?

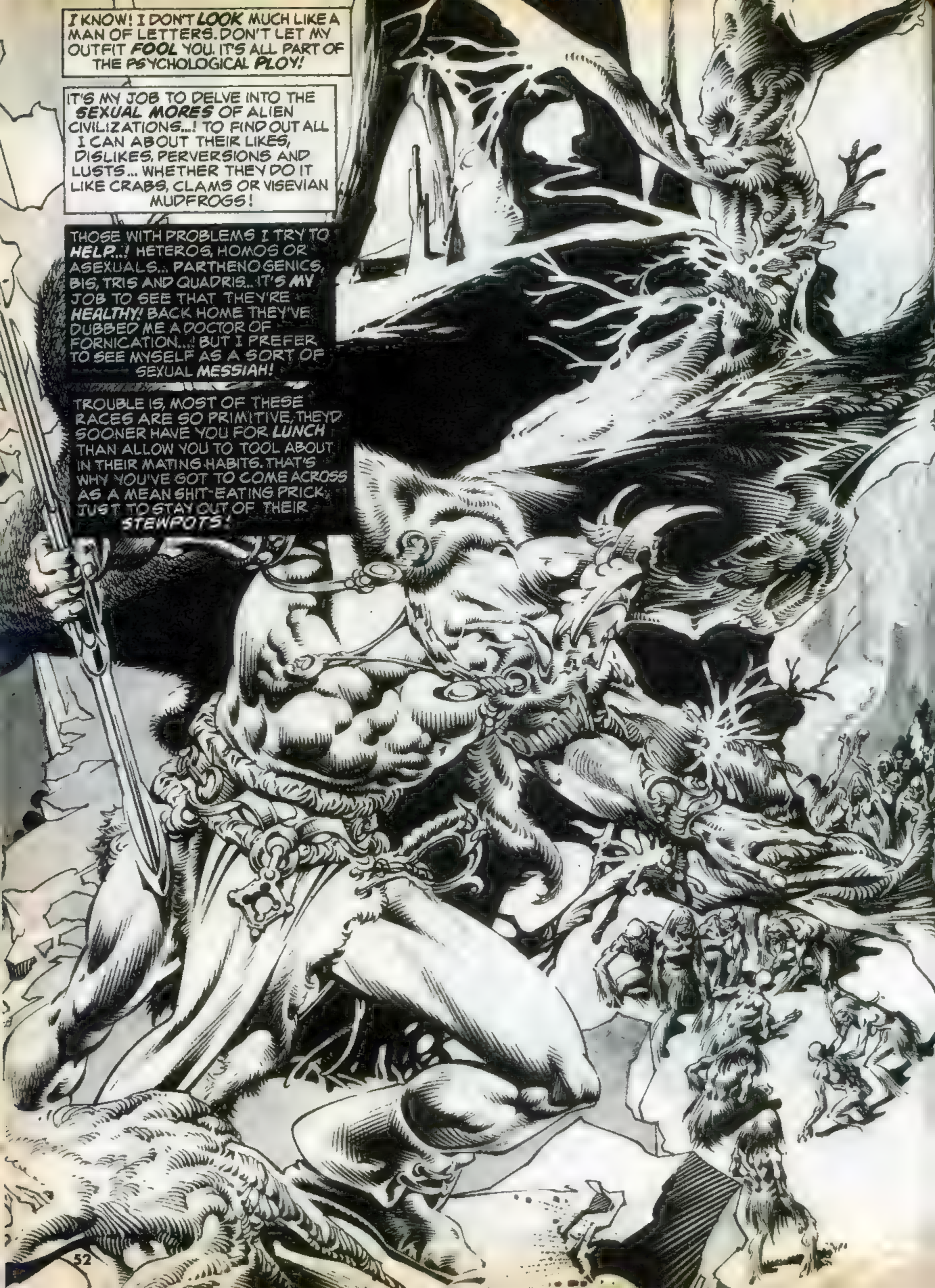
I HAVE! THAT'S MY JOB! I'M
A SCIENTIST. AND I SPECIALIZE
IN THE SCIENCE OF SEX.

I KNOW! I DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A MAN OF LETTERS. DON'T LET MY OUTFIT **FOOL** YOU. IT'S ALL PART OF THE **PSYCHOLOGICAL PLOY!**

IT'S MY JOB TO DELVE INTO THE **SEXUAL MORES** OF ALIEN CIVILIZATIONS...! TO FIND OUT ALL I CAN ABOUT THEIR LIKES, DISLIKES, PERVERSIONS AND LUSTS... WHETHER THEY DO IT LIKE CRABS, CLAMS OR VISEVIAN MUDFROGS!

THOSE WITH PROBLEMS I TRY TO **HELP...**! HETEROS, HOMOS OR ASEXUALS... PARTHENOGENICS, BIS, TRIS AND QUADRIS... IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THEY'RE **HEALTHY!** BACK HOME THEY'VE DUBBED ME A DOCTOR OF FORNICATION...! BUT I PREFER TO SEE MYSELF AS A SORT OF **SEXUAL MESSIAH!**

TROUBLE IS, MOST OF THESE RACES ARE SO PRIMITIVE, THEY'D SOONER HAVE YOU FOR **LUNCH** THAN ALLOW YOU TO TOOL ABOUT IN THEIR MATING HABITS. THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT TO COME ACROSS AS A MEAN SHIT-EATING PRICK, JUST TO STAY OUT OF THEIR **STEWPOTS!**



THE PART I LIKE BEST ABOUT MY WORK IS GETTING INTO MY STUDIES **FIRSTHAND**, SO TO SPEAK.

THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LITTLE **BENT** TO ENJOY THIS LINE OF ENDEAVOR. BUT LET ME TELL YOU... YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ECSTASY UNTIL YOU'VE HAD YOUR AXLE GREASED BY A **SINOPIAN LECH BLOB**.

SOME GO AS FAR AS TO CALL US **REAMING RAPISTS**. BUT LOOK, MAN... IF WE **RESEARCHERS** DIDN'T DO WHAT WE WERE PAID FOR, MANKIND WOULD STILL BE IN THE DARK AGES WHEN IT CAME TO INTERGALACTIC COHABITATION.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE **OPEN** ABOUT THESE THINGS. SHRUG OFF YOUR HANG-UPS. **EXPERIENCE...** THAT'S WHAT LIFE'S ALL ABOUT!



OH SURE, WE'VE GOT SOME **SICKIES** AND **WIERDOES** IN THE CORPS... RESEARCHERS WHO DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE WORK AND ARE IN IT JUST FOR THE **KICKS**. BUT THOSE KIND OF PERVERTS YOU'LL FIND ANYWHERE, YOU'VE GOT TO DISCOUNT THE FEW AND CREDIT THE MANY WITH THE FINE JOB WE'RE DOING IN UP-DATING THE MORAL ATTITUDES OF THE CIVILIZED GALAXY.

THIS ISN'T THE EASIEST JOB YOU KNOW. IT'S FRAUGHT WITH VERY REAL **DANGERS**. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR OUR **BALLS**. A LOT OF THESE RACES HAVE **PROBLEMS!** THEY'RE BACKWARDS, DIRTY, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THEY SMELL WORSE THAN THE **DUNG MUNCHERS** OF ODIOUS III.

I WON'T TRY TO **FOOL** YOU, THEY'VE GOT **DISEASES**. SOME OF THEM SPORT CRABS THE SIZE OF YOUR **FIST**. I ONCE TRIED THIS PHOBIAN FUZZMINK WITH PUDWORMS BIG ENOUGH TO CRIPPLE AN ELEPHANT. AND THOSE ARE THE **KNOWN** DISEASES. OUR GUYS PICK UP **NEW** ONES EVERY TRIP!

BUT VERY FEW RACES ARE **HOPELESS**. EXCEPT MAYBE THE **SYPHMEN** OF OFFAL IV.

BESIDES WHICH... WE'VE GOT CURES FOR ANYTHING THESE DAYS. YOU CATCH SOMETHING NASTY, IT'S A SLIGHT **INCONVENIENCE** AT BEST.

NOW TAKE THESE **SCREAMING MOTHER-EATERS**. **PRIMITIVES**, RIGHT?! UH UH! DON'T LET THOSE DULL, VACANT EYES FOOL YOU. THESE ARE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT CREATURES WHO'VE HAD THE GENETIC MISFORTUNE TO EVOLVE INTO THE EQUIVALENT OF **WARTHOGS!**

THE GUYS BACK AT THE CLINIC CLAIM THAT THEY'RE THE BEST LAYS IN THE SECTOR. BUT **TOUCHY**. **SHEEEEE-IT!** TRYING TO GET NEAR THEM IS LIKE JUMPING INTO A POOL OF HIMALIAN **DEATHSNAKES**.

ONE GETS THE IMPRESSION THEY EITHER **LOATHE** SEX... OR THAT THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT INTO TRYING SOMETHING **NEW!**



THEY WEREN'T ALWAYS THIS WAY. ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO, THESE CREATURES WERE SUPPOSEDLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INTELLIGENT SPECIES IN THE GALAXY...!

THEIR FEATURES WERE SO FAIR, THEIR PROPOGATION RIGHTS SO PLEASUREABLE, IT'S SAID THEIR ENTIRE LIVES WERE CENTERED AROUND THE FINE ART OF LOVE...!

IT'S RUMORED THAT THIS WORLD WAS A SHANGRI-LA...! WHEN THEY WEREN'T INDULGING THEIR LUST, THEY WERE BASKING IN ITS WARM AFTERGLOW. THEY ORGIED THEIR WAY NON-STOP THROUGH LIFE, FORNICATING THEMSELVES INTO THEIR GRAVES...!

OF COURSE, THEY CAME TO A POINT IN THEIR HISTORY WHEN THE ALARMISTS, AS THEY SEEM TO DO IN SO MANY SEX-ORIENTED SOCIETIES, YELLED "OVERPOPULATION!"

INSTEAD, HOWEVER, OF **IGNORING** THE PESSIMISTS, THE USUAL COURSE OF NON-ACTION... THE NATIVES MADE THE MISTAKE OF SEEKING THE ADVICE OF THEIR MOST "**KNOWLEDGEABLE**" MEN. AND, AS ALWAYS, A SOLUTION WAS SET UPON WHICH **CREATED MORE PROBLEMS THAN IT RESOLVED.**

SOME SEX-DETESTING SCHOLAR, WHO NO DOUBT HAD NEVER BEEN LAID IN HIS LIFE, CONCOCTED A GENETIC **SERUM** WHICH HE CLAIMED WOULD **REGULATE** THE POPULATION ONCE AND FOR ALL.


THE GOVERNMENT, COMPOSED OF THE SAME BRAND OF MADMEN WHO USUALLY FIND THEIR WAY INTO SUCH POSITIONS OF POWER, **RELEASED** THE SERUM INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, AND AWAITED THE "MIRACULOUS" RESULTS...

IT **WORKED**, OF COURSE. SOME WILL ARGUE THAT IT WORKED **TOO WELL.** IT ALTERED THE POPULATION'S GENES INTO THOSE AKIN TO **WARTHOGS!**

THE RATIONALE WAS FLAWLESSLY **LOGICAL...** WHO AFTER ALL, WANTS TO MAKE IT WITH A **WARTHOG!?**

AS ANTICIPATED, THE POPULATIONS BEEN **DWINDLING** EVER SINCE!





IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THE CREATURES OF THIS WORLD DON'T MUCH CARE FOR SCIENTISTS. ESPECIALLY SCIENTISTS SPECIALIZING IN **SEX**. THEY'VE BEEN KIND OF UPTIGHT EVER SINCE THEIR "**ACCIDENT**," AS THEY'VE COME TO CALL IT.

THEY DID AWAY WITH THEIR **OWN** MEN OF SCIENCE. AND THEIR GOVERNMENT LEADERS, TOO, NATURALLY. THE **LUCKY** ONES THEY **HUNG**. THE REST THEY **CHOPPED** INTO TINY PIECES AND SCATTERED THE REMNANTS TO THE WINDS.

OH, THEY STILL KEEP SOME OF THE OLD **LABS** AROUND. PLACES LIKE THESE THAT ARE ALL BUT ABANDONED.

I HEAR TELL THEY DO **UNSPEAKABLE** THINGS TO ANYONE THEY REMOTELY SUSPECT IS IN SCIENCE OR GOVERNMENT.

WE'VE LOST **EIGHT** RESEARCHERS FROM THE CLINIC TO DATE. SOME OF THE MEANEST, TOUGHEST, KINKIEST MOTHERS THIS SIDE OF THE ANDROMEDA FREEWAY.


OF COURSE, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN THE TYPE OF GUYS YOU'D ENDEAR TO YOUR HEARTS. NONETHELESS, THEY'VE BEEN **GOOD RESEARCHERS** WHO'VE CURED MANY BACKWARDS WORLDS WITH PROBLEMS OF PROCREATION.

THAT'S THEM, FLOATING IN THE SLUSH TANKS, YONDER. SLAUGHTERED MESSIAHS ALL... **REJECTED** BY THOSE THEY WERE SENT HERE TO **HELP**!

THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS **BANG BANG MAXWELL** OF THE FAMOUS SILVER "**HAMMER**," ONE OF THE MORE PERVERSE OF OUR ELITE GROUP. HIS SPECIALTY WAS INDUCING GREAT AMOUNTS OF HIGHLY-EROTIC **PAIN**, CLAIMING, NATURALLY, THAT IT WAS EXCEEDINGLY SEXUALLY THERAPEUTIC.

NEXT TO HIM FLOATS **DIPSTICK JONES**, THE SCOURGE OF THE FEMININE PORTION OF THE GALAXY. THE OTHERS ARE LEO THE DORK, PETER PORK, BIG BANANA JOHNSON, AND THE SHVANTZ BROTHERS!

CONTRARY TO THE WAY THEY LOOK, EACH WAS AN **INTELLIGENT** SORT WHO KNEW THIS WORLD WOULD BE A CHALLENGE, BUT SAW IT AS SORT OF A **SEXUAL CONQUEST**... AN UNDEFEATED **THREAT** TO THEIR SEXUALLY-SECURE **EGO**!



AS FOR ME...! YEAH! I KNEW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN I DREW THIS ASSIGNMENT, TOO! I KNEW THESE HUMANOIDS OF UHRTH, OR **EARTH** AS THEY CALL IT, WOULD VERY POSSIBLY NAIL ME TO THE WALL. BUT I LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...! IF I COULD HAVE CURED THEIR SELF-INFLICTED INHIBITIONS, I'D BE HAVING THE **TIME** OF MY YOUNG LIFE.

AND IF NOT...! WELL... THERE'S ALWAYS THE **BRIGHT** SIDE. I'VE MADE IT WITH **DEIMIAN LOVE SLUGS**, **LYSITHEAN WHIP-LIZARDS**, AND **ELARIAN SNATCHTOADS** BY THE SCORE. I'VE PLOWED **PASIPHAEN PUSSQUID**, **RHEAN FUZZ ROCKS** AND **UMBREILIAN PRICKLE-BOAR**, ALL IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE. I'VE BROUGHT **HAPPINESS** TO WORLDS, AND **ECSTASY** TO FACES. I'VE OVERCOME OCEANS OF SEXUAL REPRESSANTS AND HAVE LED THE NEW WAVE OF THE PROMISCUOUSLY LIBERAL FUTURE. THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I HAVEN'T **SEEN**. THERE ISN'T ANYONE I HAVEN'T **DONE**. WHAT MORE COULD ANYMAN ASK!?

IF ONLY THE EARTHNIANS HADN'T BEEN SO HUNG UP, THE THINGS I COULD HAVE TAUGHT THEM...! BUT THEY'VE GOT THIS THING FOR DOING IN THEIR MESSIAHS, AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM. THEY'VE BEEN SO OFTEN LED WRONG.

BUT I DON'T FAULT THEM. I BEAR THEM NO GRUDGE! ANYONE WHO CAN MAKE IT WITH A **WARTHOG**... IS STILL ALL RIGHT BY ME!

HOMONCULUS RETCH WAS A STAR PILOT. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST STARPILOTS IN ALL THE CIVILIZED GALAXIES. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE ILL-FATED BLITZEN EXPEDITION THE DISASTEROUS CRUISE WHICH SHAPED HIM INTO THE MOST INFAMOUS STARCAPTAIN IN THE SPACEWAYS!

don't call me... maneater!

ARRRRGH! IT...
IT'S HIM! HOMONCULUS
RETSCH...THE CANNIBAL!

4-A447146!

NO SHIT? THE
INFAMOUS MAN-EATING
MARSUVIAN?

THE ONE AND ONLY!
SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE
TERRIBLE BLITZEN TRAGEDY
...MAROONED ON THAT
BARREN ASTEROID FOR
THREE AND A HALF LONG,
LONELY YEARS... WITH
NOTHING TO EAT EXCEPT
FORTY-TWO OF HIS CREW-
MEN!

GAHHH! I THOUGHT
THEY WERE GONNA
VAPORIZE HIM FOR
MANSLAUGHTER!

I HEAR TELL
HIS RICH WIFE GOT
HIM OFF!

NOW! THEY
GAVE HIM A MEDAL
AND TOLD HIM NEVER
TO DO IT AGAIN!

HEY! BARKEEP! YOU
GONNA ALLOW THAT...THAT
MANEATER IN HERE WITH
US CIVILIZED PEOPLE!?

CHRIST! MAKE ONE
LITTLE MISTAKE AND YOU'RE
LABLED FOR LIFE!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TRUMPET
EARS? YOU GOT SOME OBJECTION
T'SERVIN' ME?

WHY...ER...NO, CAPTAIN
RETSCH! IT...IT'S A PLEASURE
TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE
FAMOUS "HERO" OF BLITZEN.

GOOD! THEN
GIMME A BLOODY
MARY...



...AND THOSE TWO LITTLE
FUR BURGERS OVER THERE!

B-BUT, SIR-IER...
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO-IT?

OH, FUZZY! HOW COULD YOU
THINK SUCH A THING? I'M SURE
THAT A BIG HUNK OF MAN LIKE
CAPTAIN RETCH JUST WANTS
TO "UNWIND" AFTER HIS
TERRIBLE ORDEAL! ISN'T
THAT RIGHT, CAPTAIN?



YOU'RE MORE
THAN WELCOME
TO STOP HIM...
IF YOU CAN!

NOOO! YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO LET THAT
ANTHROPOPHAGIAN
WALK OUT OF HERE WITH
HIS NEXT BOKED LUNCH?

MMMMMM
I'M GONNA BE EATIN'
AT THE V T'NIGHT!



ME...! THEY'RE YOUR
GIRLS! TELL THEM! THAT
APE IS A KILLER! TELL
THEM... HE'LL EAT THEM,
TOO!

THERE ARE SOME
WOMEN WHO WOULD
ENJOY THAT!



WHY YOU WISE-
ASS-SON-OF-A--!

C'MON, CRABBES!
LEAVE HIM ALONE!

SO RETCH WENT OFF
WITH A COUPLE OF GIRLS!
BIG DEAL!



IT IS A BIG DEAL!
THAT MONSTER EATS
FORTY-TWO PEOPLE...
AMONG THEM, MY
KID BROTHER...AND
YOU BUDDIES TREAT
HIM LIKE NOTHING'S
HAPPENED!

SO THAT'S IT, HUH,
CRABBES!? YOUR BROTHER
WAS ON THE BLITZEN
EXPEDITION... WE DIDN'T
KNOW!

THERE'S NOTHING
YOU OR ANYONE ELSE
CAN DO ABOUT IT
NOW. RETCH HAS BEEN
CLEARED. AS FAR AS
WE'RE CONCERNED, IT'S
HISTORY!

HE ATE MY BROTHER!
THE ANIMAL! I'LL MAKE
HIM PAY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
DO ANYTHING BUT CALM
DOWN, HOTHEAD!

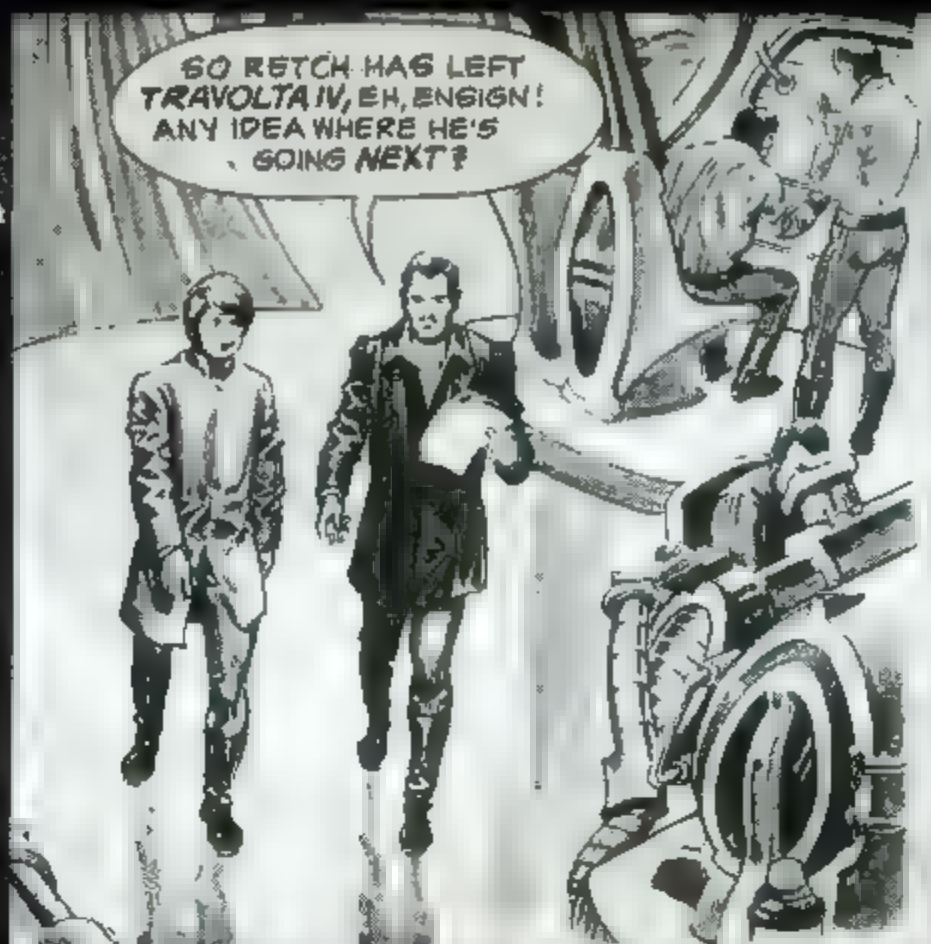


YOU'RE A PILOT! WE'RE ALL
PILOTS! AND WE'VE GOT
TO STICK TOGETHER!

RETCR DIDN'T DO ANYTHING
ANY ONE OF US WOULDN'T
HAVE DONE IN A SIMILAR
SITUATION...! IT WAS DETEST-
ABLE! IT WAS DISGUSTING!
BUT HE DID IT TO SURVIVE!

I'LL HAVE HIS
ASS, Y'HEAR ME!
I'LL NAIL HIM FOR
WHAT HE DID!

THERE WERE OTHERS, TOO, INTERESTED IN CAPTAIN HOMUNCULUS RETCH... THE HEADS OF THE STAR PILOTS ASSOCIATION WERE MONITORING HIS EVERY MOVE.

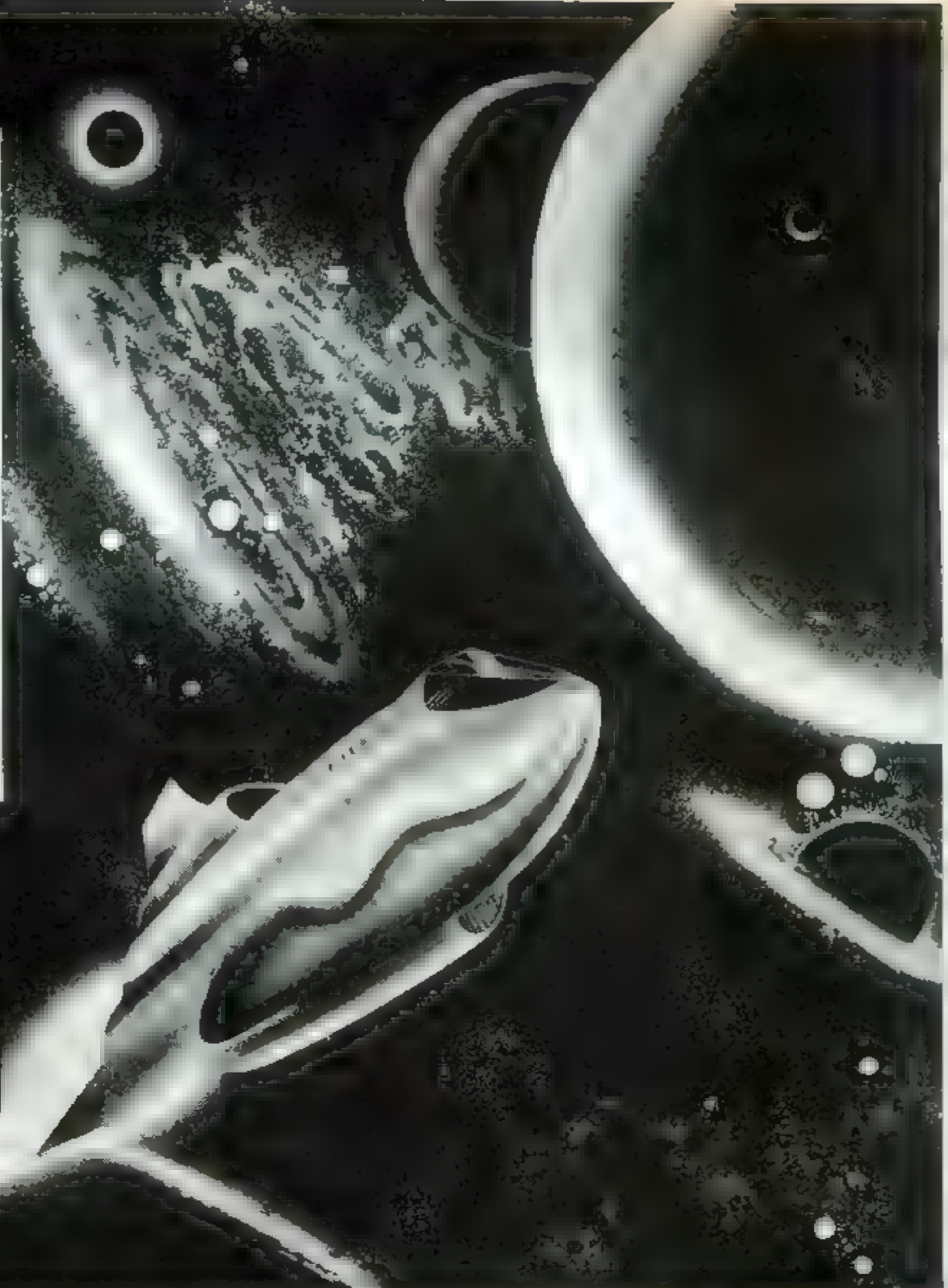


SO RETCH HAS LEFT TRAVOLTA IV, EH, ENSIGN! ANY IDEA WHERE HE'S GOING NEXT?

HE SEEMS TO BE HEADED TOWARDS THE FRONTIER FRINGES, SIR... HOPPING FROM PLANET TO PLANET AS IF ON SOME MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

HOW MANY PLANETS HAS HE VISITED SINCE THE BOARD CLEARED HIM OF MANGSLAUGHTERS?

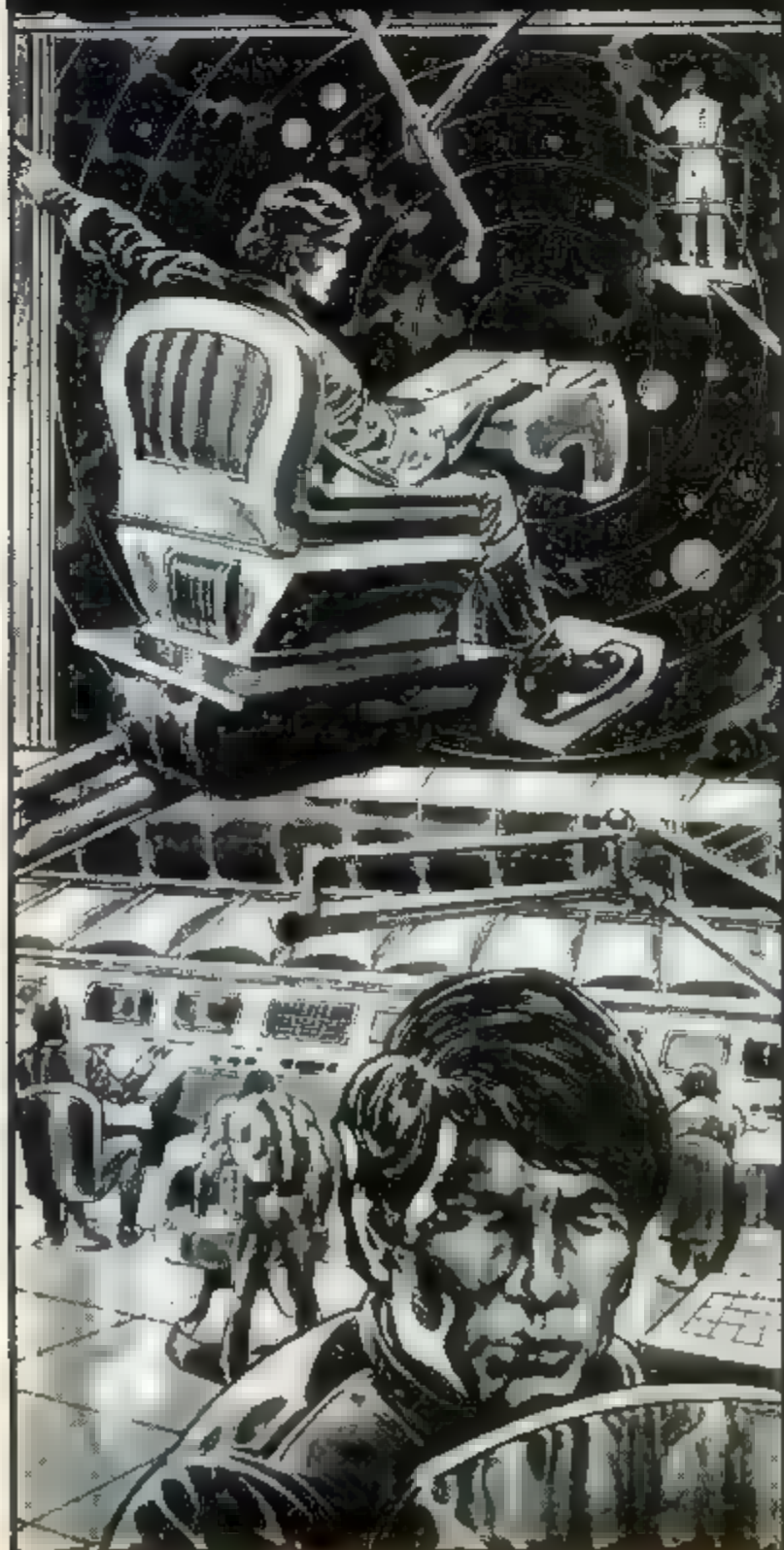
TWENTY-THREE, SIR! AND THE NUMBER IS CLIMBING DAILY.



OUR MEN ARE KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON HIM, JUST AS YOU'VE REQUESTED BUT WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHAT IT IS THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING FOR, SIR!

"YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE JUST LOOKING AFTER OUR OWN, ENSIGN... THERE ARE THOSE RACES WHO FEEL RETCH IS A HERO FOR SURVIVING HIS APPALLING ORDEAL...!"

"WE'VE GOTTEN WORD THAT THERE ARE OTHERS, HOWEVER, NOT SO UNDERSTANDING... AN ELITE BAND OF MERCINARIES WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING UNTIL THE CREW OF THE BLITZEN EXPEDITION IS AVENGED!"



"THEY WELCOME HIM TO THEIR WORLD... SHOWER HIM WITH THEIR UNDYING LOVE! THESE ARE SIMPLE SENSITIVE PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND WHAT RETCH HAS UNDERGONE. UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THOSE RACES TEND TO BE CANNIBALISTIC THEMSELVES!"



HERE Y'ARE, CHIEF! MURDERER'S ROW! THE MEANEST MOTHER-HUMPERS THIS SIDE A' THE SCHITZOID COLONIES...! ALL OF 'EM OUT TO SKIN RETCH ALIVE!

THEY'VE ALL LOST LOVED ONES ON BLITZEN. BUT MY MONEY SAYS CRABBES WILL BE THE ONE TO SNARE RETCH FOR YOU! HE'S THE BADDEST OF THE BAD... AND HE DOESN'T CARE A THING ABOUT THE REWARD YOU'VE OFFERED!



WE JUST WANT TO
LOOK AFTER OUR BOY
RETCH, ENSIGN, THAT'S
ALL...! AND BE THERE IF
AND WHEN HE NEEDS US!

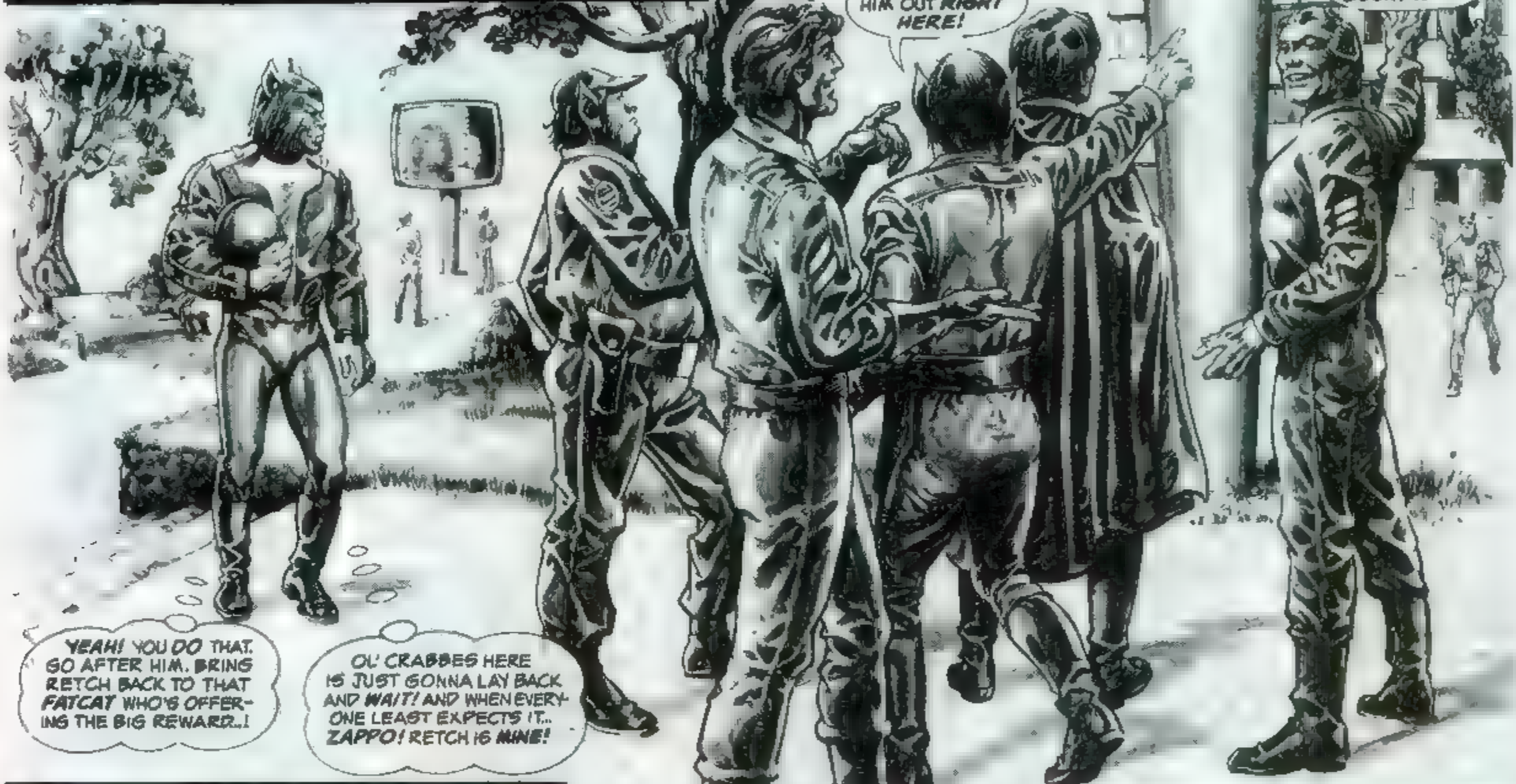
MEANWHILE...ON ONE
OF THOSE SMALL,
INCONSEQUENTIAL
WORLDS OF THE NEW
FRONTIER, ALL BUT
ONE MEMBER OF
THE MERCINARY
BAND SHOUTS WITH
JUBILATION...!

HE'S HERE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN...!
HOMUNCULUS RETCH...
FAMOUS SURVIVOR OF
THE WORST TRAGEDY!

HA! HA! HEAR
THAT, GUYS!?
RETCH HAS
FINALLY WALKED
INTO OUR
HANDS!

WE CAN TAKE
HIM OUT RIGHT
HERE!

AT LAST HE'LL
PAY FOR HIS FREE
LUNCH ON BLITZEN...!
AND WE'LL PICK UP
A NICE FAT
BOUNTY!



YEAH! YOU DO THAT.
GO AFTER HIM. BRING
RETCH BACK TO THAT
FATCAT WHO'S OFFER-
ING THE BIG REWARD...!

OH CRABBS HERE
IS JUST GONNA LAY BACK
AND WAIT! AND WHEN EVERY
ONE LEAST EXPECTS IT...
ZAPPO! RETCH IS MINE!

AND...IN AN OBSCURE, RUNDOWN LITTLE TAVERN, A STONES-
THROW FROM THE SPACEPORT...



HA! HA! HA! OH,
HOMC... YOU'RE SUCH
A CARD! YOU SLAY
ME!

TELL ME AGAIN
HOW THEY SQUIRMED
WHEN YOU TURNED
THEM ON THE SPIT!

AH, LOTTA DOLL...
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL!
THEY WIGGLED
LIKE SIZZLING
RIGILIAN BLOODWORMS
BUT WERE A THOUSAND
TIMES MORE TASTY!

I'VE SCOURED THE
BEST TAVERNS ON THE
FRONTIER, TRYIN' TO
FIND A MEAL TO MATCH
IT!

I'VE HAD A HANKERIN' FOR
HUMANOID PIE THAT'S BEEN
NAGGIN' AT ME EVER SINCE...!
AND WHEN I LOOK AT YOU,
LOTTA BABE, MY MOUTH
WATERS AT THE THOUGHT OF
WHAT A TRULY EXQUISITE
CHAR-BROILED DINN YOU'D
MAKE!



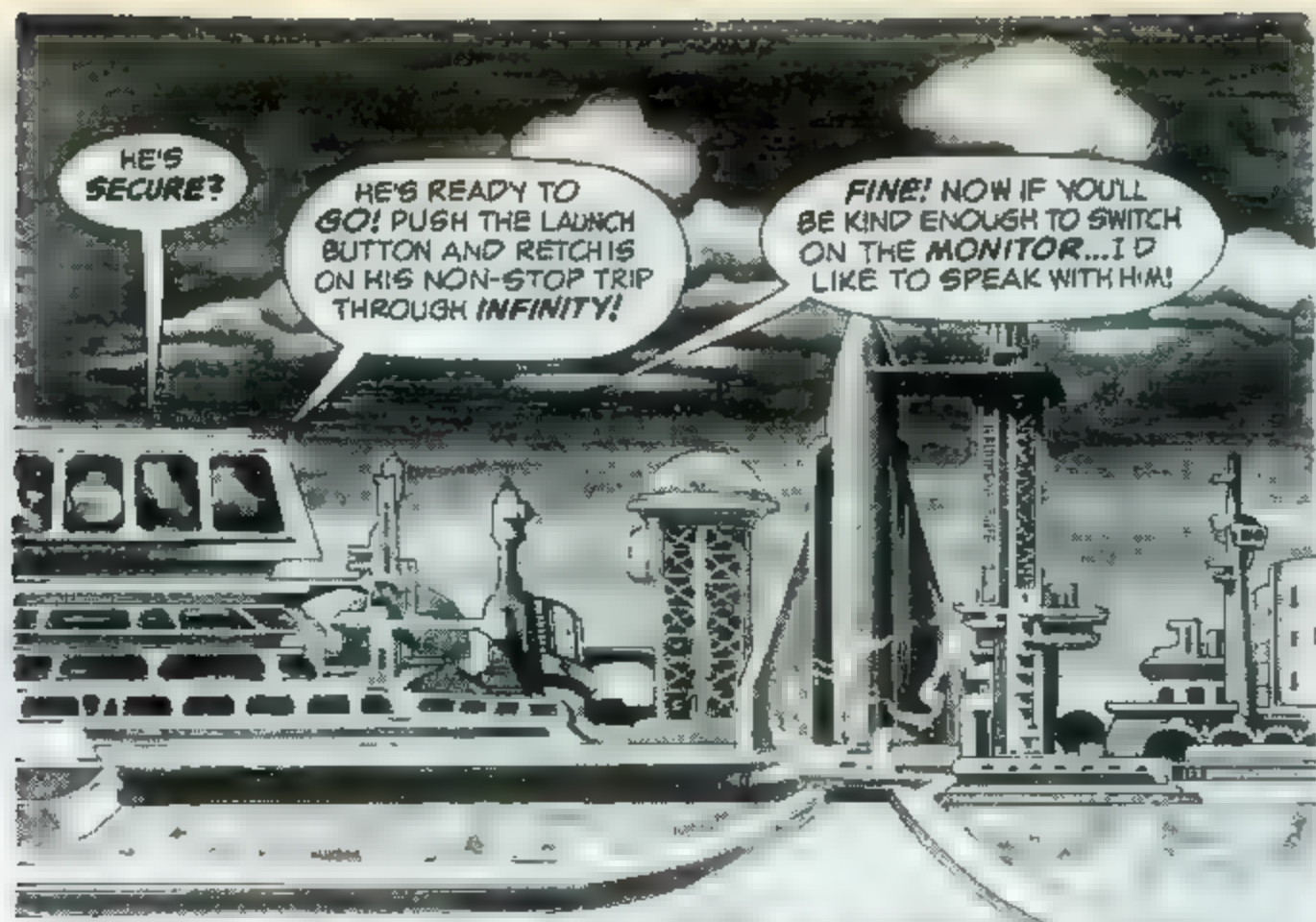
OH, HOMC...!
YOU'RE SO
ROMANTIC!



QUICK, GUYS!
HE'S IN HERE... MAKIN'
TIME WITH SOME FAT
BROAD!

AHHH! WE'VE
GOT HIM NOW!
THAT REWARD
IS AS GOOD AS
IN OUR POCKET!





HE'S SECURE?

HE'S READY TO GO! PUSH THE LAUNCH BUTTON AND RETCH IS ON HIS NON-STOP TRIP THROUGH INFINITY!

FINE! NOW IF YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO SWITCH ON THE MONITOR... I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH HIM!



HELLO, HOMC! I'M SORRY WE'VE HAD TO TREAT YOU SO HARSHLY.

LYLA! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED YOU WERE BEHIND THIS. DON'T YOU THINK A DIVORCE WOULD'VE BEEN A WHOLE LOT SIMPLER!

IT'S NOT ME, HOMC... IT'S DADDY! HE HIRED THE MERCINARIES! YOU KNOW HOW HE ALWAYS WORRIES ABOUT THE FAMILY NAME!



HE WANTS YOU GONE... OUT OF THE WAY FOR GOOD! WITHOUT YOU RUNNING AROUND, DADDY FIGURES PEOPLE WILL SOON FORGET THAT HIS PRECIOUS BABY WAS EVER MARRIED TO A MANEATER!

IF IT WERE UP TO ME, OF COURSE, EVERYTHING WOULD BE LIKE OLD-TIMES...



SO YOU ARE THREE OR FOUR DOZEN PEOPLE! I FORGIVE YOU! IT'S DADDY! YOU KNOW HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SO OLD-FASHIONED!



YOU CAN TELL DADDY HE CAN EASE IT UP HIS A--!

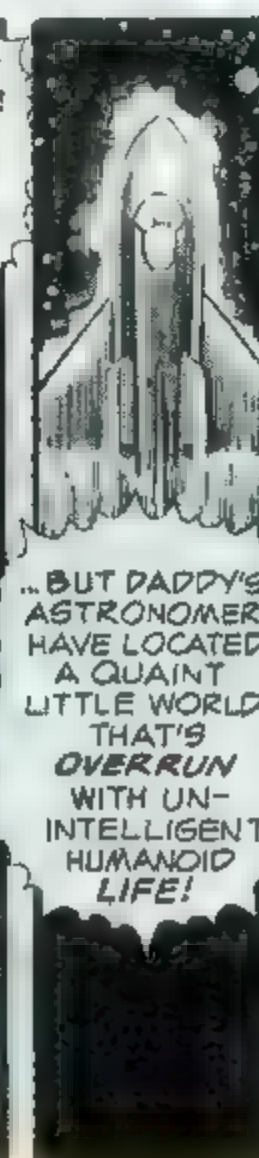


TCH! TCH! YOU SHOULDN'T BE TOO UPSET WITH HIM, DARLING... HE ISN'T AS HEARTLESS AS HE SEEMS!

HE DOES HAVE YOUR BEST INTERESTS AT HEART.!



THIS STARCRAFT, FOR INSTANCE...! IT'S TRUE THAT IT'S ROCKETING YOU FAR OUT OF THE KNOWN GALAXY...



...BUT DADDY'S ASTRONOMERS HAVE LOCATED A QUANT LITTLE WORLD THAT'S OVERRUN WITH UN-INTELLIGENT HUMANOID LIFE!



DADDY FIGURES THAT'S THE PERFECT PLACE FOR YOU... NOW THAT YOU'VE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR HUMAN MEAT!

M-MEAT?!



DID YOU JUST SAY THAT DADDY'S SENDING ME TO AN UN-CHARTED WORLD JUST TEEMING WITH HUMANOID MEAT?

SATURATED WITH IT, MY LOVE! YOU CAN INDULGE YOUR WILDEST WHIMS.!

MMMMMM-MMMMM ECSTASY! HEAVEN HERE I COME!



I'M SORRY I WON'T BE SEEIN' YOU AGAIN, DOLL...! BUT THE WAY IT'S WORKING OUT, I'M SURE IT'S FOR THE BETTER!

YOU GIVE MY REGARDS TO DADDY! THANK HIM FOR ME, AND TELL HIM ALL IS FORGIVEN...!

WILL DO, LOVER! LIVE LONG AND HAPPY...



...AND TRY NOT TO GET TOO FAT!



JUST THINK A WHOLE PLANET OF PRIME B--: HUM! HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

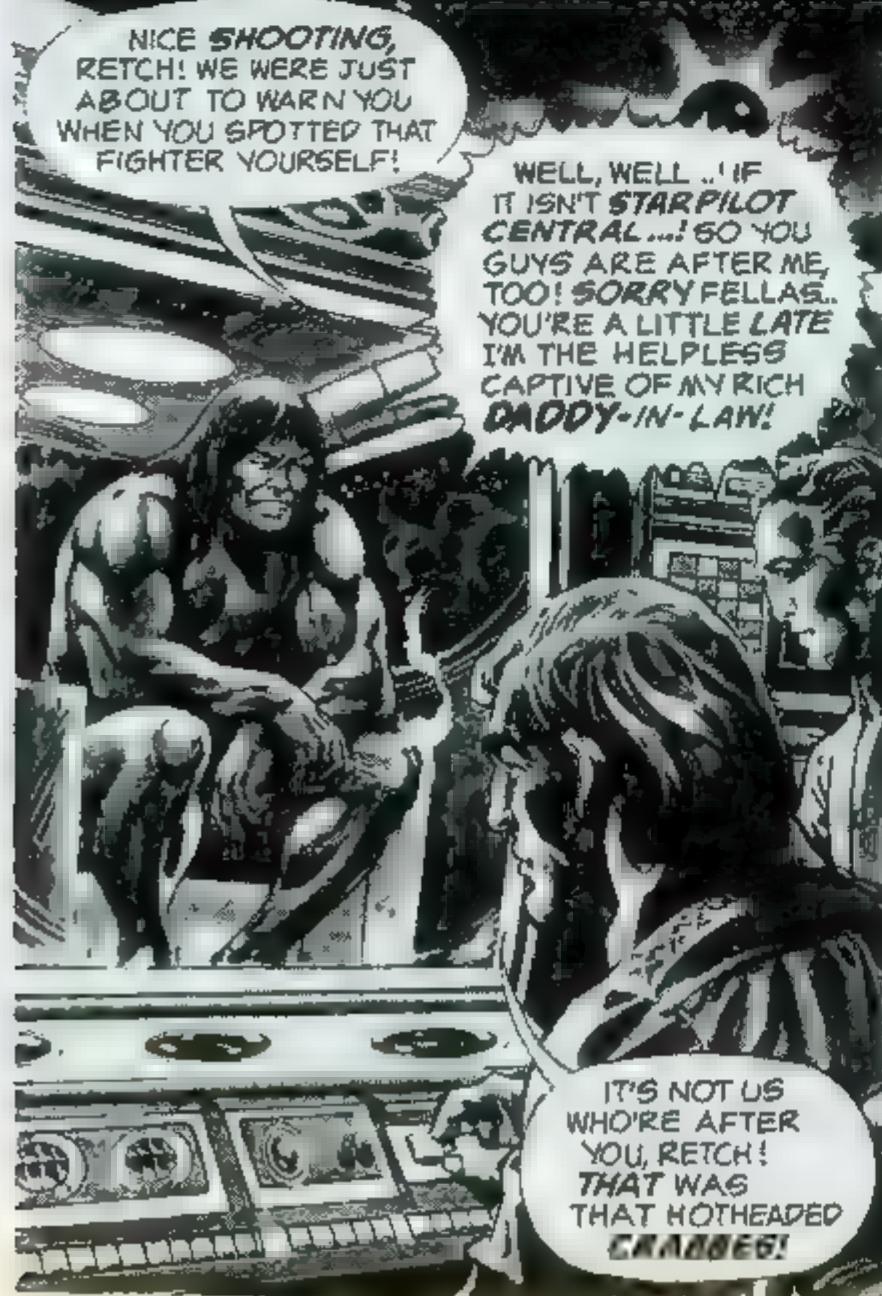
THERE'S A STARFIGHTER ON MY TAIL...! LINGUING UP TO TAKE ME OUT!

THINK FAST, HOMC...! PUT ON THAT BRAKE AND PRAY...!



LET THE BOGIE SAIL AHEAD OF YOU...

...THEN BLOW THE BASTARD TO SMITHEREENS!



NICE SHOOTING, RETCH! WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO WARN YOU WHEN YOU SPOTTED THAT FIGHTER YOURSELF!

WELL, WELL...! IF IT ISN'T STARPILOT CENTRAL...! SO YOU GUYS ARE AFTER ME, TOO! SORRY FELLAS, YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE I'M THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF MY RICH DADDY-IN-LAW!

IT'S NOT US WHO'RE AFTER YOU, RETCH! THAT WAS THAT HOTHEADED CRABBE!



NO SHIT! I WAS WONDERING WHEN HE'D POP UP AGAIN...!

LISTEN, RETCH...! IT'S TOO LATE FOR US TO SAVE YOU, BUT WE'LL SEND OUT A RESCUE SHIP AS SOON AS WE CAN!



YOU DO, BROWNHOLE, AND I'LL SHOOT THE SCUT-BAGS DOWN! I'M GOIN' TO THE GARDEN OF EATIN'... WHERE I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS FAT AND HAPPY!



AS I UNDERSTAND IT...IT'S A DRAB LITTLE WORLD THAT CALLS ITSELF EARTH...!

AND IT'S JUST TEEMING WITH UN-INTELLIGENT LIFE!

THE STABILIZER LOCKED AS TRACY ORDERED THE REAR BALLAST TANKS FILLED. HE RAMMED THE HEEL OF HIS HAND AGAINST THE LEVER, ATTEMPTING TO JAM IT LOOSE, BUT THE DEVICE HELD FAST.

FAIRCHILD! INCREASE THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE ON THE STABILIZER. IT'S JAMMED! AND UNLESS WE GET IT LOOSE, WE'RE LIABLE TO GO THROUGH A WALL.

AYE, SIR!

BEFORE THE COMMANDER'S EYES, THE PLASMA FLOWED IN STEADY CURRENTS, THE DOUGHNUT-SHAPED CELLS, BRIGHT RED IN COLOR, WOBBLED PAST HIS TINY SUB. BUT THE AMOEBOID, WHITE CELLS HOVERED UNEASILY ABOUT THE CRAFT BEFORE PASSING ON.

THE STABILIZER IS FREE, SIR.

THANK GOD. ALRIGHT, THEN, WE HAVE A VIRUS TO DESTROY. LET'S GET TO IT.

CARLSON IS DEPENDING ON US.

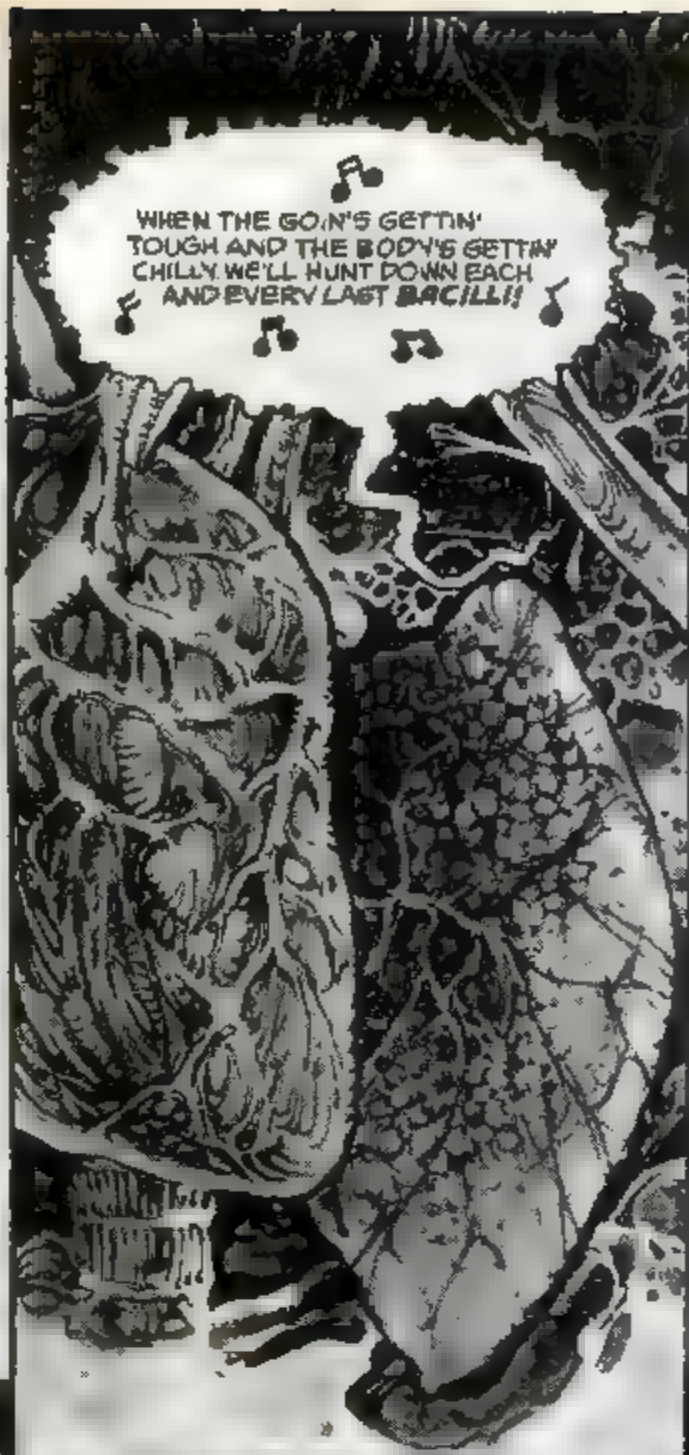
THE MICROBE PATROL

THEY CALLED THEIR CRAFT THE 'BUG' AND UNDER COMMANDER NEEDLES TRACY, MORALE WAS HIGH. THIS WAS THEIR TWENTY-FOURTH EXCURSION INTO THE DISEASE RIDDEN CANALS... A JOURNEY AS UNCERTAIN AS A FLIGHT INTO SPACE. BUT THEY BELIEVED IN THEIR MISSION, AND THEY ENJOYED THE ELEMENT OF DANGER!

THE HUMAN BODY IS OUR HOME! THRU ARTERIES WE ROAM! THE GERMS WE GO A KILLIN'... WE'RE AS GOOD AS PENICILLIN!



OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!
OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!
WE KEEP TOXINS
UNDER CONTROL!



WHEN THE GOIN'S GETTIN'
TOUGH AND THE BODY'S GETTIN'
CHILLY WE'LL HUNT DOWN EACH
AND EVERY LAST BACILLI!



OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!
OH, THE MICROBE PATROL!



MR. CARLSON!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

HUH? UH...YEAH!
I'VE JUST GOT THIS
WEIRD DAMN SONG
RUNNIN' 'ROUND IN-
SIDE MY HEAD. IT'S
DRIVING ME
CRAZY!



IT'S PROBABLY JUST TRACY
AND HIS CREW. THEY'VE BEEN
KNOWN TO GIVE THESE
RECITALS. WE CALL THEM THE
INTRAVENOUS TRIO!

A NERVE COULD BE PICKING UP
SOUND VIBRATIONS AND TRANS-
FERRING IT TO YOUR BRAIN!
BE GRATEFUL. AT LEAST IT
MEANS THEY'RE STILL THERE!

I HEARD THAT
YOU'VE LOST A LOT
OF THOSE MINI-CREWS!

YEAH! THEY SAY
THAT SOMETHING
IN THE BODY MUST
DISSOLVE THEM!
THEY STILL DON'T
KNOW WHAT, YET!



HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE THEM
TO DO THEIR JOB?

NOT LONG. I GUESS YOU'RE
ANXIOUS TO GET INTO THAT
GAME TOMORROW! I SAW
YOU QUARTERBACK AGAINST
L.A. LAST WEEK! YOU HAD
SOME NICE MOVES!

DON'T WORRY. THIS IS
THE QUICKEST WAY TO KILL
YOUR VIRUS WITH NO AFTER
EFFECTS!

MAYBE LATER
YOU COULD...UH, SHOW
ME HOW THEY REDUCE
THOSE SUBS AND
THEIR CREWS...IT MUST
BE INTERESTING!



I HAVE A HALF HOUR BREAK PRETTY SOON. I COULD SHOW YOU A LOT, THEN!

YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME!



CAPTAIN, BACTERIA AHEAD! IT'S A MIXED BAG. COCCI, SPIRAL AND BACILLUS!

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE AFTER, BUT WE'LL CLEAN THEM UP!



HOW'S THE STABILIZER HOLDING, FAIRCHILD?

I'M HAVING INTERMITTENT TROUBLE WITH IT, SIR. I MAY HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE FOR A LOOKSEE!



THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! GERMS AHoy!

GEEZ, THE SKIPPER LOVES A BATTLE.



THE MINI-SUB RACES INTO THE HOARD OF ONE-CELLED MICROSCOPIC MONSTERS WITH A VENGEANCE!

ZEEZATZ!
ZAWORP



THEY'RE ATTACKING THE HULL, SIR. WE'RE LOSING MANEUVERABILITY!

CHARGE THE HULL DEFLECTORS AND HIT 'EM WITH ALL WE'VE GOT!



IT'S **WORKING**, SIR!
THE ELECTRIC CHARGE
IS FORCING THE
CREATURES TO
LET GO!



LET'S **FINISH** THEM, TEAM!
EVERY LAST **ONE** OF THE
BUGGERS!

BOY, DOES HE LOVE HIS
WORK! THEY SAY HE'S VOLUNTEER-
ED FOR **MORE** MISSIONS THAN
ANY OTHER SUB CAPTAIN! WHAT
A GUY!



I KNEW TRACY **YEARS** AGO...
WHEN HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL **WIFE**
AND **SON**. THEY... BOTH **DIED** OF
THE MYSTERIOUS LEGION FLU! HE'S
BEEN A MAN **OBSESSED** EVER
SINCE! HE HATES **ALL** GERMS
WITH AN INSANE PASSION!

HA! HA! LOOK
AT THE **LITTLE**
BASTARDS **JUMP**
AND **SQUIRM!**



THERE GOES '**LOVE 'EM AND
LEAVE 'EM LANA!**' THAT GIRL'S
BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THREE
DIFFERENT HOSPITALS BECAUSE
OF HER... **INTIMACY** WITH
THE PATIENTS.

HOW HORRID!
WHO WOULD FIND
SUCH A LOOSE
WOMAN
APPEALING?

MR. CARLSON FOR
ONE. I'LL BET HE'S
SCHEDULED FOR ONE
OF LANA'S SPECIAL "**THERAPEUTIC**"
SESSIONS' RIGHT NOW!



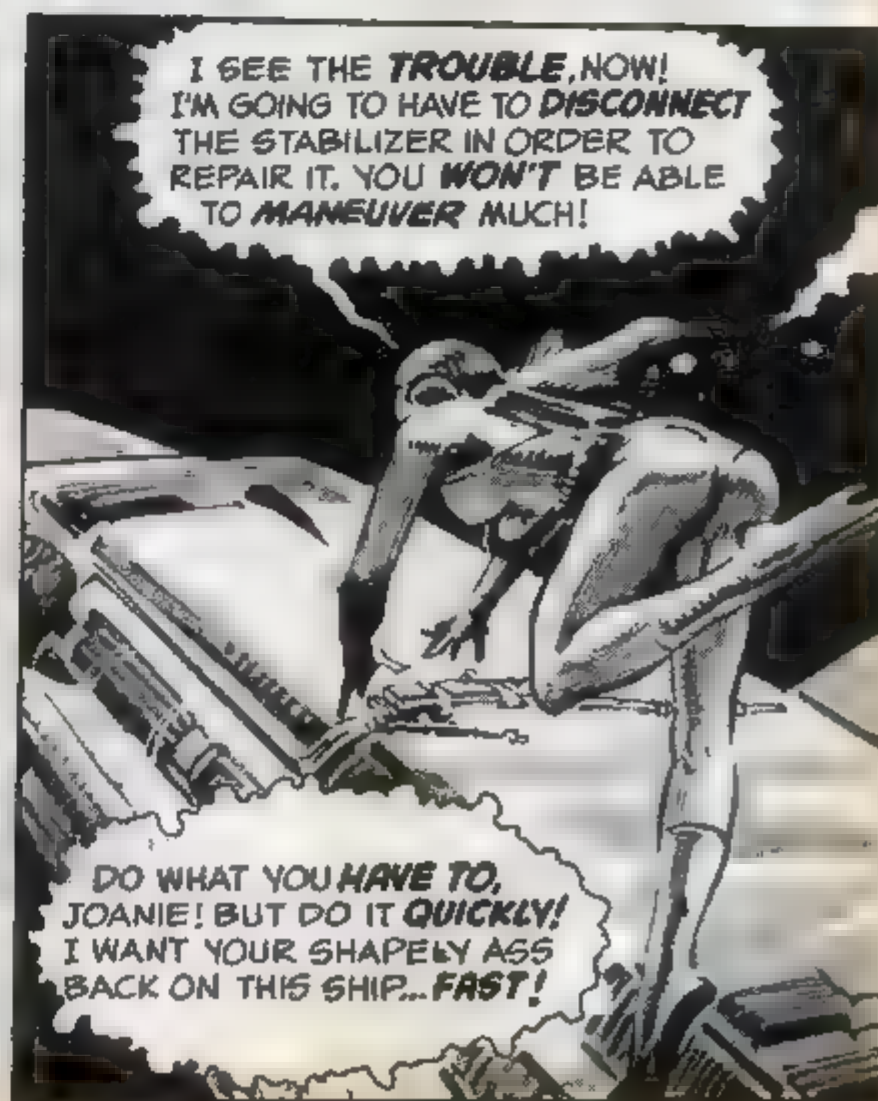
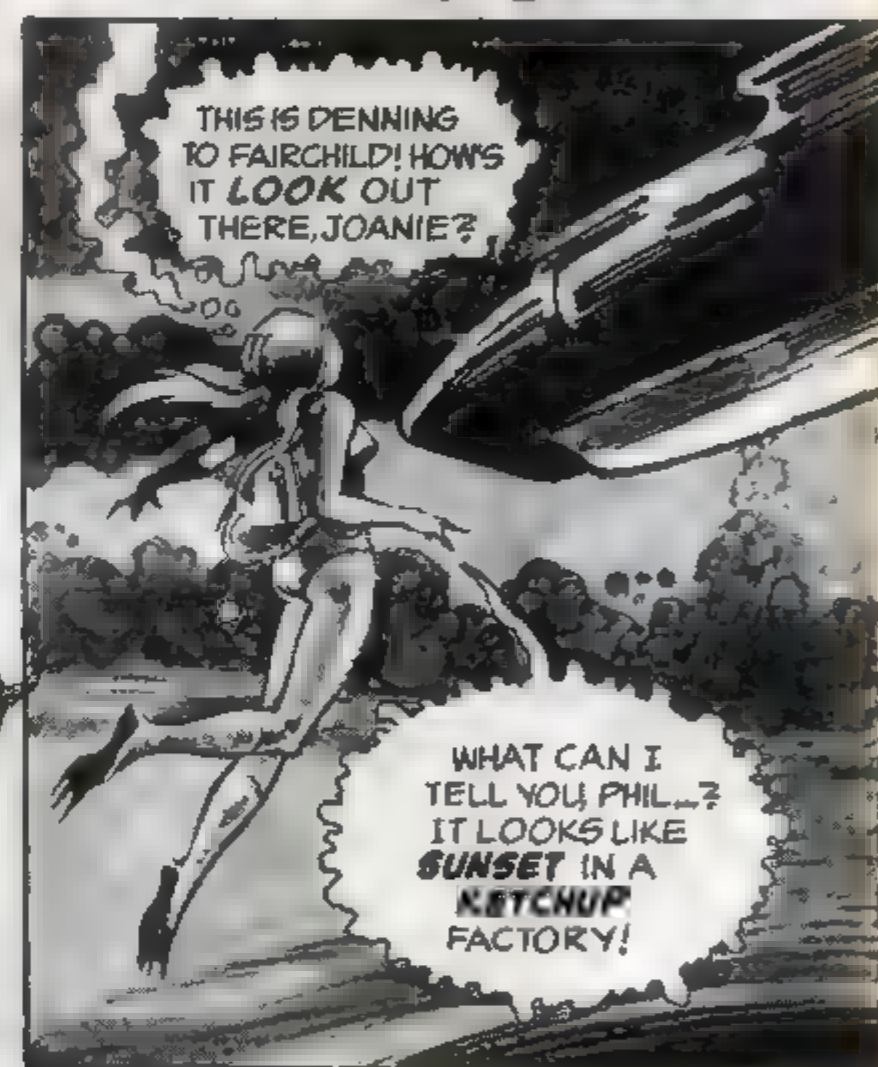
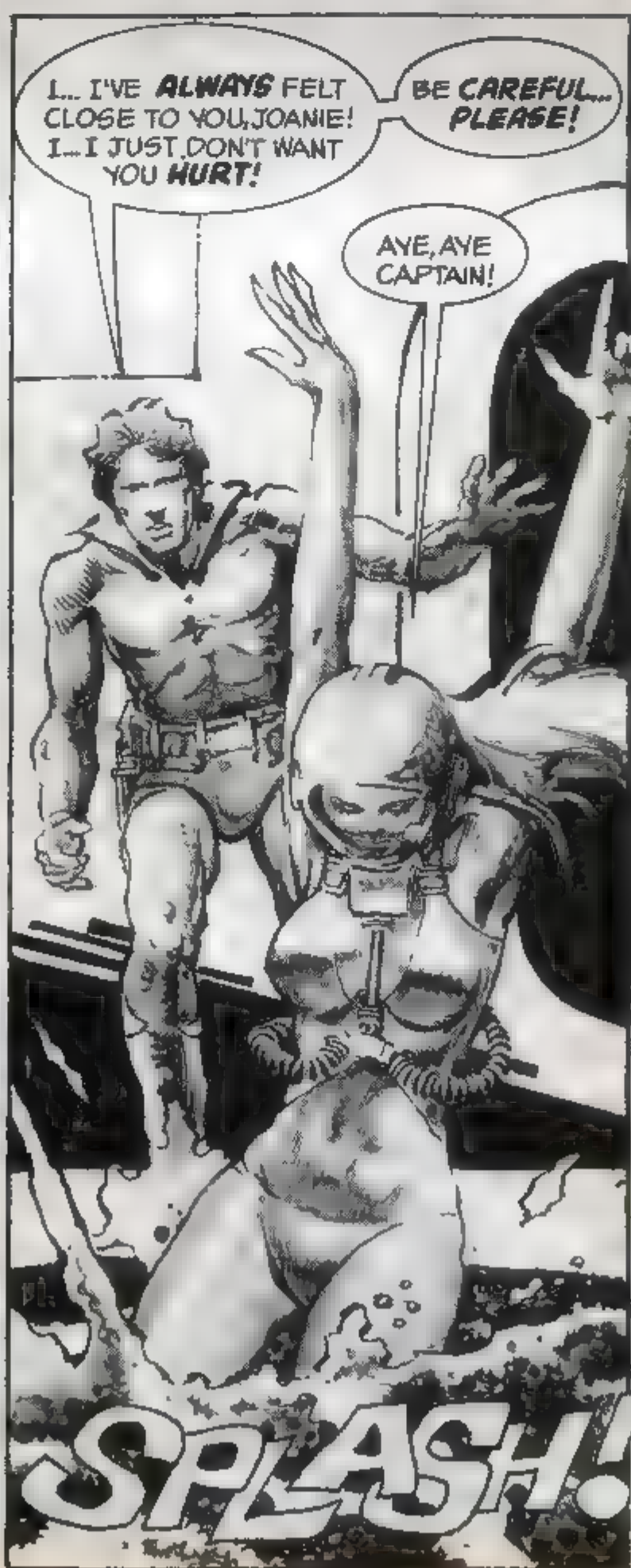
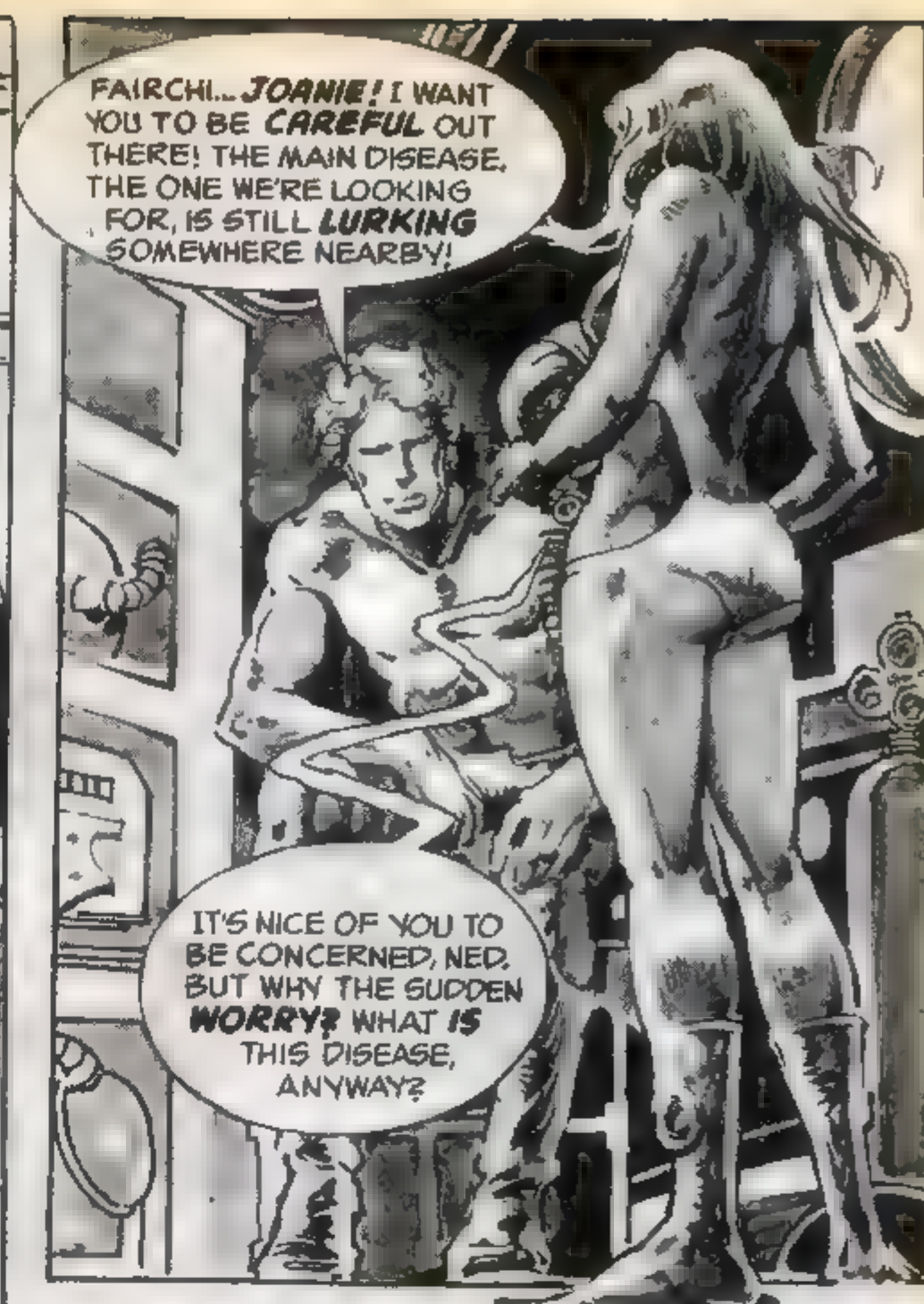
HELLO, MR. CARLSON!
HAVE YOU TIME FOR A
MEDICINAL **BODY RUB!**

UH... RUBS LIKE
THAT I CAN
ALWAYS TAKE!



THIS IS A CURE THAT'LL
HAVE YOU **UP** IN **NO**
TIME!

DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUT I'M
ALREADY UP!





THERE YOU GO, BOYS! I SHOULD HAVE IT FIXED IN NO--! HUH!?

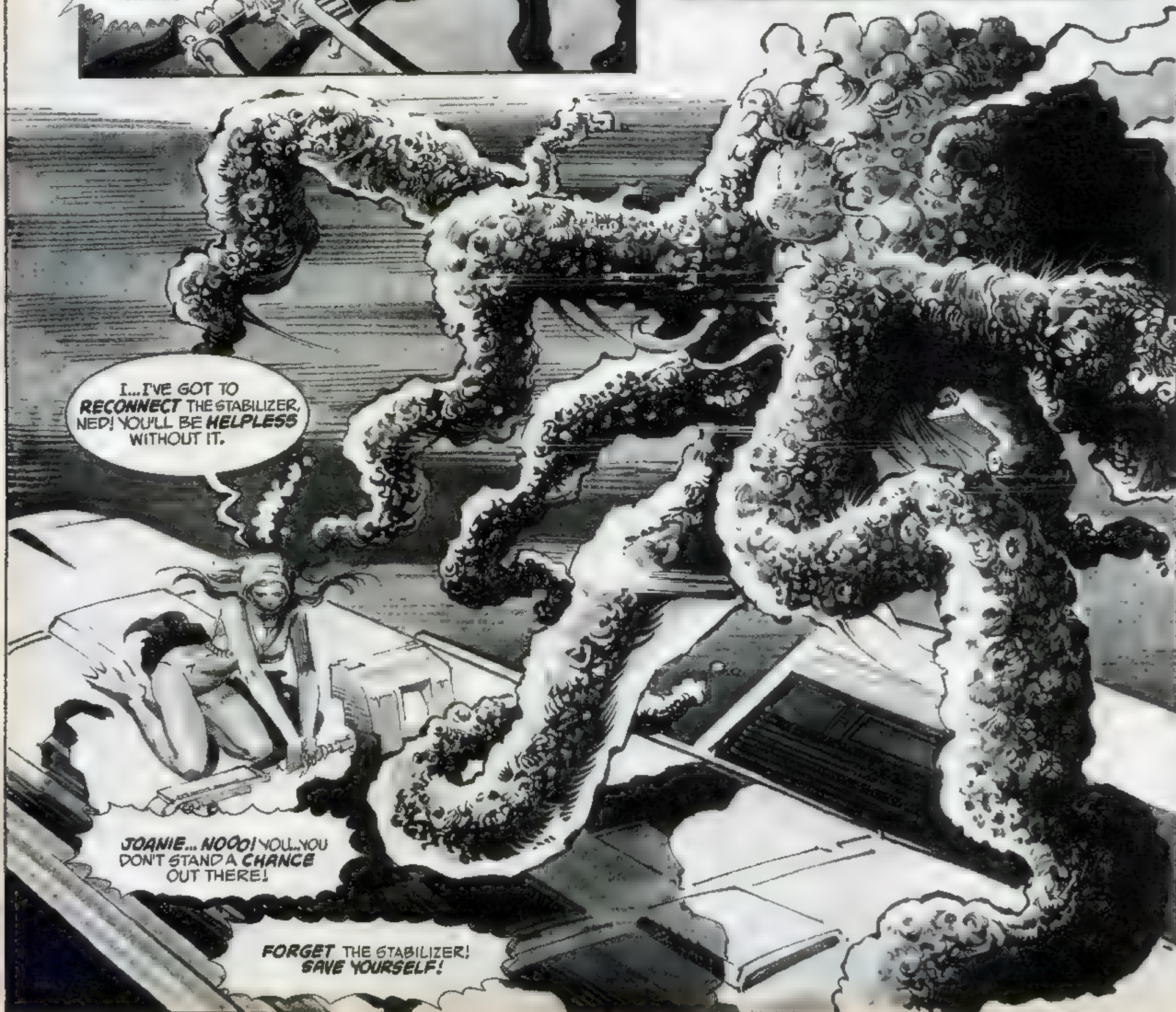
OH, GOOD LORD!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOANIE? WHAT DO YOU SEE OUT THERE?



CAPTAIN, IT... IT'S THE MYSCORIA! THE GERMS APPROACHING THE SUB!

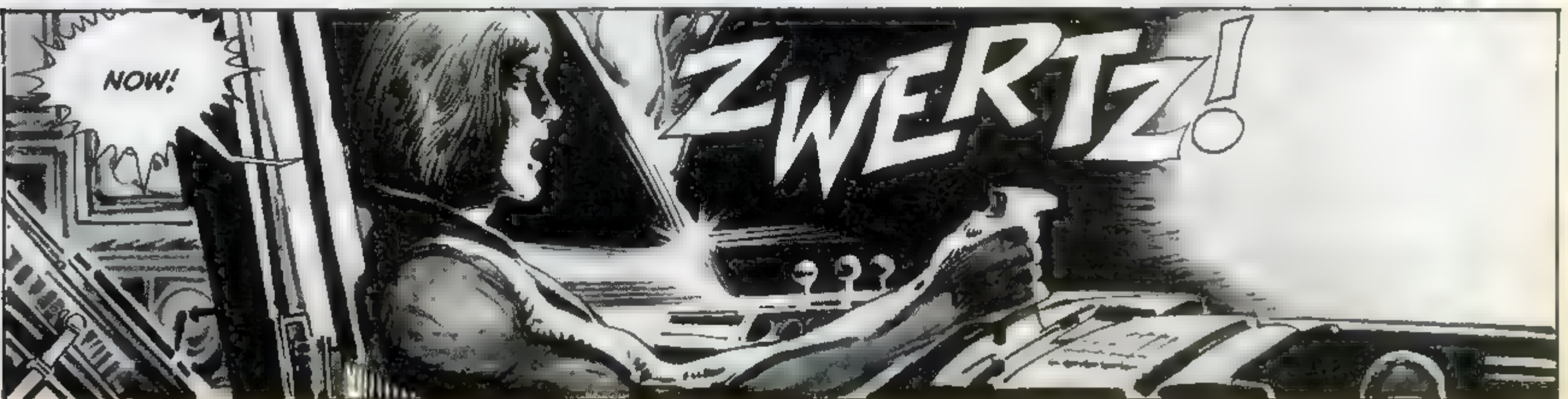
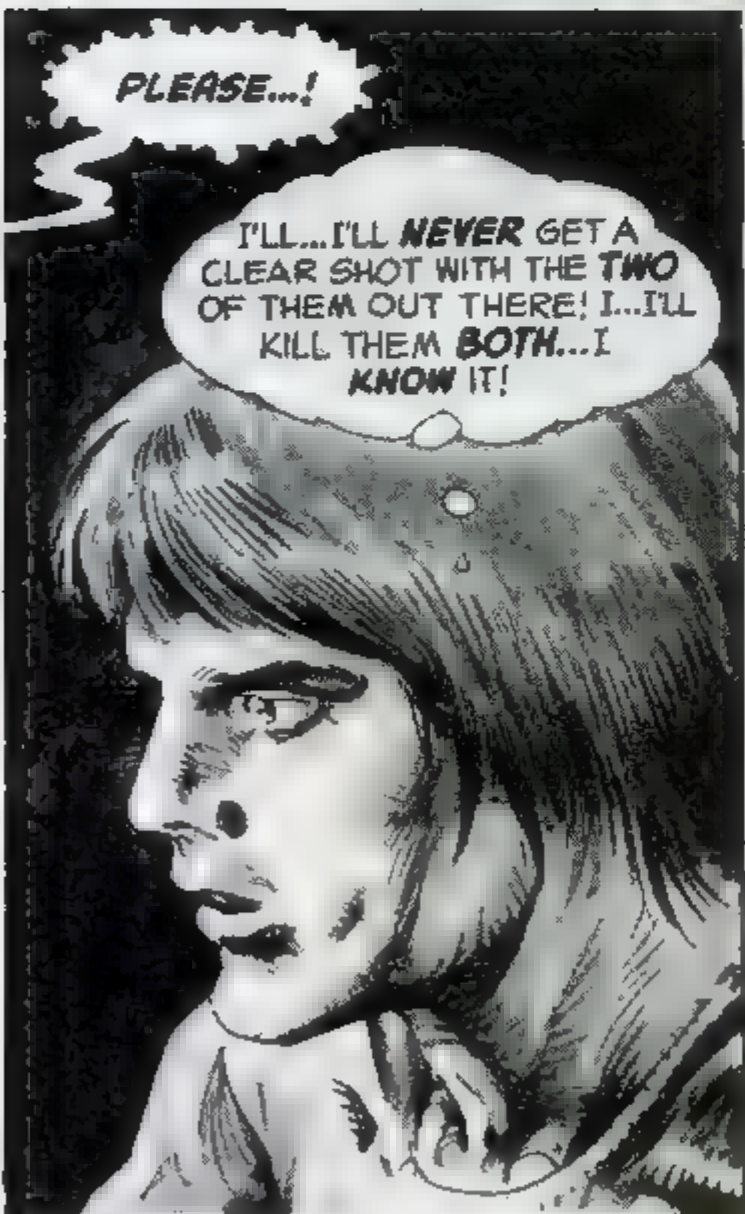
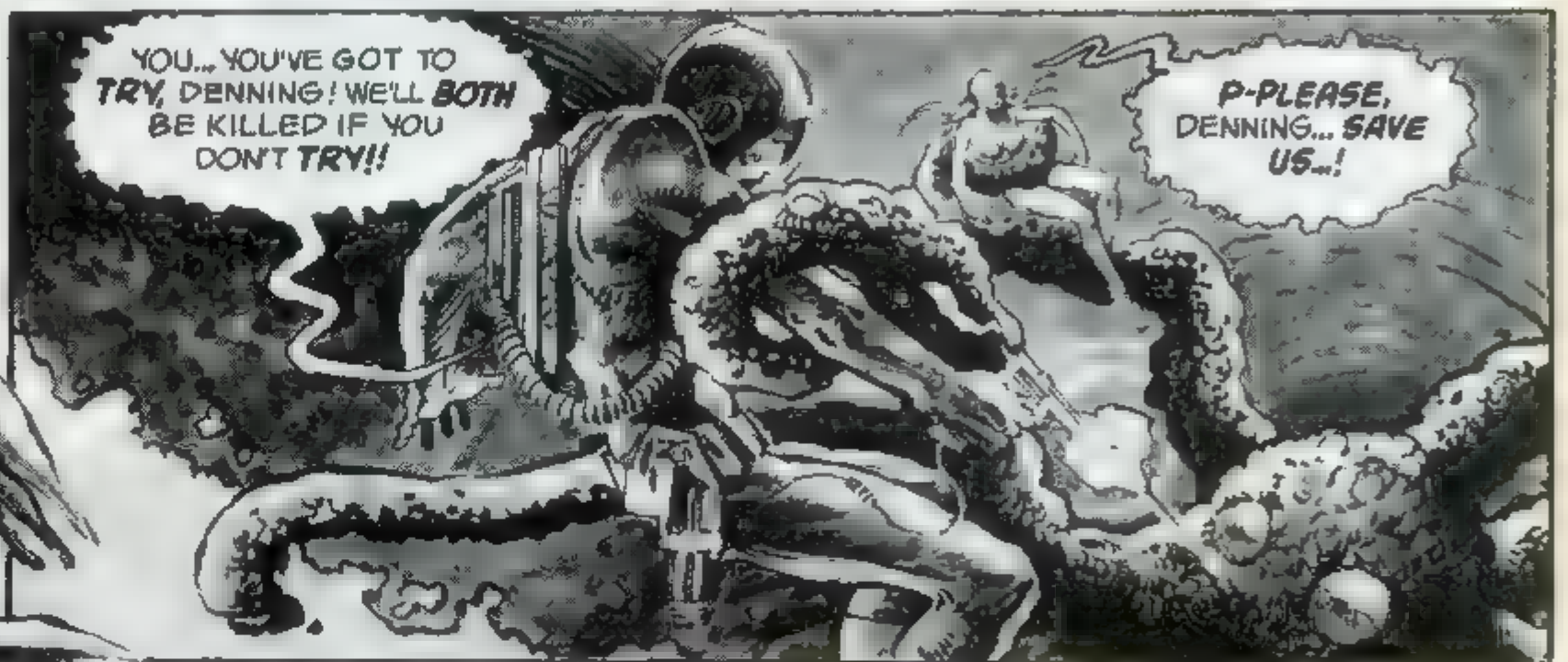
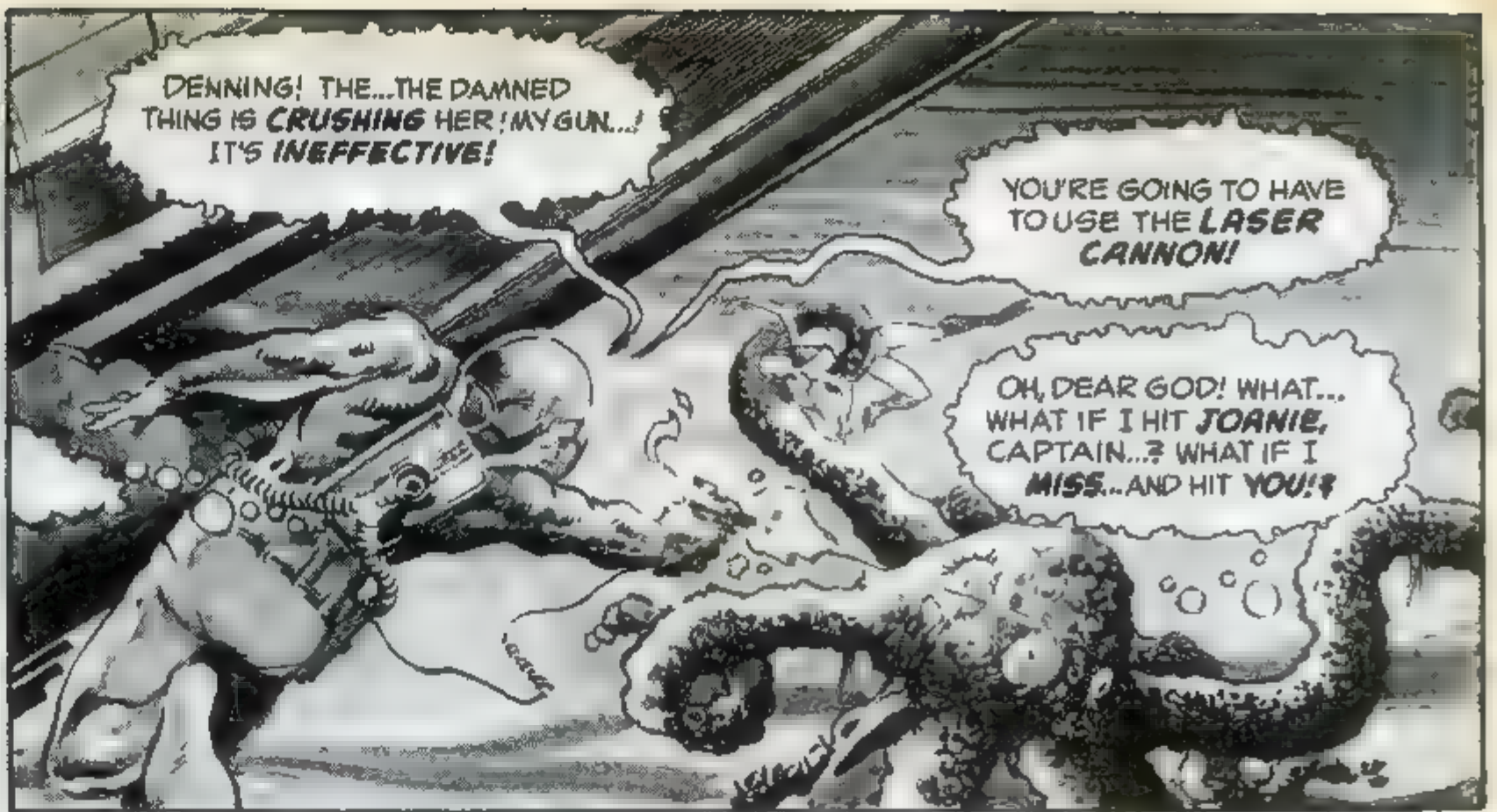
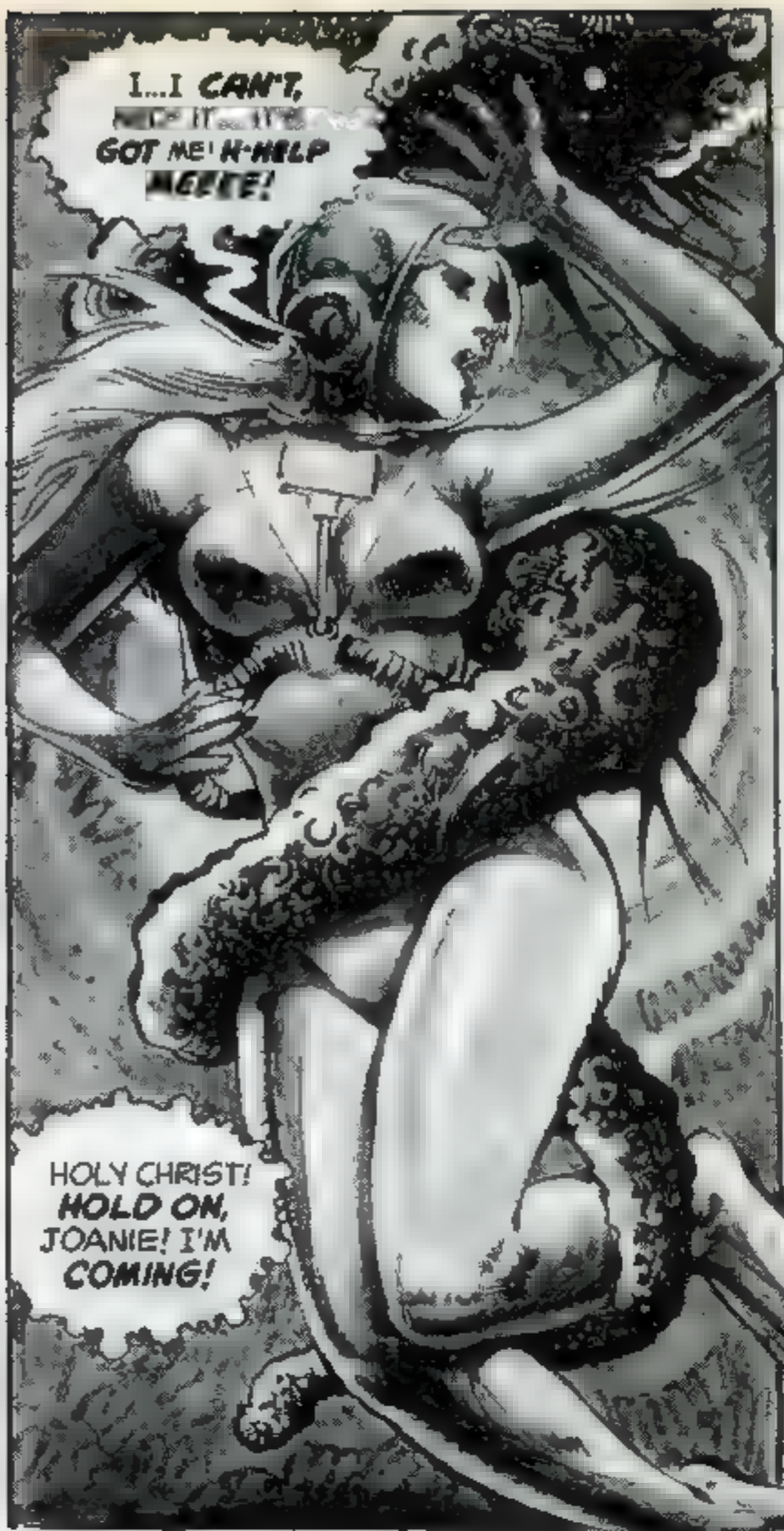
I SEE IT, DENNING! FAIRCHILD... GET INSIDE HERE, NOW!!



I... I'VE GOT TO RECONNECT THE STABILIZER, NED! YOU'LL BE HELPLESS WITHOUT IT.

JOANIE... NOOO! YOU... YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE OUT THERE!

FORGET THE STABILIZER! SAVE YOURSELF!



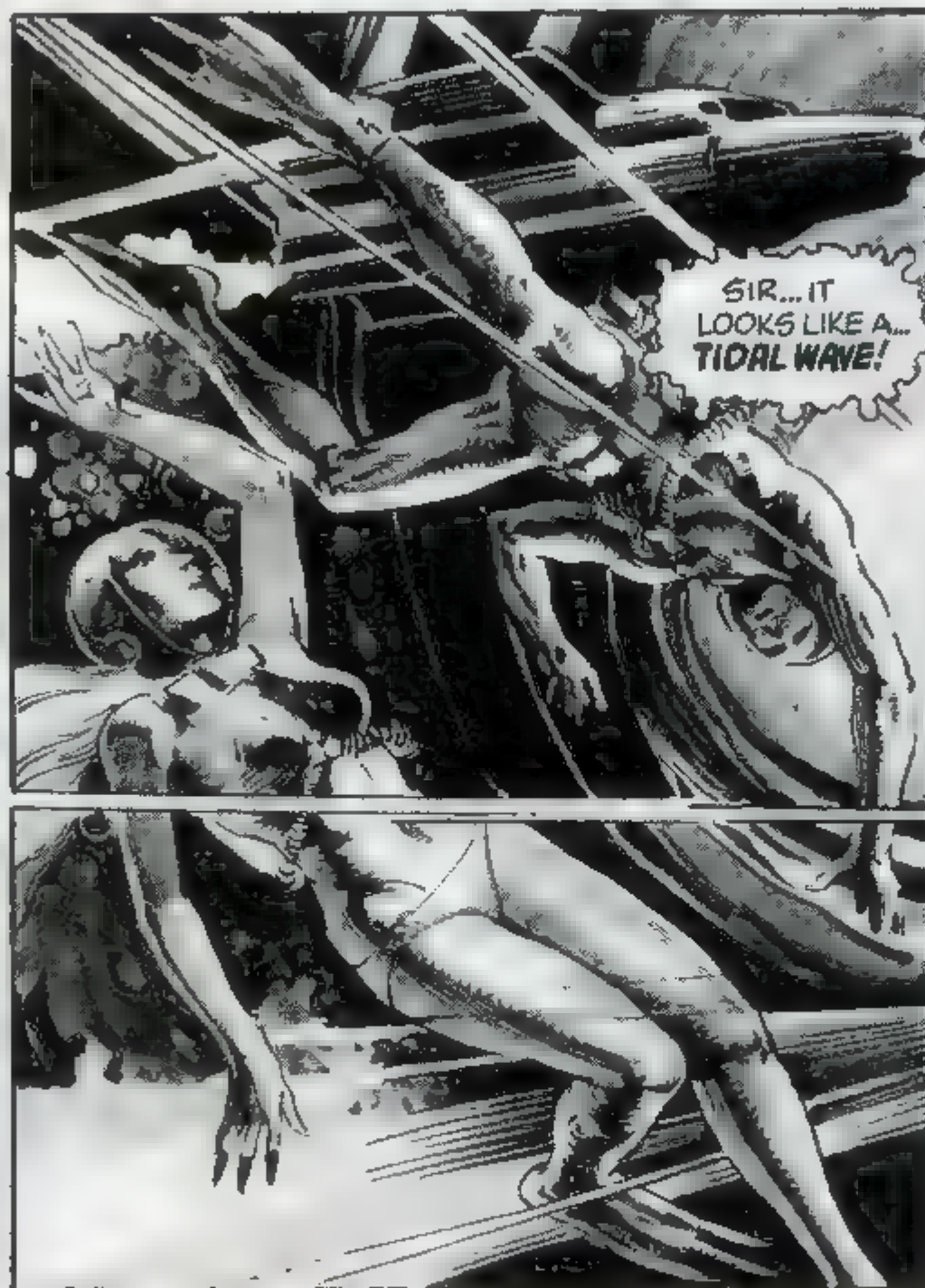


FANTASTIC SHOT, DENNING!
YOU'VE **FINISHED** HIM! YOU'VE
MADE THE MISSION A **SUCCESS**
BOY! YOU'RE GOING
HOME A **HERO!**



SIR... I... I'M GETTING
SOME WEIRD READINGS IN
HERE! THERE'S A FLURRY OF
UNUSUAL ACTIVITY...
HEADING OUR WAY!

WHAT SORT OF
ACTIVITY, DENNING!
WHAT'S GOING
ON?



SIR... IT
LOOKS LIKE A...
TIDAL WAVE!



CAPTAIN, WHAT
IS THIS? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I... I DON'T KNOW,
JOANIE! JUST **HANG**
ON... AND PRAY!



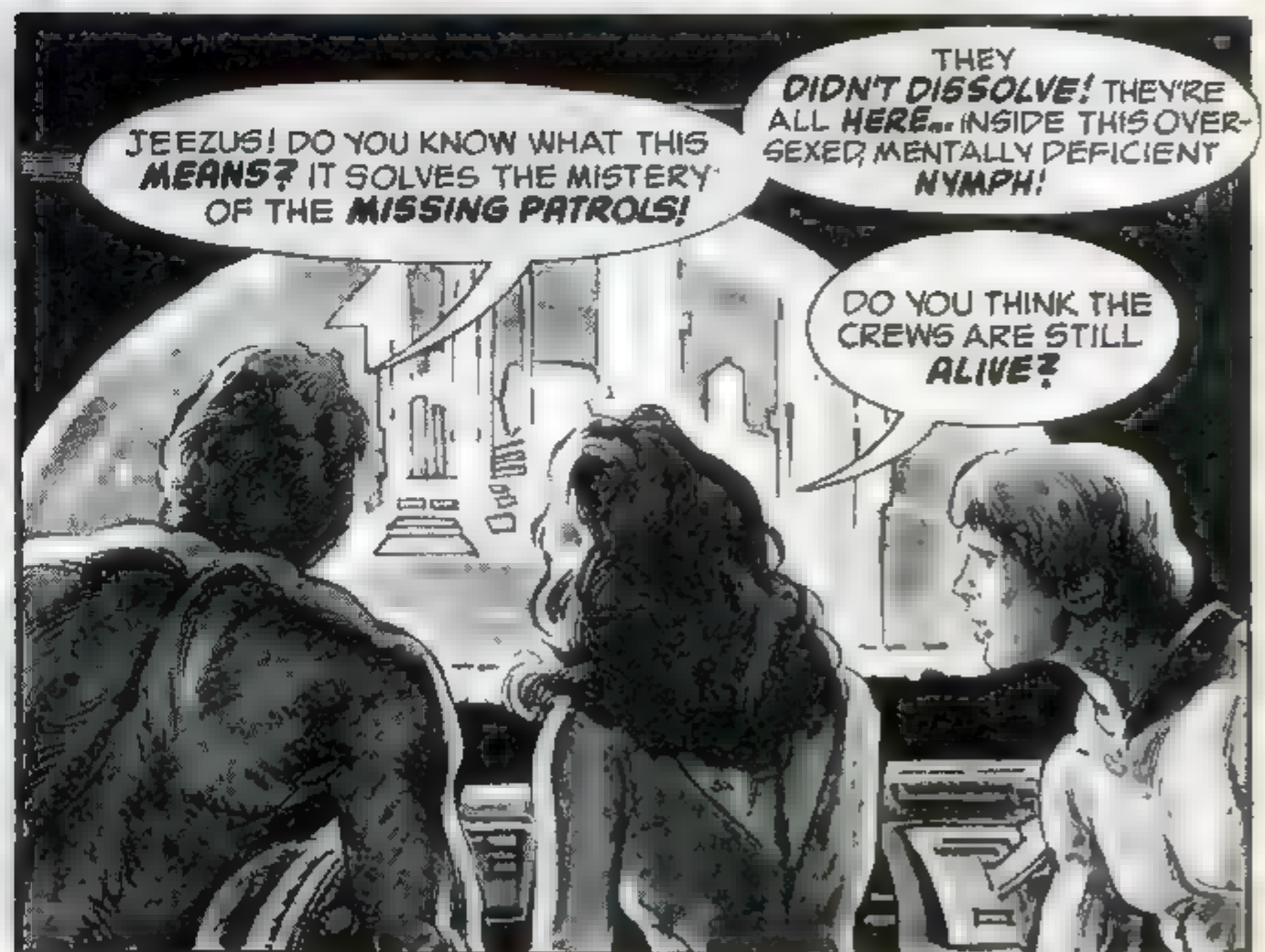
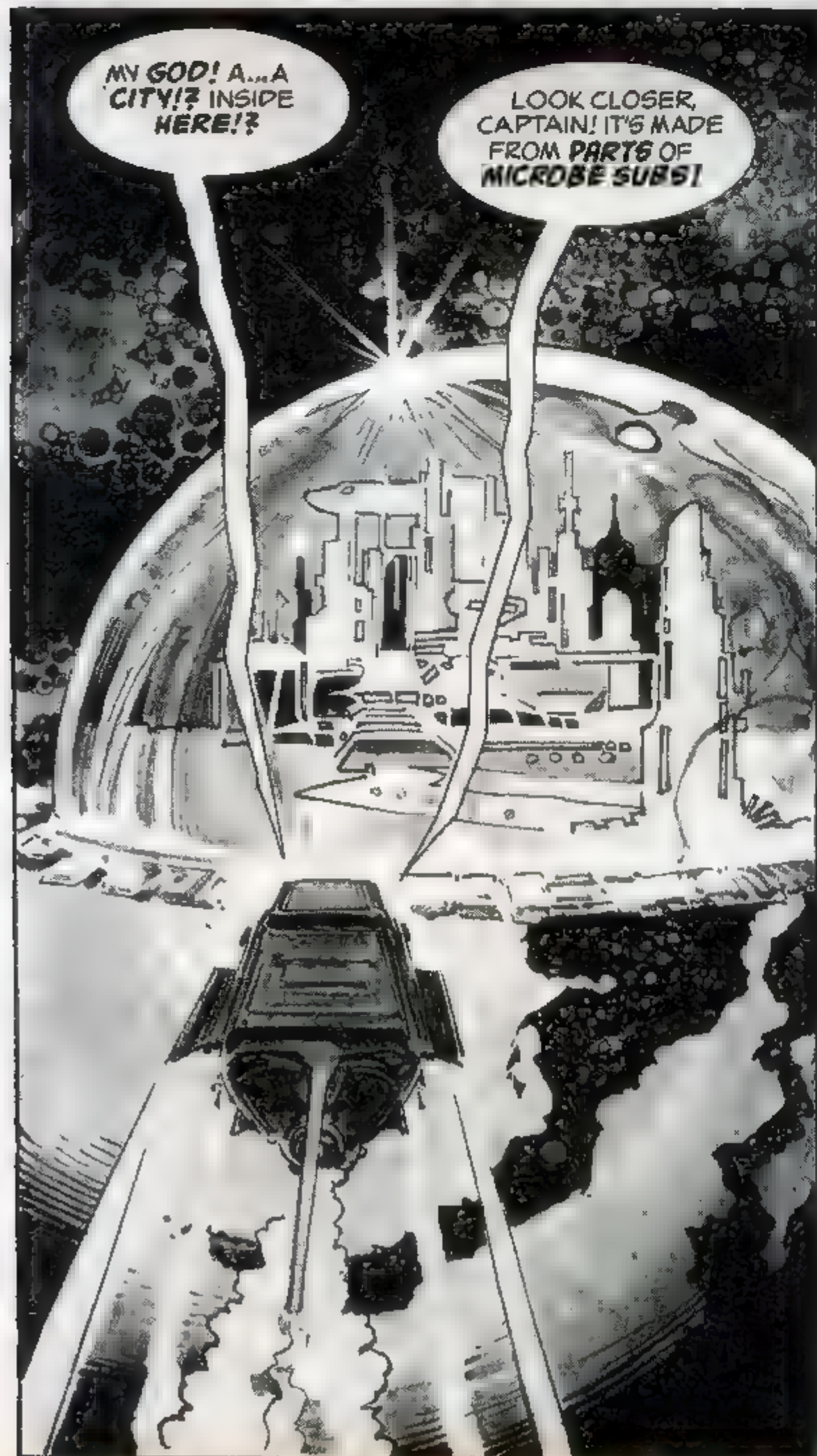
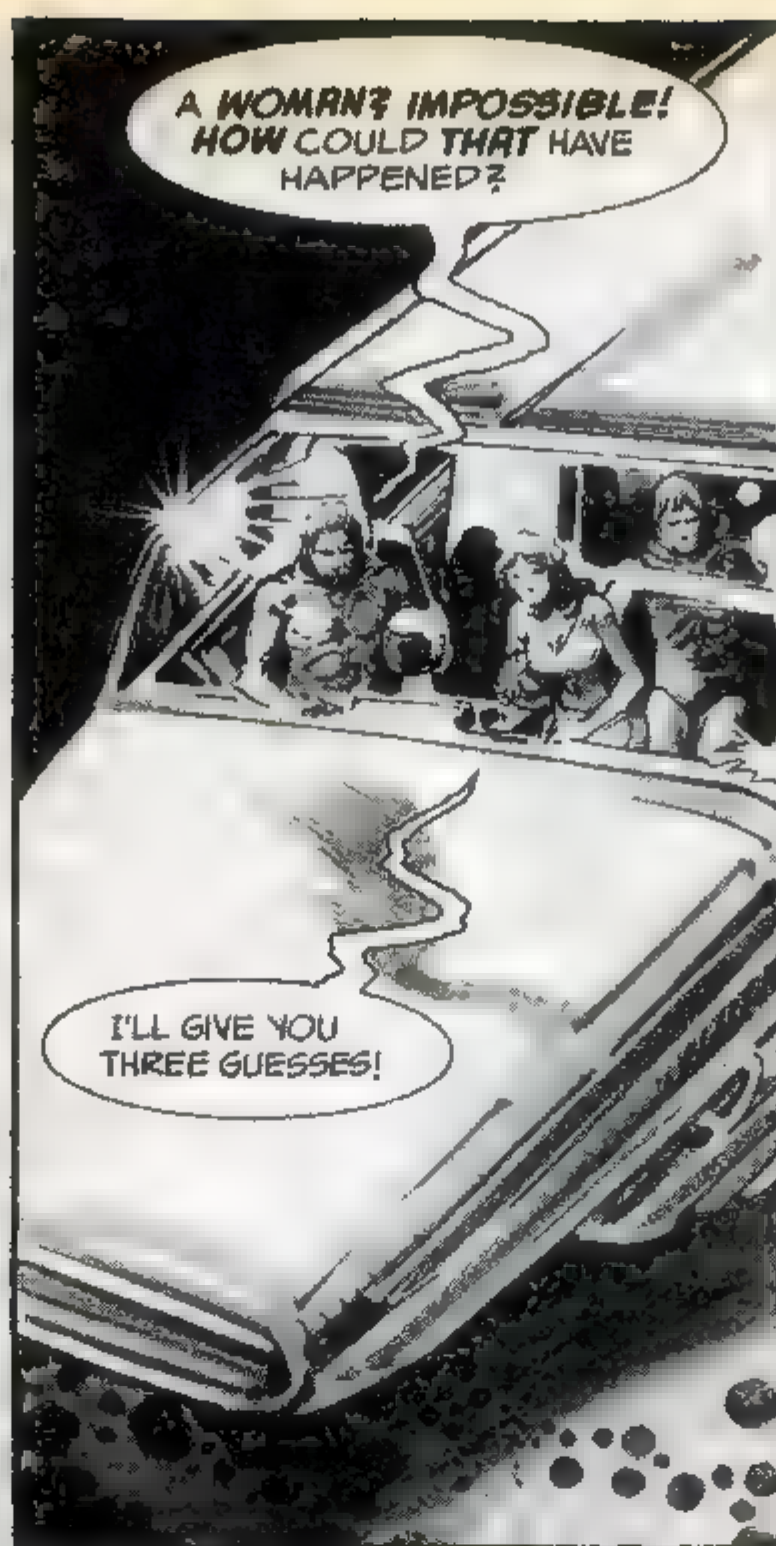
THAT WAS **WONDERFUL**,
MR. CARLSON! THE **BEST** I'VE
EVER HAD!

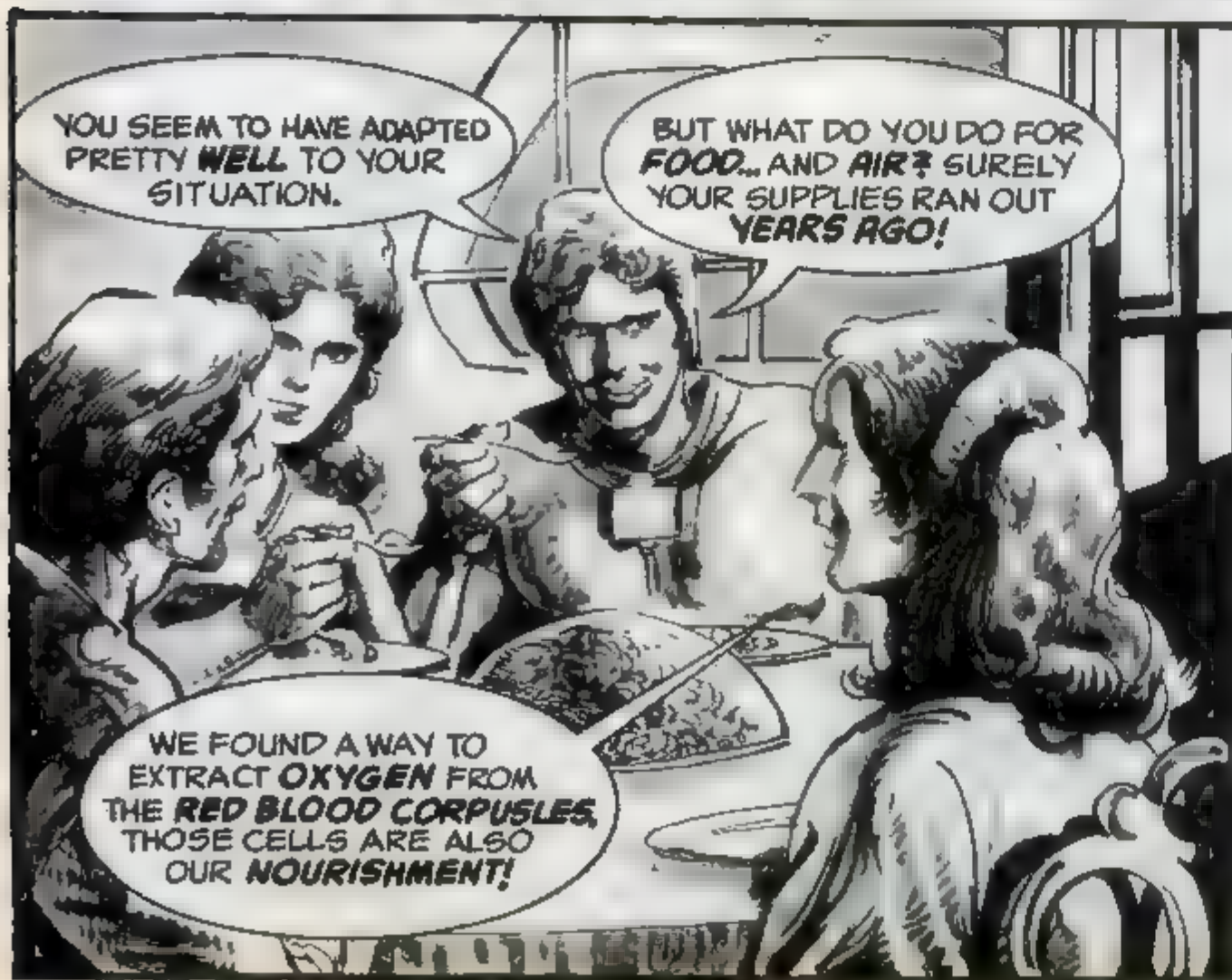
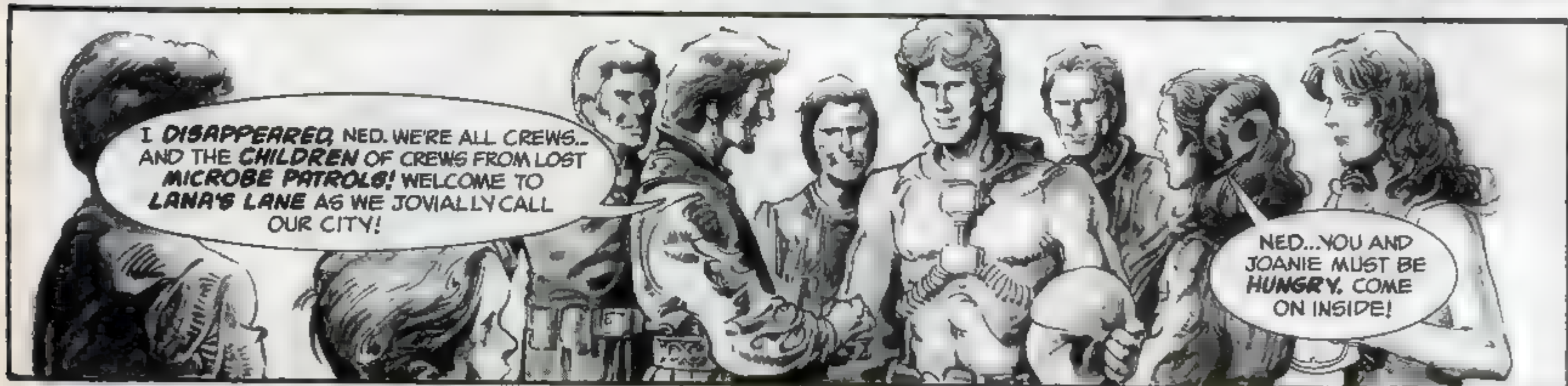
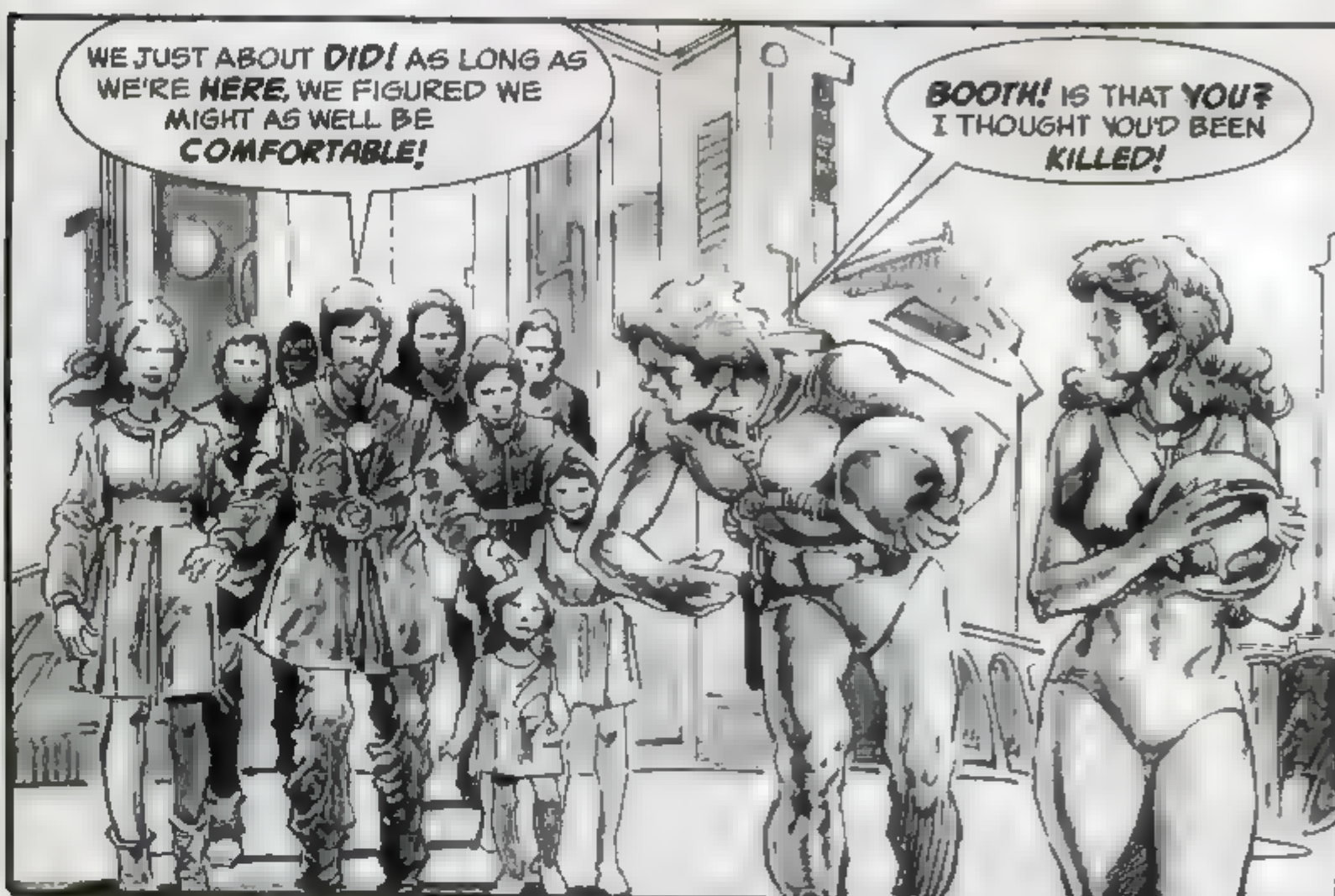
EVEN BETTER THAN THAT
JOVIAN YOU WERE TELLING
ME ABOUT!? THE ONE YOU
WERE **NURSING** ON
JUPITER!



THOSE **ICKY** THINGS? **REALLY**,
MR. CARLSON! YOU'RE BETTER
THAN **ANY** GREEN SKINNED
MARSUPIAL!

THANKS...!
I **THINK!**







AIR RAID ALARM! THE CITY'S UNDER ATTACK BY A JOVIAN MICROBE PATROL!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

LEAVE IT TO THAT DAMNED NYMPH! SHE MADE IT WITH A JOVIAN, RIGHT?

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, LANA WAS PART OF AN EXCHANGE PROGRAM TO THE JOVIAN HOSPITALS! IT WAS A GOOD-WILL GESTURE TO HELP BRING PEACE BETWEEN EARTH AND JUPITER.

YOU'VE GOT IT!



BUT THE WAR IS OVER! WE'RE AT PEACE WITH JUPITER!

TELL IT TO THOSE HOT-HEADS!

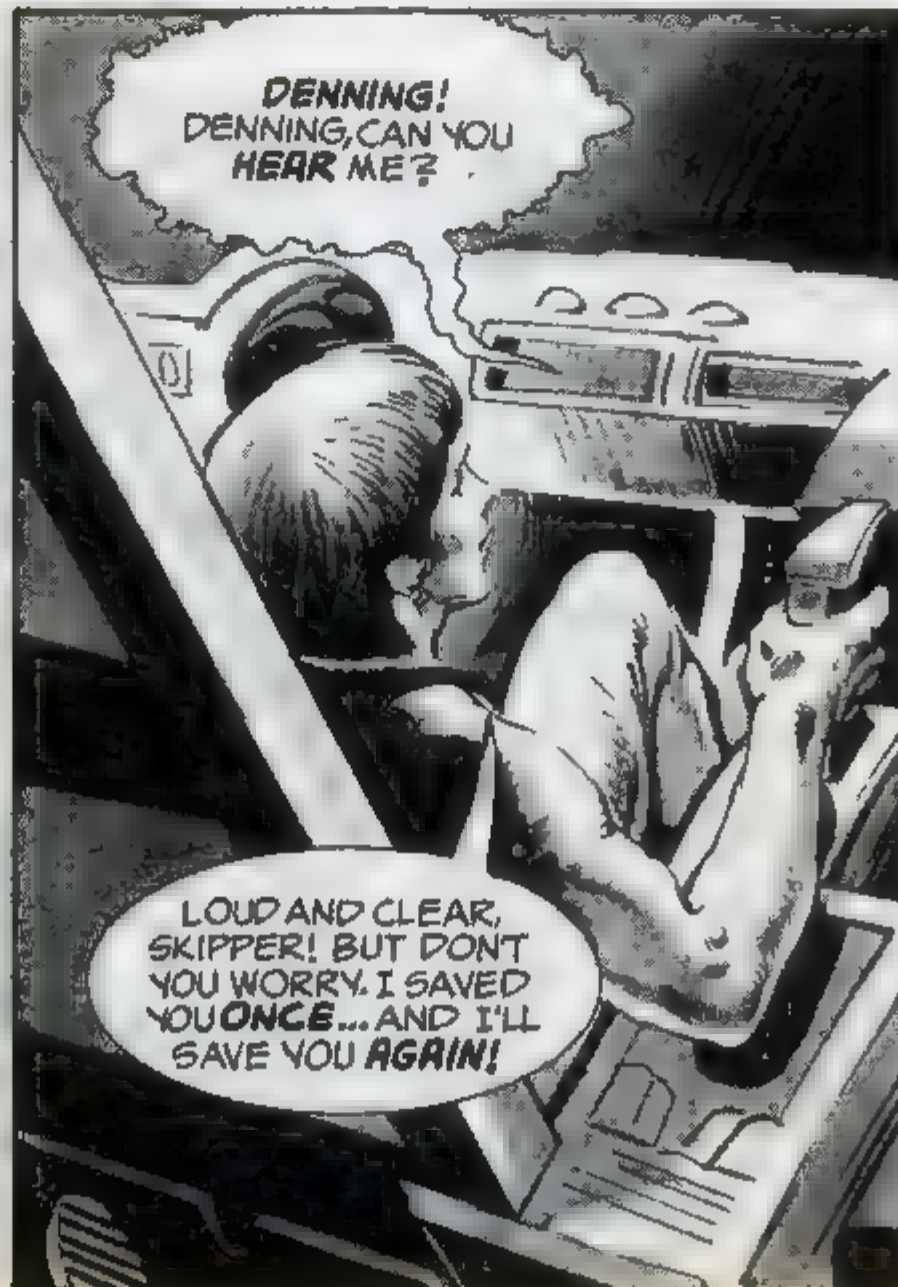


WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING MORE THAN DRIVE THEM OFF! IF WE BLASTED THEM, THE EXPLOSION MIGHT DAMAGE LANA CRITICALLY! AND IF SHE DIES, WE ALL GO!



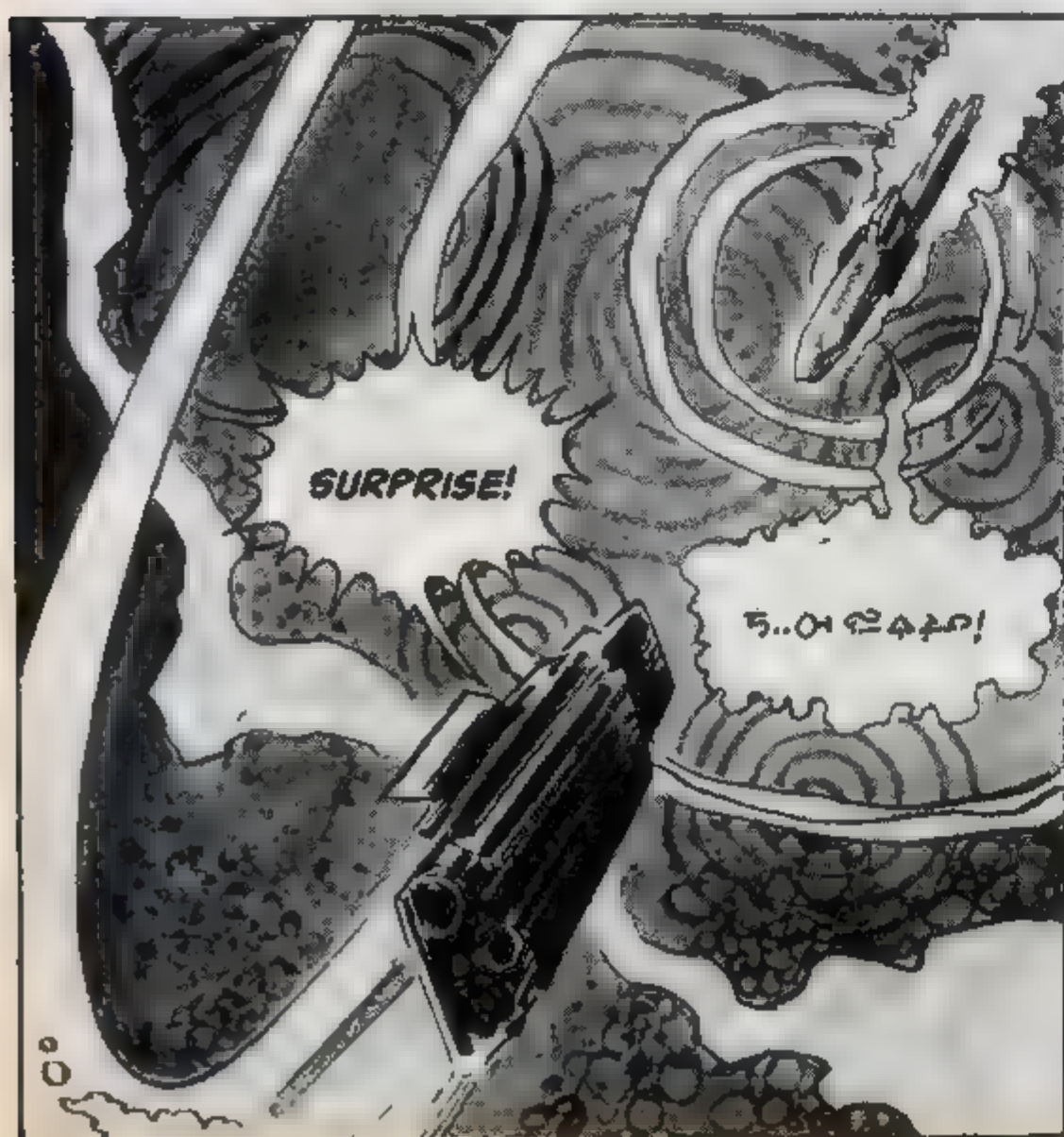
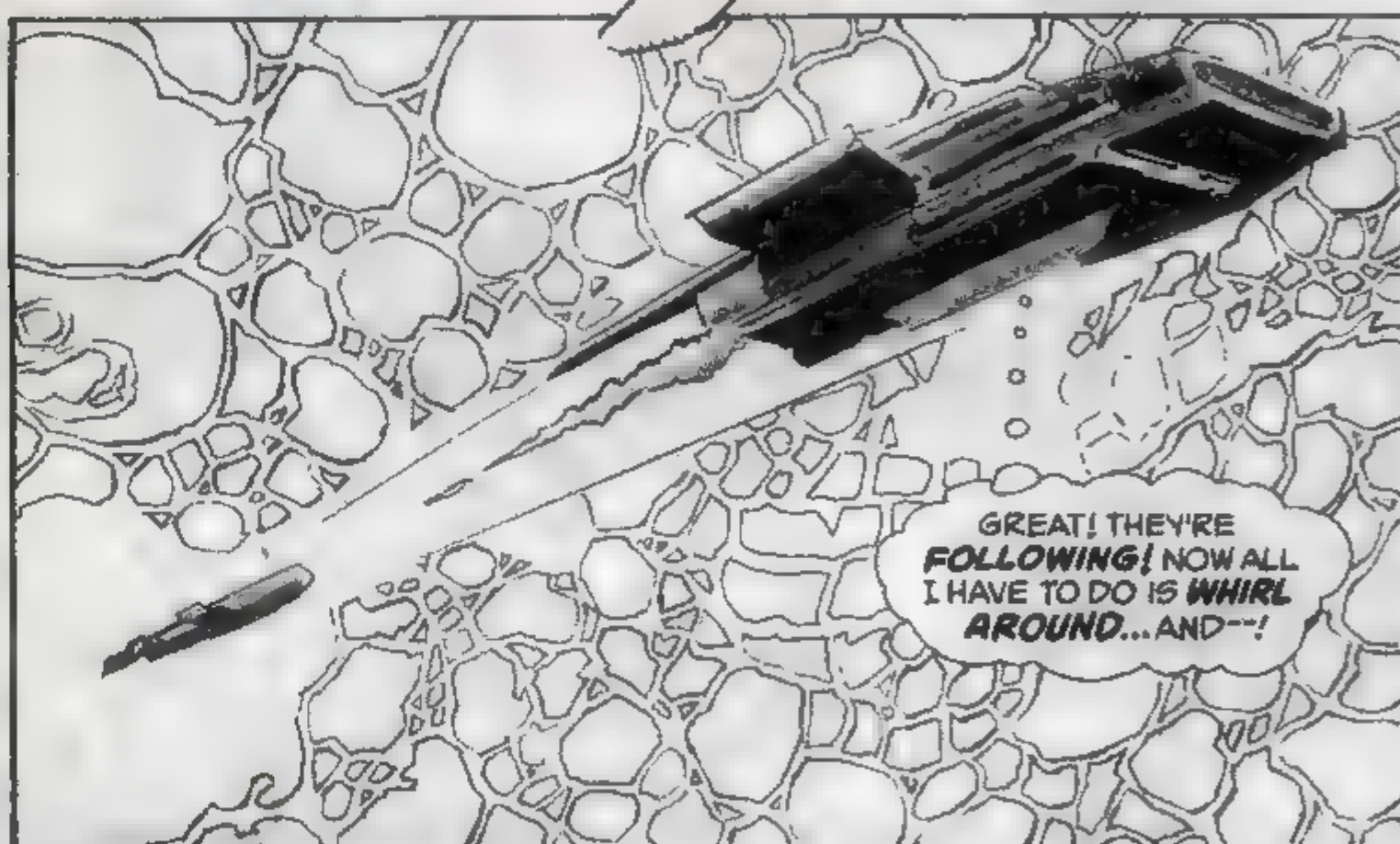
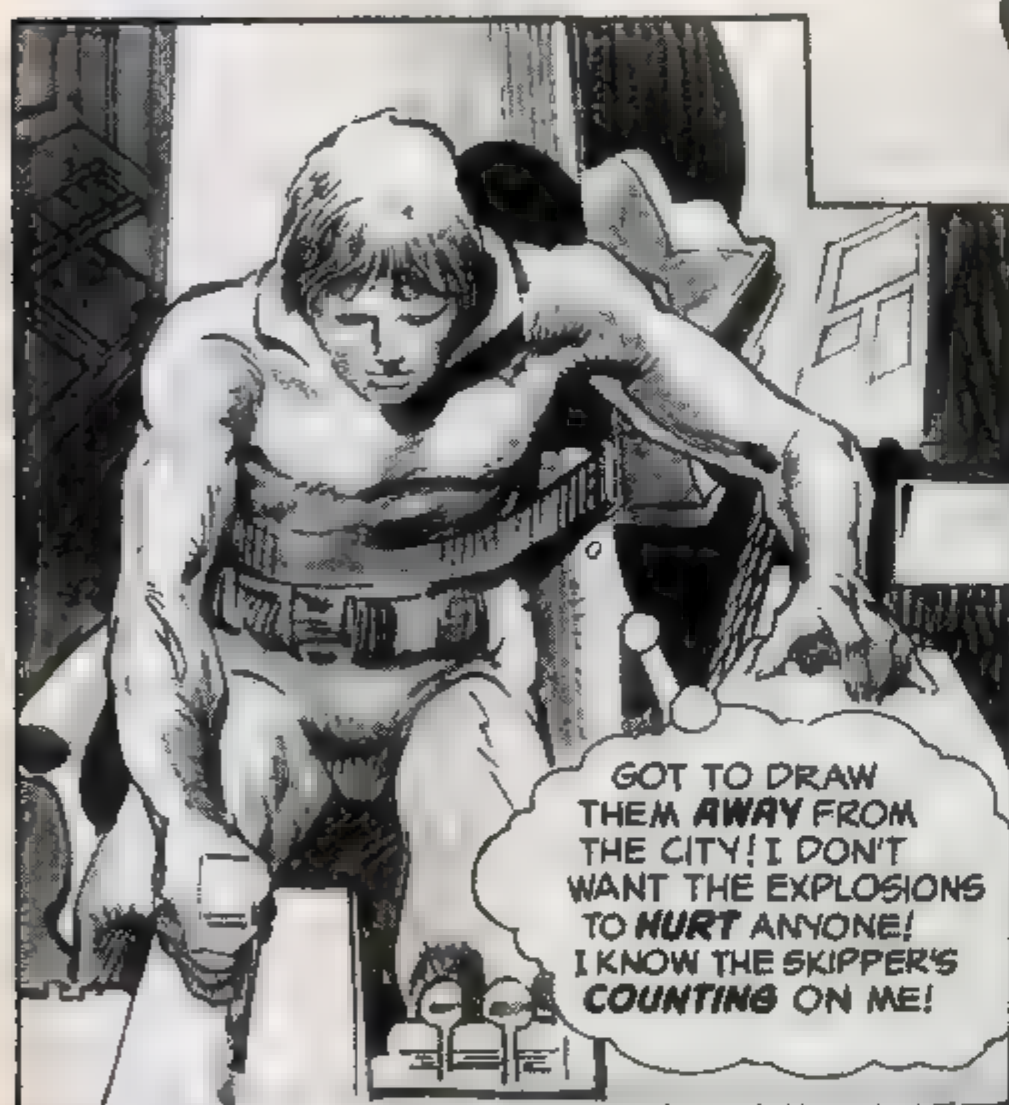
DENNING! DENNING, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

LOUD AND CLEAR, SKIPPER! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY. I SAVED YOU ONCE... AND I'LL SAVE YOU AGAIN!



DENNING! NO! DON'T! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!!

ZZZZZTZZ!







THEY...
THEY'VE
STOPPED!



WHAT A SAD END TO
SUCH A MAGNIFICENT
BODY!

THAT'S A BIT
COLD HEARTED,
ISN'T IT, DOCTOR?

DOCTOR, I...
I HEAR A SOUND...
A VOICE!



BUT IT CAN'T BE!
SHE... SHE'S DEAD!

LISTEN...! IT'S A
GROUP OF VOICES,
AND THEY... THEY'RE
SINGING...!

THE HUMAN BODY IS OUR HOME!
THRU ARTERIES WE ROAM.
THE GERMS WE GO A KILLIN'...
WE'RE AS GOOD AS PENICILLIN.



GOOD LORD! THAT'S TRACY'S
SONG! IF SHE'S NOT SINGING
IT THEN... THEN IT MUST BE--

...THE
MICROBE
PATROL!

BUT... BUT HOW
DID THEY GET
INTO--?

ONE GUESS,
DOCTOR! AND
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO USE
MUCH
IMAGINATION!

YOU'D BETTER
GET A MICRON
SCANNER AND
THE HEAD OF
MICROBE
CENTRAL IN
HERE
IMMEDIATELY.



THIS IS INCREDIBLE, GENERAL.
THERE'S TRACY AND FAIRCHILD
AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF
OTHERS...

HAVE HER BROUGHT TO
REDUCTION-RESTORATION!
WE'LL BEGIN THE REMOVAL
AT ONCE!



A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE
MICROBE PATROL HEADQUARTERS!

DARLING, I KNOW THAT FOR
A WHILE, SHE WAS OUR ENTIRE
WORLD. BUT ISN'T THIS TRIBUTE
A BIT MUCH?

KNOWING LANA,
SWEETHEART... SHE
WOULD HAVE LOVED
IT!

MOTHER

EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT

SEX IN SCIENCE FICTION

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! It's the illustrated history of sex in science fiction! 118 pages. Over 150 illustrations by the finest science fiction artists of all time. Frank Kelly Freas, Virgil Finlay, Richard Corben, Philippe Druillet, Alex Raymond, Esteban Maroto, Boris Vallejo, Jack Kirby, Ken Kelly, George Barr, Alex Toth, Wally Wood, Neal Adams, Dick Calkins, Moebius and more! A veritable who's who of celestial talent. With sixty pages in full and glorious color!

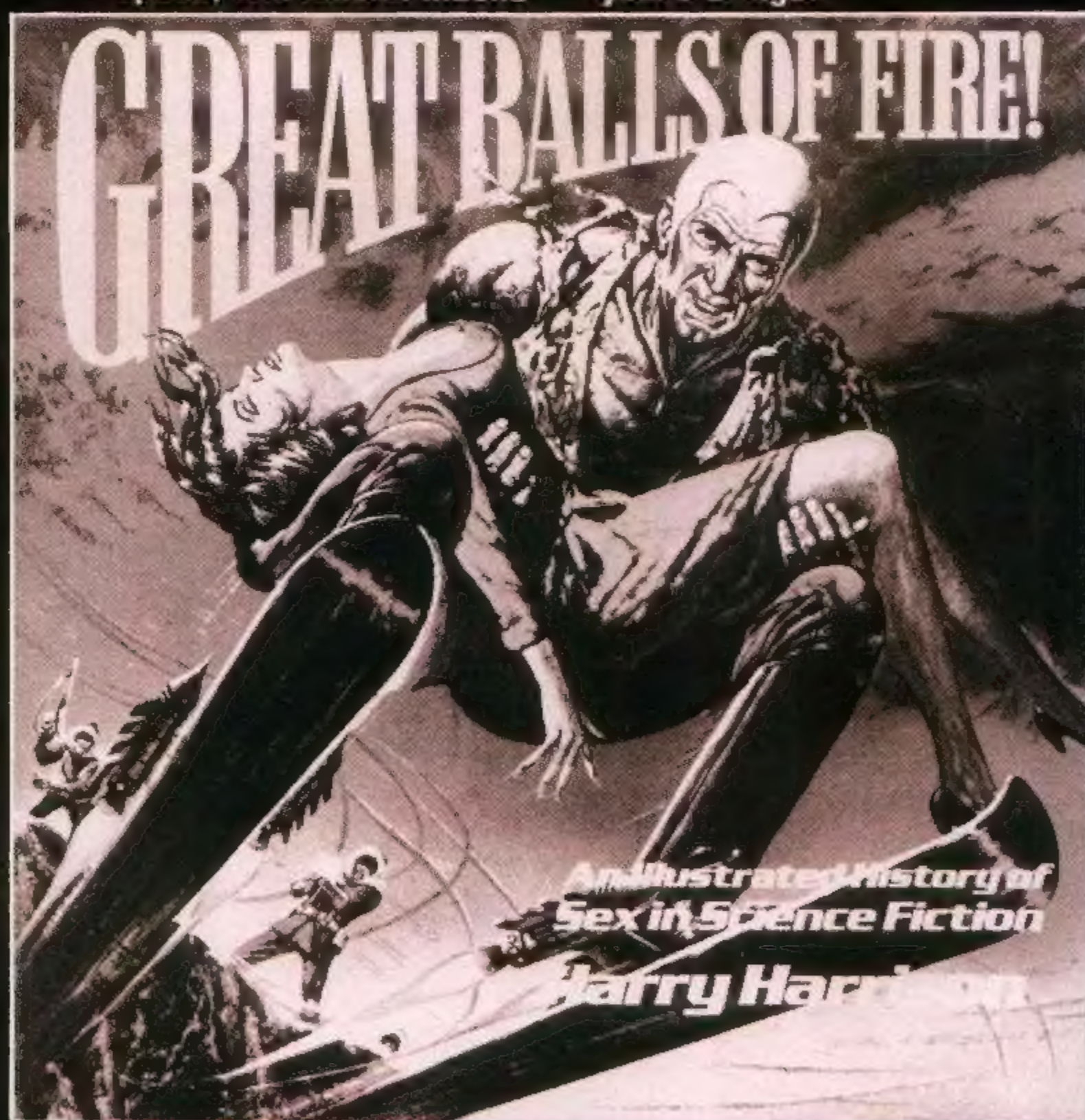
It's Harry Harrison's tongue-in-cheek romp down the historical byroads of titilatingly fantastic art! Meet the sex queens of outer space, the lustful macho

brutes from the stars! See intergalactic heroes and villains, and the ultimate sex thrills of the future!

Venture to the early days of science fiction and its rampant but unfulfilled sexual promise. Then explore today's interstellar illustrations, where censors be damned, and anything and everything is possible!

A beautiful 10"x10" paperback collection, tastefully designed for voyeurs of the fantastic, and lovers of fine art everywhere!

Sorry, due to mature subject matter, this book may not be sold to anyone under eighteen years of age.



WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY
145 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Yes! I am eighteen years of age or older. Please send me _____ copies of **GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! An Illustrated History of Sex in Science Fiction**, at \$6.95 per copy. Total enclosed: _____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Orders outside the United States, please add \$1.00 for postage and handling.

COVER-TO-COVER CORBEN!

The hottest, most sought-after talent in comics today, illustrates nine of the most breathtakingly beautiful tales ever to be presented in comic form.

Richard Corben, whose underground roots brought him to the attention of mainstream publishers more than a decade ago, returns to the mire from whence he sprang . . . in nine

uncensored classics published on high-quality paper and packaged in one exquisite volume.

Thirty-five pages of comics as only Richard Corben can render them in vivid black and white!

Thirty-nine pages of gloriously brilliant Corben color! Plus an introduction and appreciation by the Grand Master of the graphic story, Will Eisner! Eighty pages in all of pure orgasmic delight, sure to plunge even the hardest Corben enthusiast into throes of wanton ecstasy!

This beautiful, soft-cover collector's package is made available for the first time, exclusively from Warren Publishing. This book will not be sold at newsstands or book counters. And supply is limited. So order yours today!

The Odd Comic World of

RICHARD CORBEN

A WARREN ADULT FANTASY PUBLICATION



Due to the explicit sexual nature of some stories in this volume, you must be eighteen to order!

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY

145 East 32nd Street New York, N.Y. 10016

I am eighteen years of age or older! Please send me _____ copies of THE ODD COMIC WORLD OF RICHARD CORBEN! I enclose \$3.98 for each copy ordered. Total enclosed: _____!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____